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Spring, 1970 OW/K

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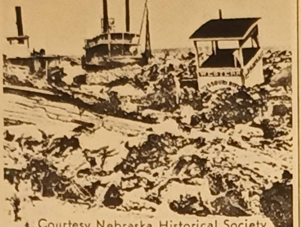
By Harriet Tolman Seccombe

"PERILS OF WATERS"

Exciting Eye-witness Account of the Missouri River Flood of 1881!

BEGINS on PAGE 90!



Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society

Ice gorge near Yankton, Dakota Territory, 1881. Steamboat submerged by ice is the Western. At center is the Peninah.

SPRING, 1970 VOL. 6, NO. 3 WHOLE NO. 23

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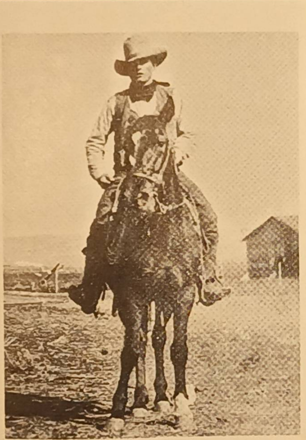
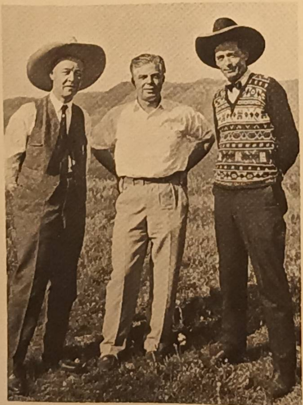


This cowboy faced Meldrum's gun!
See page 36!



George Webster, Hoot Gibson, Guy Weadick and the "Calgary Stampede"!
Turn to page 30!

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Editor—Pat Wagner
Design/Production—John Wallace
Advertising—Robert Small
Advertising—Joe A. Small, Jr.
Circulation—Marilyn White

Mary Sanders
Jim Small
Wallace Fergeson
Karen Moore
Susie Martinez
Bill Seymour
Nona Small
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OLD WEST is published quarterly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704, 50c per copy; $3.50 for 8 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico; $4.50 for 8 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

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LETTER RIP!

Dear Joe:

Your readers may be interested in some exclusive follow-up information regarding my story, "Lost Ingots From the Ajo Mine," which appeared in your Winter 1969 OLD WEST.

The old renegade whom I'd always suspected of blowing in the hole in the cliff (the one which John Bent had located and cleaned up back in the 1920s and which Burt Lacey later explored) called me up and admitted having done the deed. His "confession" came several months after I had researched and written the story and sold it to you.

I asked him why he hadn't told me beforehand so I could have taken a picture of it. He laughed and said, "You want a picture of inside the hole? Okay, let's go. I'll show you in there."

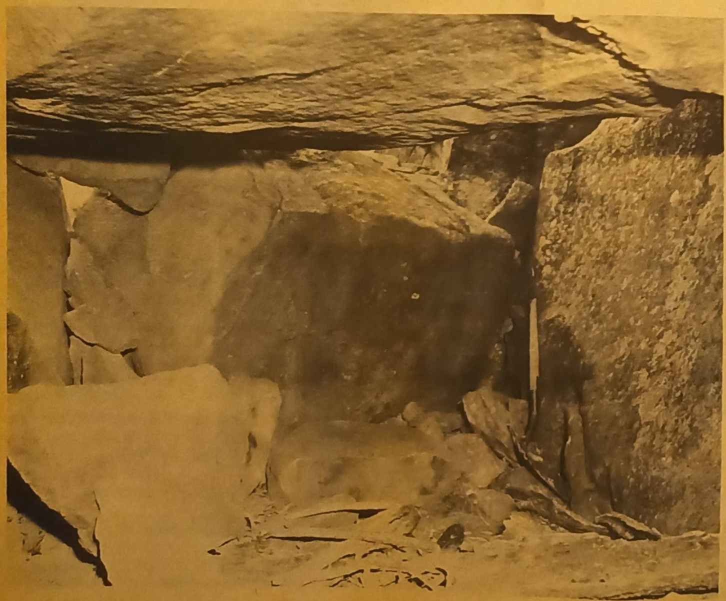
I wasted no time returning with him to the site. We dropped down into the hole (actually a narrow, long cave) from a hidden place above. The picture herewith was taken inside the hole looking toward the blown-in entrance, whereas the one you ran with my story on page 23—the only one I could supply at the time—was the earlier photo taken from the outside looking toward the entrance!

The busted shovel in the photo belonged to him. The wood in the picture he took in there and he had raised a firepit to one side (doesn't show up). He left untouched the 40-ton rock sealing the entrance, figuring other treasure hunters wouldn't go to the trouble and expense of drilling and blasting it out.

The old cuss first found a few gold coins in the hole. Then he had spent months drilling real hard rock and blasting out the fill to about ten feet. There he found part of the gold, somewhat less than $10,000 worth. Then he got another large rock out of the way by the same method and gathered in about $5,000 more. He was quite confident the rest of the swag was under more huge boulders filling the hole.

He believed that when the bandit "Guppy" O'Riley set off the blast, the loot was covered by all those enormous rocks because the desperate man set off a hell of a lot of powder. Also, the treasure was placed on and around the powder. He said it was blown everywhere by the blast when the masses of rocks came down. He had discovered some bent coins; even the gold ingots were smashed up.

Maurice Kildare's exclusive photo taken INSIDE the "blasted in" treasure cave!



He assured me that he intended to get out the balance of it. The level where he worked was not more than eight feet beneath the surface so he could get out way ahead of his dynamite blasts. Anyway, the old rascal disappeared out of here a while back between sundown and sunup. The few who knew him think he went back and got a real haul and that just may be.

I know you probably have readers who are skeptical of many of the lost-treasure and lost-mine stories you publish, and so I hope this will convince them that FRONTIER TIMES, TRUE WEST, and OLD WEST are indeed "The *True* West" and "Non-Fiction" as you say on the covers. Naturally I can't use this treasure hunter's name, and can't and won't—by mail or phone or personal visit—divulge anymore than I have done here, so please don't call on me. Every word of this is true, for I have stood on the site with the treasure hunter-become-finder.—Maurice Kildare

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed the articles about "The Old JJ Ranch" in OLD WEST, Fall 1969. However, I wish to call to your attention the omission of one of the founders and owners of the ranch. The article describes the Jones brothers, Peyton and Jim. Stephen Jones was the third brother who founded and operated the JJ Ranch.

After the Civil War, Steve, Peyton and Jim Jones gathered a herd of cattle to trail to Colorado. This was the spring of 1869. The group that moved to their new homes consisted of Steve; his wife, Lou; and daughter, Anna; Jim, his wife Lizzie and children; Peyton; Deb, his wife, Pub; John T. Woods, his wife Amanda and children; Henry Jones and Mack Dean. This made six men to handle the herd and fight off Indians if necessary.

They left the Concho near present-day San Angelo and followed the Goodnight Trail, arriving at their destination after many hardships including snows and blizzards. The ranch was founded in the Higbee, Colorado area.

Stephen Jones was first president of the Bent Co. Stock Association, organized for protection of the cattle business. He was reelected president in 1871. In 1881 the Joneses sold the land, cattle, and horses to the Prairie Cattle Co. Peyton and Jim Jones remained in Colorado and Stephen Jones went to Strong City, Kansas, where he built the Spring Hill Ranch, including a three-story stone residence and the largest barn in the state of Kansas. This ranch is still a landmark in Chase County.

Stephen and Louisa Jones were my great-grandparents and are now buried in the Cottonwood Falls, Kansas cemetery.—William G. Adair, 2411 Martha, Wichita, Kansas 67203

Dear Pat:

I'd appreciate information on films made in New Mexico. I know Tom Mix filmed in Las Vegas, New Mexico around 1914-15. Perhaps some of your readers will know about this. I do need help. I'm trying to get New Mexico's film story together as I am the newly appointed Film Historian of the State.—Phil Cooke, Box 1847, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

Editor's Note: We are very much indebted to Mrs. Lola N. Samelson for her diligent and productive work to assist us in obtaining photos and information when we were preparing the scarce book bonus, "Perils of Waters," for publication in this issue. She traveled extensively in our behalf in the area in which the flood story occurred and has furnished many details which we otherwise would never have acquired. Our hats are off to you, Mrs. Samelson! Many thanks!

Dear Sirs:

There are a lot of folks here in northeast Nebraska (and in South Dakota, too) who will be especially pleased to see Harriet Tolman Seccombe's little book, "Perils of Waters," appear in your Spring issue.

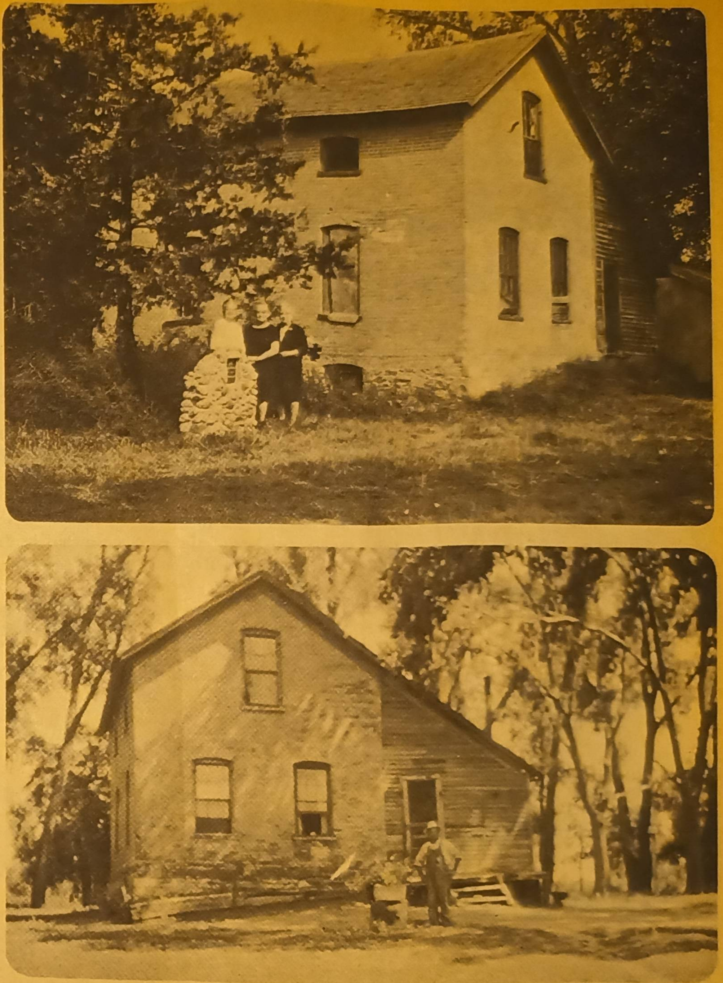
The John Nelson home which is described and pictured was the childhood home of myself, my three sisters and three brothers, along with our parents, Charles and Anna Lauritzen Nelson. You surely will be correct in reporting that our great-uncle John Nelson's brick house still stands, bearing the erosion marks of the flood waters which rose to just below the upstairs windows! Enclosed is a photo of two of my sisters and me at the house in October of 1969.

I can recall my grandfather, L. P. Lauritzen, a Cedar County pioneer from Denmark, telling how Uncle John—during the height of the flood—held his favorite team of horses by the lines in the tree tops in an attempt to prevent their being swept away. He seemed to be winning the battle till a huge cake of ice sliced the hip off one mare and he had to let them go.

John Nelson's twin daughter, age 81, passed away and was buried September 24, 1969, thus ending the record of Cedar County's oldest living twins. Her brother, John Nelson, lives on his father's old homesite on the bluff above where Green Island once was. The twin daughter, Olive, owned the farm on which the old home is located and only last year was awarded a plaque by Aksarben of Omaha presented to homesteads held 100 years by the same family.

This brief message from an account of the flood at a small village on the Dakota side is particularly memorable: "The beds and stove were hoisted on blocks as the water rose inside. The children sitting on the beds floated paper boats as the muddy waters swirled about them."

Our historical society has a tattered copy of "Perils of Waters" inscribed by Mrs. Seccombe "To the dear Mother." It also contains in her handwriting corrections of several printing errors.—Mrs. Lola Nelson Samelson, Hartington, Nebraska 68739



Three of John Nelson's great-nieces at his old home in Nebraska in October 1969. From left, Lola Nelson Samelson, Mamie Nelson Schager, and Elsa Nelson Hermanson stand by the plaque commemorating the family's 100-year-old homestead. Below, George Eckhardt at the home about 1940.

Dear Joe:

The story of the Gasman family ("Stoppers and Flies") in the Fall 1968 OLD WEST was especially interesting to me because I've crossed it many times between 1934 and 1958. First by side-door-pullman in 1934 and several times in later years while ridin' the cushions (on a pass) while working for the "Big G."

The Great Northern Railroad's bridge across Gasman Coulee is 1,792 feet long, 117 feet high, and was first put into service in 1899. It was later reinforced in 1923-24 to handle the heavier engines that the Great Northern Railroad started to use at that time. This is one of the railroad's largest and highest bridges.

Many a hobo has suddenly pulled his feet inside while sitting in an open-box car door when the train started across Gasman Coulee. I know I did it the first time I crossed in a side-door-pullman, and all trains must observe a certain speed limit while crossing this trestle and others like it, as excess vibration could damage and weaken the bridge and cause a bad wreck.

The early pioneers never realized their names would be given to landmarks that eventually would be published in historical books nearly 100 years later. And when a person has worked in the area of these names and places, or traveled through the area several times, they remember the names and enjoy the frontier stories much more. And Western Publications has a habit of coming up with many frontier stories that always make for good readin'.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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LEST WE FORGET!

Tragedy Strikes at Wounded Knee (*News-Star*, Rushville, Nebr. $1.25) by Will H. Spindler is the second edition of the account of the Wounded Knee massacre of Dec. 29, 1890 and of other activities of the Indians of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation and the Badlands of South Dakota. Spindler and his wife, Lulu, spent thirty years with the Indians as teacher, friend and confidant. He acquired intimate knowledge of Indian customs, problems, and the Dakota country. It is good to have Will's account back in print.

HILL COUNTRY HOMES

Life in Central Texas in the last half of the nineteenth century was isolated, rugged, simple and hard. The houses reflect the virtue of this life. Housing of this era in the Texas Hill Country is presented in an interesting album of excellent photographs of local farm and ranch homes, churches and town buildings called *Pioneer Texas Buildings—A Geometry Lesson* (University of Texas Press, $12.50) by architect Clovis Heimsath. The author speaks out against the mishmash of current amorphous U. S. architecture and compares it with the simple distinctive designs of the last century. He says that pioneer buildings in the Hill Country are geometry lessons in the basic use of the square, triangle and circle. The square is represented by the block house base to which is added triangular porches and sheds, while the circle is expressed as round rooms, silos and cisterns. The forms are simply put together and there is a clear if uncomplicated structural integrity behind them. The book makes a tidy contribution to the field of rural Texana.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT

Montana—an Illustrated History (Sage Books, $5.00) was written by Myrtle Mockel, former ranch girl from the Yellowstone River badlands and recently state president of Montana Press Women. Well illustrated with numerous early day pictures and maps, the book would be an excellent brief school history on Montana and also should appeal to Western Americana readers. The author presents the full gamut of events in Montana's past including prehistory, geology, Indians, Lewis and Clark, natural resources, mountain men, outlaws, sheriffs, schools, newspapers, ranchers, farming and present-day economy. There's considerable on cattle and trail drivers for collectors with these interests.

TWO BY AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

On July 26, 1865, Caspar Collins, a young lieutenant in the Eleventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, was killed in the battle with Indians at Platte Bridge near the present site of the city of Casper, Wyoming. On March 21, 1865, General Pope issued General Orders 49 naming the military post at Platte Ridge as Fort Casper, "in honor of Lt. Casper [*sic*] Collins, 11th Ohio Cavalry who lost his life gallantly attacking a superior force of Indians at that place." Thus, a name was misspelled but firmly attached to a Western outpost. *Caspar Collins; the Life and Exploits of an Indian Fighter of the Sixties* (Bison Books, University of Nebr., $1.80) by Agnes Wright Spring is the biography of Collins first published by Columbia University in 1927. In 1862, the seventeen-year-old Collins joined his father, Col. William O. Collins of Hillsboro, Ohio for action in Missouri in the Civil War. The Ohio regiment was directed to Fort Laramie, however, to assist the limited army forces in the West against growing Indian depredations. The young Collins had a brief but noble military career during which time he learned the Sioux language and spent much time with the Indians before his untimely death.

Dean of the western lady historians, Agnes Wright Spring, has either written, co-authored or edited seventeen books on inter-mountain history and her latest is *Colorado Charley, Wild Bill's Pard* (Pruett Press, $6.50). Colorado Charley Utter has had only minor notices by writers of Colorado mining history and was newsworthy as Wild Bill Hickok's sidekick who bought the burial lot where Bill was planted after Jack McCall killed him in Deadwood. Mrs. Spring literally dug up the facts about Charley's past which were buried in numerous remote hiding places. Charley, a cocky little dude in buckskin, made his mark in many ways among the rough element of his time. He worked Colorado's boom towns as miner, prospector, hunter, trapper, freighter, and also guided governors and eastern dignitaries safely over rough horseback trails which served as the primary pioneer thoroughfares. Roaming where opportunity led him, Charley was a gambler in Gunnison, Colorado and Socorro, New Mexico and hearsay put him in Panama where he allegedly served as an Indian doctor and owner of a drug store. Numerous illustrations of Colorado historic interest give emphasis where they are most effective.

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MOVIE HORSES

–the treatment and training of as good 'actors' as Hollywood ever produced

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Introduction

THE HORSE has had to learn many roles in the five thousand years that he has been a companion to man. In war, work and sport, the horse not only marched with civilization, he sometimes even made its progress possible. For centuries, the course of history often depended upon the effectiveness and speed of cavalry; the economic growth of cities relied on the strength of the horse to provide transportation, and horses toiling in the open fields allowed man to plow and harvest with greater ease, and so to feed the growing nations of the world.

In the United States, the westward thrust of the pioneers would have been almost impossible without the horse. From the Missouri frontier to California and Oregon, the wagon trails were littered with bones—reminders for decades of the importance of the horse in the settling of the American West.

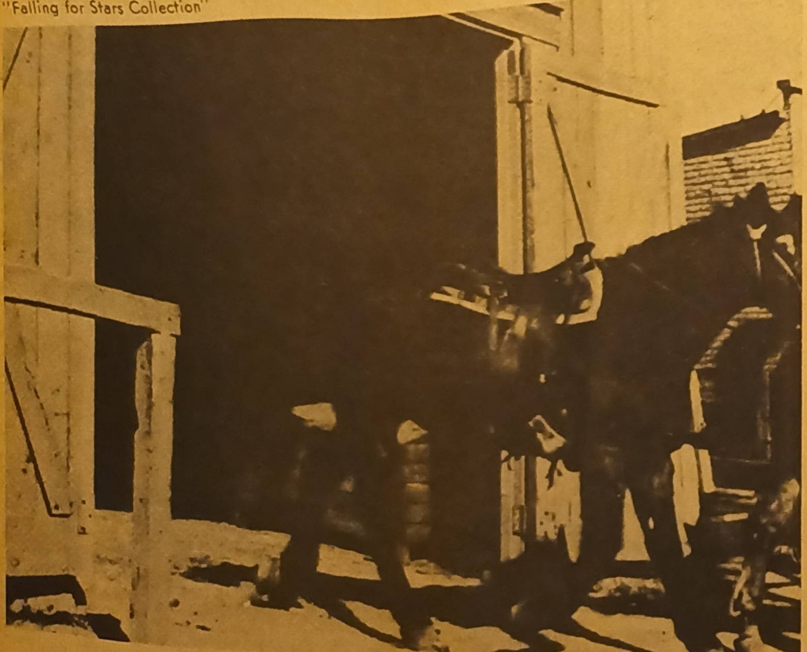
Yet with the coming of the twentieth century the age-old alliance between man and horse was disrupted by that extraordinary invention, the combustion engine. As man perfected mechanical power, railroads displaced wagons and horses; automobiles and trucks forced the horse out of the cities and, on the farms, giant steam-powered threshers and tractors eventually retired the horse from his last working role. Mechanization swept into every aspect of civilized life that had previously depended on the power and the docile nature of the horse.

Government statistics tell this story most dramatically. Fifty years ago the United States Department of Agriculture estimated that there were about 21,000,000 horses and mules in the United States. Most were work horses—in the cities, the army, and on farms. Today, there are only 5,000,000 and the majority are pleasure horses for riding, horse shows, and racing. Draft horses, those large work animals that were the gentle giants of the horse world, are today as quaint and rare as the old-fashioned country fair where horses, and not tractors, were the big attraction.

But even as mechanization was displacing him, the horse was beginning another career—as a star of the "nickelodeon." By putting a nickel into a nickelodeon, you could see horses jumping at a horse show, or trains coming into a station. These simple films didn't really tell a story, they lasted only a minute or two, but they were an exciting new form of entertainment. Nickelodeons were opened all over the country, and movie makers using hand-cranked cameras produced dozens of short films.

In 1903, Edwin S. Porter made the first motion picture telling a story—*The Great Train Robbery.* And what a sensation it caused! A group of men on horseback overtake a train, rob it, and later, while enjoying the results of their daring escapade in a saloon, are surrounded by a posse and shot down. You can see why *The Great Train Robbery* is called the first western, although it was actually filmed

"Falling for Stars Collection"



A dramatic but dangerous stunt, the leap from a height onto horseback requires a specially trained horse.

"Falling for Stars Collection"

Early star William S. Hart and his beloved horse, Fritz, did all their own stunting.

Les Hilton

Rex on location in northern Arizona in the 1920s.

in the woods near Paterson, New Jersey.

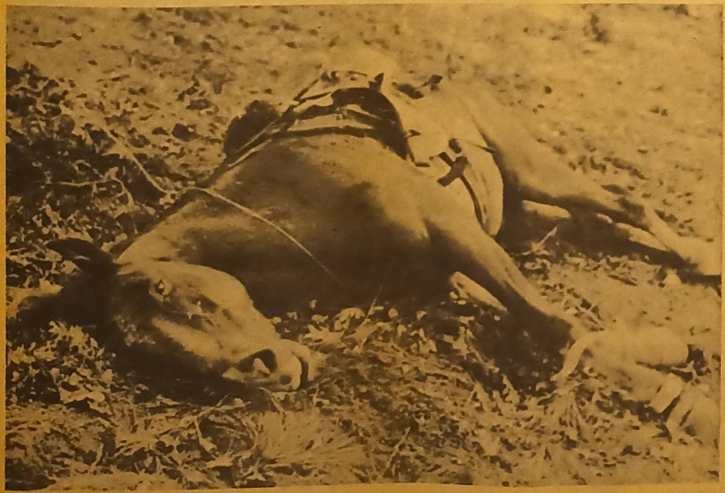
The Great Train Robbery took twelve minutes to be shown on the screen and cost an unheard-of sum of $400 to produce. (A good color western today, of course, would cost about $4,000,000.) The most ballyhooed scene in the picture was of an outlaw firing his gun directly at the audience! People jumped in their seats when this happened, even though there was no sound—just a quick close-up shot of a gun muzzle and a puff of smoke.

Movies in the early 1900s were far from the streamlined epics of today. Stories were simple and lasted no longer than fifteen minutes. Photography tended to be inconsistent in exposure and, of course, there was no sound. The actors' lips moved, but their dialogue was printed at the bottom of the picture.

It is easy to make fun of these early movies when we compare them to what is available today. But at the time, they were the best that could be made and men like Porter were pioneers in the history of the motion picture.

Sudden death from a "Running W." Notice the hobbles on the horse's ankles and the wire lying across its neck—cruel devices outlawed by the AHA.

American Humane Association



IN THOSE fledgling movie days, movie makers quickly learned that the essence of the motion picture was ACTION. Something had to be happening. Movement was all-important and so were the thrilling episodes that kept the audience on the edge of their seats. And no other type of story lent itself more effectively to action than the western. Here were wagons and horses; cowboys, Indians with long, trailing, feather headdresses, mounted on pinto ponies; gun and fist fights; wagon trains being attacked by Indians; and wild chases on horseback.

The horse is the symbol of the western—the most important ingredient of the chase. Movie makers created suspense through scenes showing the horse with his cowboy rider, running, leaping cliffs, or overtaking a runaway stagecoach before it reached the edge of a precipice.

Yet in creating fast-moving action for the screen, these early directors were not always considerate in their treatment of the horse. If they wanted to show a cowboy's horse being shot at a run, the horse was tripped with a mechanical device and frequently killed in this forced stunt. Horses falling off cliffs, fighting with another horse or with dogs, were often genuine acts, since special effects—the camera processes that make you see things on the screen that really do not happen—had not yet been developed.

However, better days were to come for the horses in movies. The first horses to be treated with greater kindness were the few selected to co-star with a cowboy—like Fritz, the small pinto horse that carried silent-screen star William S. Hart in dozens of western movies. Co-starring horses shared billing with the cowboy actors who rode them, and special tricks for them to perform were written into the scripts. Such horses were often called on to save their masters' lives, by kicking the gun out of the villain's hand, or even by untying with their teeth the ropes that held their masters bound. These horses had personalities, and they were too valuable to be treated badly.

Then, too, there were a few horses that became stars. Rex, who was billed as the King of Wild Horses, was the first silent-movie horse hero. Serial stories—fifteen minute chapters were shown each week—were written for Rex, and his name appeared at the top of all posters and theater marquees that announced his movies.

Horses like Rex and William S. Hart's Fritz became great favorites with the public, and people began to write in to the studios, worrying that the horses had really been hurt in some of the more violent scenes in their films. At one time the public would have been correct in accusing Hollywood of cruelty to their animal performers, but because of the concern of the public and because many horses did become stars and therefore very valuable, such cruelty does not exist today. There is even a special organization, The American Humane Association, working with movie studios to ensure that all animals are properly treated.

This book, then, will explain how the Hollywood film horse is trained as an "actor," sometimes becoming a star, and how the public's affection for such animals, whether they are stars or not, has ensured that they are well-treated performers. From Rex, the King of Wild Horses, to Mr. Ed, of television fame, no other Hollywood animal has had such an exciting and challenging career in films as the horse.

AHA and Mistreatment of Animals

WHEN actor Bruce Cabot was making *Smoky*, he noticed that the handsome black stallion playing the lead role was allowed twenty minutes rest after each two hours of work, while the actors worked longer hours and were given fewer rest periods. Lunch time, the actor also observed, was a two-hour session for Smoky and only half an hour for the actors.

He commented in jest on the actor's plight: "What we need is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Actors." But, in fact, he spoke truthfully of the care and attention now given to animal movie performers. Animals have their own protective society that oversees and supervises all phases of their health, comfort, and safety during movie filming. The American Humane Association, through its Hollywood office, is consulted on the use of animals. A representative of the AHA is always on the set to offer advice on the care and handling of the animals. The AHA does not charge for its services. Its activities are paid for out of public donations.

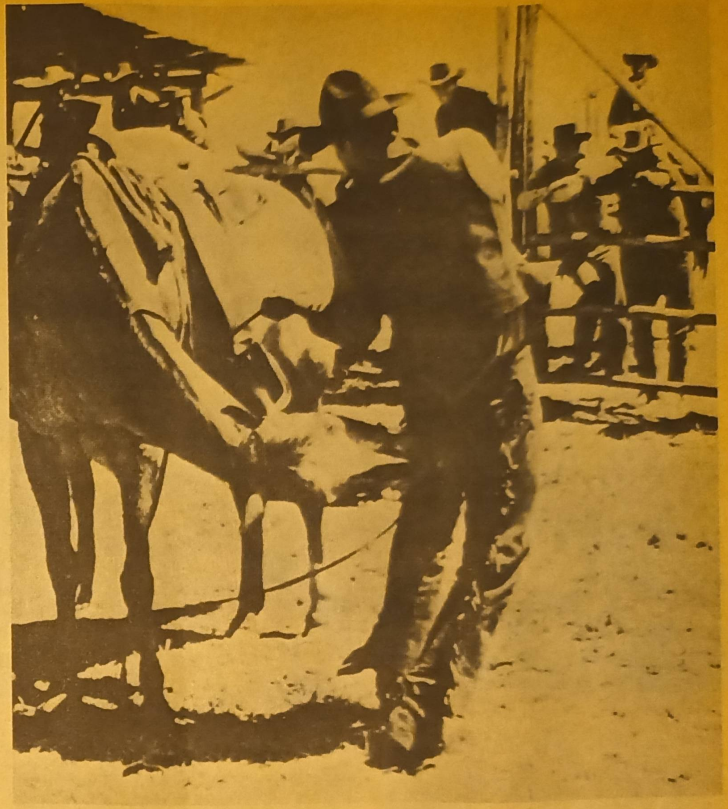
While a good working relationship now exists between the AHA and the studios, it has been only during the past twenty-five years that the AHA has had any authority as guardian of movie animals. Prior to 1940, some studios and producers insisted on humane handling of animals, but there were others who were interested only in creating an "effect," even if it caused the death of the animal.

Tripping horses was Hollywood's most common cruelty. Scenes in which horses were shown plunging forward and turning somersaults at a gallop were highly dramatic and authentic, but often fatal to the horse. To trip horses, a special contrivance called the "Running W" was used. Fine wires were attached to leg bands on the front legs of the horses, near the hoofs. The other ends of the wires were attached solidly to a log which was buried in the ground. A lot of slack was left between the horse and the log to allow for a strong, full gallop. The stuntman ran the horse, and when the slack snapped taut, the horse's front legs were pulled out from under him and he crashed to the ground. Many horses died from broken necks. Some staggered to their feet, miraculously uninjured; others had to be shot because of broken legs.

Another tripping device was the "pit fall." A trench was dug and camouflaged with vegetation. A running horse, when hitting the pit, lost his footing and slammed to the ground. This technique also claimed its victims.

Equally dramatic and realistic, and also often fatal, were scenes of horses falling off a high cliff. What the audience saw was only the fall, but actually the horses were forced off a cliff through a chute tilted over the edge. And a greased platform made certain that the horses fell.

It is impossible to estimate how many horses died in front of camera lenses. The early films *Jesse James* and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* were particularly responsible for action being brought against Hollywood's mistreatment of horses. In the latter, the charge was tensely enacted with some fifty horses tripping amid cannon explosions and smoke. Scene after scene showed four and five horses falling simultaneously, resulting in a pile-up of horses and men. For some of the horses it might as well have been a real war, because they never got up. The casualties also included a few stuntmen who lost their lives in these dangerous mass falling stunts.



"Falling for Stars Collection"

Little John with owner and trainer, actor Slim Pickens, practicing for a scene in "The Big Country" so that Gregory Peck is nipped each time he tightens the saddle cinch.

Another dangerous stunt frequently seen in westerns is the wagon turnover, usually used when Indians are chasing a wagontrain. The horses are galloping full speed and suddenly the wagon turns over. Because the stunt is dangerous for the horses, the AHA demands that a specially designed device be used which releases the horses from the wagon seconds before it overturns.

THE AHA gives detailed instructions for unusual scenes. For example, the script for a wild horse movie reads as follows:

Action:
Stallion is finally forced into barn. Cowboys turn away, showing signs of fatigue from the fight.

Long Shot: In bg (background):
Cowboys walking away from barn. Stallion heard screaming and running around in barn. Sounds of buckets falling as horse rampages about. Cowboys' faces register dismay at the stallion's behavior.

Medium Shot: Barn door:
Door suddenly splinters and falls apart from kicks by the stallion. Stallion rushes out, cowboys scatter. Stallion leaps corral and runs toward the hills.

The specific comment by the AHA was that the barn door should be made of balsa wood (the kind used for model airplanes) if the horse in the act was actually to kick it down. A very soft wood which falls apart easily, balsa could not injure the horse's legs. Balsa is also generally recommended for scenes in which a group of riders jump a barrier; in case one of the horses should fail to clear it, the barrier must be made of material that breaks easily.

In another script, horses were required to jump a barrier which was on fire. The AHA suggested procedures to minimize the fire hazard and instructed that the barrier be split so the horses could jump between the two sections, clear of the flames. The horses' bodies were to be wet, especially their tails and manes. With these restrictions, the director and the cameraman relied on camera angles in shooting the scene. Even so, on the screen the finished action shot made it look as if the horses were leaping over the flames.

The AHA states that, "All the AHA asks is that animals not be forced to perform beyond their capabilities. If a horse must fall, jump or play dead, the requirement is simply that a horse be trained to do these performances."

"Smoky," Courtesy 20th Century-Fox

Before the cameras, Misty takes cues from his trainer's whip hand.

While the prime concern of the AHA has been the horse, its responsibility to movie animals extends to nearly one hundred varieties which appear in motion pictures. Cats, kangaroos, skunks, snakes, monkeys, birds, ocelots, llamas, frogs, mice, coyotes, dogs, water buffalos, badgers, wolves—ugly animals and pretty ones, gentle or naturally mean—all, regardless of their temperament or public popularity, are guaranteed humane treatment.

On any picture using animals, the AHA assigns an inspector to stay with the company during the filming of the animals' scenes. These field representatives are always animal experts. Their backgrounds might include U. S. Cavalry experience, being a former rider on the rodeo circuit, a genuine working cowboy, or a horse breeder. Traveling wherever the movie company shoots their scenes, the AHA inspector brings to the attention of an assistant director or the head wrangler, or anyone concerned with the staging of the animal action, any acts which are not in the best interest of the performing animals.

A few years ago, a Biblical picture was being shot in Death Valley. The heat ranged between 115 and 120 degrees. Many of the horses, camels, and burros were heavily draped in Arabic-type saddles and blankets. The AHA advisor suggested that scenes involving the animals be filmed during the cooler periods of early morning or late afternoon. The director agreed, and the animals were able to relax in the shade of the barn, without costumes, during the hottest hours of the day.

At another location, a poor-quality feed was sold to the production company. The AHA inspector took note of the feed and told the purchasing agent of the shooting company that the feed supplier had provided poor hay. The purchasing agent promptly protested to the feed supplier and a better-quality hay was delivered.

Major action scenes, which can include horse fights (between horses, or a horse and a dog, or even a horse and a bear), and special horse scenes (a horse charging a barbed wire fence or a stampeding herd on the edge of a cliff) are of great concern to the AHA. For a sequence of three horses jumping off a cliff into a river, the producer wanted to use a chute for a spectacular fall, but the stunt might have killed the horses, and the AHA would not allow it.

WHAT HAPPENS if a producer decides to film a scene ruled against by the AHA? Fortunately, this is a rare occurrence, but the motion picture production code, a set of regulations by which major American film companies attempt to control the content of their films, allows voluntary censorship. A producer who fails to follow the code loses the code's seal of approval and many theaters will not show a film unless it has that approval.

While actual abuse or mistreatment is never acceptable to the AHA, the illusion of animal stress or mistreatment may be essential to a movie story. A scene of a villain kicking a dog need not show the actual kick. A quick shot of the actor raising his foot to the dog, then a close-up shot of a false foot and leg actually pushing the dog over, and sound effects of yelps create the illusion. The AHA understands this and is willing to allow enough film footage of these scenes so that the point can be made. In *The Misfits* there was a scene showing a stallion standing panting heavily after having been chased and roped by cowboys. The animal sound had a distressing pitch of utter fatigue and exhaustion. The AHA allowed a simulation of the scene, just enough to depict the exhausting chase.

After a film is completed and before its general release to theaters, it is previewed by members of the staff of the Motion Picture Association of America, which administers the production code. The AHA director is present, and he previews all films showing animal sequences. If the animal scenes shown are in good taste and were made with trained animals and under supervision of an AHA field representative, approval is granted to the film.

An effort is made to inform the public that Hollywood animals are well-treated and properly trained for their roles and that the AHA is always an active guardian of the animals' welfare. To further this effort, in 1951 the AHA started an annual awards ceremony for movie animals. The idea was developed by the AHA Hollywood staff in cooperation with studio executives and resulted in the PATSY award to honor the best-performing animal stars. The abbreviation PATSY has a two-fold meaning. It can stand for either Picture Animal Top Star of the Year or Performing Animal Television Star of the Year.

The first ceremony, in 1951, was at the Cathay Circle Theater in Hollywood with Ronald Reagan as master of ceremonies. Thousands of spectators and motion-picture stars attended and saw Jimmy Stewart present Francis, the talking mule, with the first PATSY.

The second place winner was California, a horse that played the title role in *The Palomino*. Pierre, a talented chimpanzee, received the third-place award for his role in *My Friend Irma Goes West*. (Pierre played cards with comedian Jerry Lewis and beat him.)

The Craven Award, named in honor of the late Richard C. Craven who negotiated the humane-treatment clauses in the motion picture production code, is given to animals that ordinarily have no opportunity for a starring role. Falling horses, jumping horses, and specialty performers are the usual recipients of the Craven Award. Famous stars of screen and television make the annual awards.

The ceremonies grew so rapidly after the first year that the AHA decided not to be the sole judges. Instead, the AHA began to send ballots to hundreds of entertainment editors, listing the animal movies and the television series that starred animals. The winners are now determined from these ballots.

But the most valued recognition for an animal star is to be immortalized in the court of Grauman's Theater in Hollywood, where the handprints or footprints of the great motion picture stars are embedded in cement. Maybe a current animal star will be as fortunate as Tony, Champion, Trigger, and Lassie, and leave his prints in the court of Hollywood's most famous world-premiere theater.

Glamour Horses—The Stars

WHEN Marilyn Monroe was starting her career, she was warned about the scene-stealing appeal of a male star she was about to work with in a western movie.

"It's not him that worries me," she is said to have answered. "It's those hammy horses."

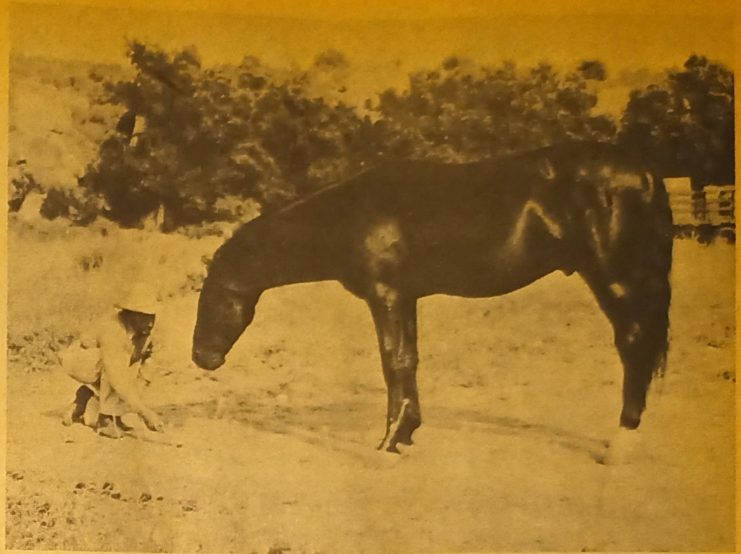
It is true that movie horses are hams. After years of making movies and going on personal-appearance tours, they have learned to react to public attention, sensing that they must parade, show off, and play the role of a star.

Actors and actresses admit that animals often steal scenes. When a handsome horse fills half the screen, it is difficult to concentrate on the actors. For instance, if television's Fury limps and nickers pathetically with a leg injury, audiences tend to remember it longer than they remember the name of the actor who cared for Fury's wounds.

Since the horse is the animal most used in Hollywood and is in virtually all pictures except modern dramas, he is classified, like a human actor, in categories according to function: extras, stunt horses, specialty actors, and stars. More than half of the 1,000 horses stabled around Hollywood for motion picture work are extras. They carry the posse for westerns and troopers for cavalry pictures, pull wagons and buggies, and lend atmosphere to certain scenes. They are all colors and sizes and their one shared characteristic is that they are gentle. Frequently, the human extras playing possemen or calvalrymen have never ridden before and their horses must be reliable and not buck off amateur riders.

Stunt horses are more special; they are trained to fall on command, leap cliffs, and gallop steadily alongside a train or stagecoach while riders leap from the saddle and onto the moving vehicle.

Next in the heirarchy come the specialty horses. These have a particular routine or even a natural deformity which may be asked for in a script. Nellie, an old mare, was a character player with a deformity that got her jobs in about forty movies. She had a sway back and played low comedy roles with zany comedians like the Three Stooges.



Donall & Harman Inc.

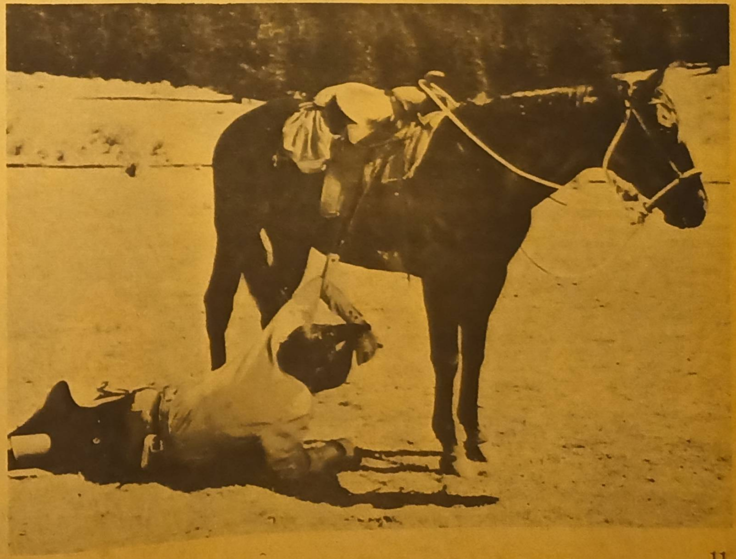
Fury is all attention as owner-trainer Ralph McCutcheon places a short stake to indicate where the horse must halt for a scene.

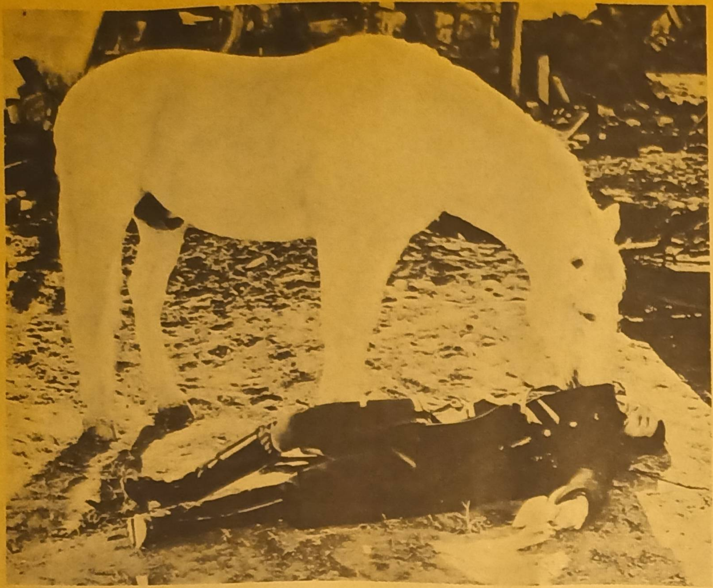
Little John is a highly rated specialty performer and might be remembered as the bucking horse in *The Big Country*. But he is no ordinary bucking horse. This Appaloosa was specially trained to rear up and then kick out his hind legs in a comic combination of jumping and bucking. Gregory Peck's attempt to ride Little John was the humorous highlight of *The Big Country*. Little John is an accomplished jumper as well, and follows the horse-show circuit regularly when he is not working in films.

Probably the specialty horse best known to Hollywood stars and the public was Steel. He never played solo roles, but carried John Wayne in *The Conqueror*, Robert Taylor in *Westward the Women*, Joel McCrea in *Buffalo Bill*, and Randolph Scott in his many westerns. Steel

A dangerous stirrup drag by the arm on the horse's right side—a scene which required extensive training.

"Smoky," Courtesy 20th Century-Fox





"Florian," Copyright © Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. 1940

In this poignant scene from "Florian," the horse approaches his fallen master, turns him over, and assumes a protective stance. Audiences could not tell how the horse was trained to do this.

was a favorite mount of actors in westerns because of his beautiful chestnut color, white blaze face marking, and long flaxen mane and tail. Steel's movies were made betwen 1940 and 1950, after which he was retired. It is a tribute to his beauty and easy manageability that no other horse since has been so great a favorite with male movie stars.

Finally, there are the star horses who, no less than human actors, have exceptional personality, beauty, and talent. Star horses, while selected mostly for their adaptability to movie work, are also well-bred. Television's Flicka is an Arabian, the oldest and purest breed of horse. Fury and most other star horses are American Saddlebreds, a breed originating in America during the plantation days in the South and popular with horse trainers in Hollywood because of their beauty, size, and intelligence.

But even a fine pedigree will not gain a horse top acting roles unless it can face the rigors and the strange-looking apparatus of movie making. A star horse must have a quiet and sensible temperament. Highly sensitive horses that become nervous and edgy from the noises, equipment, and people surrounding a movie set will not qualify.

One beautiful black stallion groomed for stardom only disappointed his trainer when he could not adjust to the cameras, rolling reflectors, and sound booms. Consequently, the horse disqualified himself from the movie business. Now he is used by actors who have to learn to ride for a movie role.

BEAUTY is another requirement—one of the most important. A star horse must be well-formed, have expressive eyes, a zestful spirit, and good color. Black is a favorite, and also the rich chestnut hues, which photograph well in technicolor. White horses have always been a special attraction in Hollywood. In the older movie days the "good guys" in the westerns rode white horses and wore white hats as symbols of goodness and purity; the badmen rode dark-colored horses and wore black hats. And, of course, the wild, white stallion movie is almost as old as motion pictures.

Mr. Ed, the talented golden palomino, has an acting lesson with his trainer, Les Hilton.

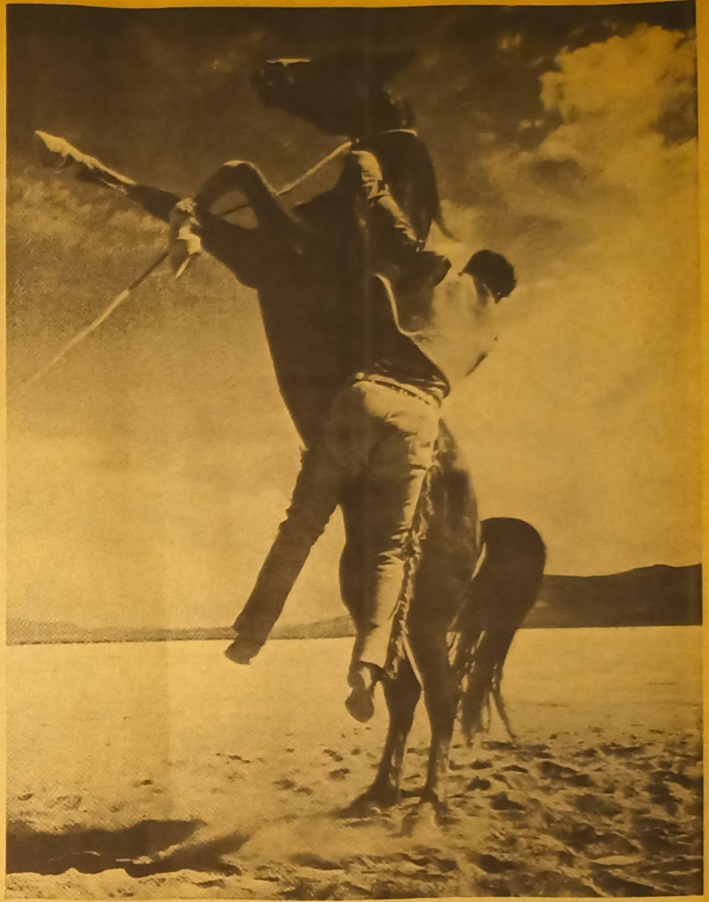
Courtesy CBS Television Network

But none of these assets is of much use to a horse if he doesn't have intelligence. In fact, Harold Melniker (AHA Hollywood office director) believes that star movie horses are all of above average intelligence. Movie horses must perform by trained responses. Because the trainer does not restrain the horse with a halter or bridle, obedience is the essential quality.

It has been estimated that only one horse in five hundred has the potential qualities of a star horse. Fat Jones, who before his recent death owned the largest stable of movie horses, commented, "I look at a thousand horses to buy maybe ten, and only four or five of them ever make it into pictures."

Trainers and stable owners, like Hollywood's talent scouts, are always watching and searching for an outstanding animal that might become a star like Fury or Black Diamond. Some horses qualify for a movie or two, only to fail eventually through boredom with the routine. A horse that shows interest and spirit, role after role, is rare indeed. It is not surprising, therefore, that there have been only a few top horse stars in the history of movies. But these particular horses have been in the business fifteen or twenty years and have appeared in hundreds of films.

Whenever trainers, stable owners, and wranglers (horse-handlers) reminisce and discuss the merits of the star horses—and whatever their arguments may be—they all agree that the greatest movie horse was Rex. The older generation will remember Rex as the daring hero of many silent epics and a few talkie films.



Ernest Haas © 1966 Magnum Photos

Boots (doubling for a real wild stallion) fights with a cowboy (doubling for Clark Gable) in this scene from "The Misfits."

Hollywood publicity men, who have a tendency to exaggerate about Hollywood and the stars, were for once correct when they tagged Rex King of the Wild Horses. He was wild—an independent thinker and actor—and rarely allowed himself to be governed by cues from the handler off-camera. When it was time for Rex to act, cameras would be grinding away before he was released from his halter, because he would do pretty much what he pleased, and all the cameraman could hope for were a few shots that could be edited into a plausible sequence.

Fred Jackman, a cameraman-director on the early Rex movies, called Rex mean and undependable. Training, he added, was almost impossible and the only way Rex could be made to perform was to fool him. When Jackman wanted Rex to show alertness and leave hurriedly in a certain direction, Jackman would have another stallion held at a distant point. Rex would immediately race for the other stallion to "bite its head off." But on the screen, Rex would be seen appearing at the hero's side. Actually, Rex had a double named Brownie who appeared in all scenes showing Rex with people. Rex himself couldn't be trusted with the actors.

Others labeled Rex ornery, arrogant, and warped. One wonders why the studios tolerated a horse with such a bad reputation. The answer is simple: Rex was a superbly natural wild horse. A black Morgan stallion, he was unmanageable from birth. Left in a pasture at a state reform school near Golden, Colorado, according to one story, Rex killed one of the students who tried to work him.

When the Hal Roach Studios were searching for a horse to play in *Black Cyclone*, Rex was chosen because he would need the least training to play a wild horse.

For the first half of *Black Cyclone*, Rex was left virtually wild. Somehow the film seemed more like a documentary about a wild horse than a Hollywood production. The picture, a silent movie, grossed the studio $350,000 (a considerable amount in the 1920s); Rex had cost $150. The picture was so popular that movie stories with similar themes were written for Rex to play. *Wild Beauty, Plunging Hooves, Stormy, King of Wild Horses, Black Stallion*, and serials gave Rex status as the first horse to star in his own pictures.

Rex was not so popular on the set, however. An eye-witness remembers an occasion when Rex threw an actor twenty feet and then commenced to tear off his clothes with his teeth.

Eugene Forde, who directed the first version of *Smoky* in 1933, said, "Rex had a tremendous personality. He was a vicious horse and dangerous to work with. I stayed away from him. . . ." Forde went on to explain that one scene showed Rex charging a cowboy, knocking him down, and trampling him to death. "First of all," commented Forde, "it took a lot of talking to get a stuntman who was willing to work the scene with the horse. During the filming, two women fainted when Rex charged and knocked over the cowboy. They were certain Rex had killed him. Some of this footage was finally cut from the film because the studio believed audiences would be certain that the cowboy had actually been killed. It was just too real!"

Rex stayed in the movies for nearly fifteen years. He finally retired on the ranch of his owner, Lee Doyle, at Flagstaff, Arizona, where some of his films had been made. A few of Rex's pictures are seen on television, and the trainers and wranglers around Hollywood enjoy seeing the horse working again. They respected Rex, remembering him as the horse that could never be trusted but was still the king.

If Rex was undisputedly king, then Misty was the prince of movie horses. Misty is dead, but, like Rex, is still talked about more than any living horse star. For almost twenty-five years Misty worked in movies—playing the villain.

A SLEEK, almost black Thoroughbred stallion Misty's career in motion pictures started by accident. Mist-A-Shot was his registered name, and while being hauled to a race track in the early 1930s, he developed a leg ailment. Misty was left to rest at the Jones stable. A veterinarian diagnosed the ailment as a bowed tendon, which meant that Misty would never be able to put out the burst of speed needed for a race horse. Jones liked the horse's looks and bought Misty as a possible movie candidate. Misty became a star and was known in Hollywood circles as the John Barrymore of movie horses.

Misty played in about seventy pictures. He was best known for his roles as a fighting stallion. "No horse," said Jones, "could snake out his neck, show his teeth, and fight like Misty. You knew he meant business when he was cued to fight. But he was gentle; a real gentleman."

Trainer Les Hilton worked Misty in some of his pictures. Hilton feels that Misty's most unusual attribute was his ability to take direction even when working with a herd of horses. When stallions are around mares, they instinctively direct all their attention toward them. Yet Hilton could call Misty from the herd—which even Hilton admits was more an indication of how fine a horse Misty naturally was than of the quality of his training. Probably not one stallion in a hundred would respond as Misty did, coming to the sound of Hilton's voice, or searching him out, much like a dog. This rapport between Misty and Hilton was once used in a scene which showed Misty running around a ranch yard looking for a small boy. Hilton would hide in a barrel and call Misty, and the horse would race to the barrel, poking it with his muzzle. Then Hilton would hide in a

"Falling for Stars Collection"

Roy Rogers and Trigger, the beautiful palomino who was Roy's co-star for many years.

wagon and call the horse, and again Misty would run to the spot. On the screen this sequence of searching and running gave the impression that Misty was looking for the boy in a likely hiding place.

Misty received great public recognition when he played the role of Banner in Mary O'Hara's eloquent horse stories, *My Friend Flicka* and *Thunderhead, Son of Flicka.* Misty was in his prime during these films and actually stole the show from the lead horses, Flicka and Thunderhead. When horse films are shown, many young people write to the studios for pictures of the horses. Twentieth Century-Fox Studios had more requests for Misty as Banner than for Flicka and Thunderhead combined. The films were in technicolor, and Misty, with his glossy dark coat and wonderful animation, made the requests for his picture understandable.

One of Misty's last roles was for the epic western *Duel in the Sun,* with Gregory Peck. Scenes called for Peck to fight hand to hoof, so to speak, with a cantankerous stallion in a corral. Since Peck did not use a double for the entire sequence, Misty, who could act vicious and still be gentle, was transported to the location site around Tucson, Arizona, for the fight sequence. Misty was so manageable that only one day was required to film the scene.

A few months later, Misty began to fail. Age rapidly slowed the noble stallion to an arthritic and helpless condition. The order to put Misty to sleep was a difficult one for Fat Jones to give. They had been together for a quarter of a century and on the day that Jones gave his order, he locked himself in his office and did not come out the entire day. Wranglers around the stable say that no other horse of the hundreds that Jones owned ever captured his heart as Misty did.

As Misty's career drew to an end, another black stallion, Black Diamond—also owned by the Jones stable—was groomed for the sort of role Misty had made famous. Black Diamond is a very tall American Saddlebred. He played major roles in *The Track of the Cat, Red Canyon, Flame of Araby, Black Horse Canyon,* and *The Reward,* and appeared in dozens of other movies in minor parts during the twenty years he was in the picture business.

IF ONE HORSE had to be named as the most popular with the public, the choice between Mr. Ed of television, Fury, and Roy Rogers' Trigger would be difficult. These three horses have what Hollywood calls a public image, meaning that they are known and recognized for specific roles. Since Mr. Ed is more of a comedian and Trigger a co-star, Fury is probably the most prominent star. Now [1967] about fifteen years old, Fury has been a star performer most of his life. His gross earnings are far above $500,000 and he is second only to Lassie as a great money earner in Hollywood's animal kingdom.

Ralph McCutcheon, who owns and trained Fury, found the black stallion on a farm in Missouri when he was eighteen months old. His real name was Highland Dale and he had completed his basic dramatic training when Twentieth Century-Fox announced they were casting horses for *Black Beauty.* Black horses are in abundance in Hollywood and many were considered for the part. But Fury was selected for the title role. Although the picture was not very popular, Fury established himself as a reliable and capable performer.

He played a number of "bit" parts, whenever a black horse was needed for a picture. Then MGM announced they were to film *Gypsy Colt,* a poignant story about a girl and her almost human horse. Fury was selected for the part.

Reading the script, McCutcheon was slightly disturbed by the number of tricks written into the script for the horse to perform. Fury knew some of them but had to learn many more. MGM allowed McCutcheon three months to prepare him. Fortunately, Fury is an intelligent horse and learned the acting routines with speed. He had to open doors with his mouth, run to the schoolhouse to pick up his young owner, poke his head into windows, and even allow himself to be chased down a highway by a group of motorcyclists.

The picture received good reviews and MGM stepped up the publicity—Fury had become a star. A number of important roles were added to his list of credits. He played a wild Nevada stallion in *Wild is the Wind,* with Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani. Because he is gentle, he was used as Elizabeth Taylor's horse in the picture *Giant,* in which his most important scene was set in the early morning on the Texas plains. Just after dawn, Fury was seen limping toward the ranch. A medium shot of the horse showed his bridle broken and hanging over his head; blood on his flanks revealed he had been spurred viciously. After limping to the ranch house, Fury stood there, on three legs, and whinnied softly. This was Fury's closing scene in *Giant,* and he stole the acting honors from the human stars.

Fury's fame grew larger in the role that made his name familiar to many—the television series *Fury.* The series ran over five years and made Fury the most publicized horse in films. There are storybooks about Fury, puzzles, comic strips, and Fury hobby horses. His fan mail is as extensive as Trigger's and Champion's was in their heyday.

Fury amassed a number of acting awards from the American Humane Association: an award of excellence for *Outlaw Stallion* (1955), the PATSY award for *Gypsy Colt* (1956), and second-place awards for *Giant* (1957), and *Wild is the Wind* (1958). He received similar awards for his television work.

WHENEVER a studio is about to cast horses for a film, it will submit a contract to a stable or an individual trainer for the number of horses, outlining the casting needs as to color, sex, and type. The stables are rarely unable to supply the studio's needs. But if this happens, a search is started to locate the desired type. This was the case in the Marlon Brando western, *The Appaloosa,* a film about the adventures of a man and his oddly marked Appaloosa horse. There are Appaloosas at the Hollywood stables, but the producer of the film did not care for them. So a horse expert scouted around and finally found an Appaloosa in the hands of a private owner who was willing to lease him to the studio. It was the type that the producer wanted, a black stallion with a white blanket over its rump and spots the size of silver dollars. This horse was found at Saugus, California; most of the star movie horses are found in this excellent horse-producing state.

The search for the correct type of horse may go out of the state, though, or even outside the country. Pluto, a Lippizaner stallion, was imported from Austria with others of this unique breed of white horses to play in *Florian,* Felix Salten's story of the Spanish Riding School. But when Walt Disney filmed *The Miracle of the White Stallion,* another story about Lippizaners and their school, the entire filming crew went to Austria.

Twentieth Century-Fox Studios also preferred an actual locale and particular ponies when they decided to film Marguerite Henry's *Misty of Chinoteague.* These ponies, a rather mysterious breed of small horses that inhabit the islands off the east coast of Virginia, are unlike

Movie Star News

Tom Mix (above) and his horse Tony. Gene Autry (below) is mounted on Champion, who performs tricks and goes on personal appearance tours. The other two Champion "doubles" do the dangerous stunting work in Autry's films.

Courtesy Richard Hartt

"Green Grass of Wyoming," Courtesy 20th Century-Fox

Camera techniques are an important part of producing difficult scenes. Undercranking the camera was used here—the "wolves" actually are trained German shepherds.

any other breed of ponies. Rather than train and use a domestic breed and film the story in California, or go to the expense of shipping ponies from Virginia, the studio crew went to the actual location to film the horses on their islands. For the lead pony of the story, island ponies that had been tamed by residents were inspected until the director found one that fitted the role.

Star movie horses have doubles and stand-ins just as human stars do. The studio prefers not to risk the star horse in wild running scenes or falling stunts. Obviously, if anything happened to the star horse, the production would have to stop until a replacement was trained. Making movies costs thousands of dollars a day and unscheduled delays in shooting adds enormously to the cost of a production.

Dice, a pinto stallion, highly trained in movie techniques and tricks, once ran outside the studio in a fit of temperament and was hit by a car. Fortunately the accident wasn't serious. But because Dice's double was not so highly trained and could not replace him, the studio had to shoot around the scenes that involved Dice. In the meantime, a casual mention of the accident in the newspapers immediately brought hundreds of get-well cards, telegrams, and even flowers from Dice's fans.

During the 1948 filming of Will James's *Smoky*, the double was scheduled only for use in a falling scene. However, just at the end of filming, Smoky caught cold from location shooting in the mountains of southern Utah. Every time the director was ready to shoot the last scene Smoky would start to cough into the camera. Finally Smoky was replaced. To the surprise of the director, letters arrived asking what happened to the real Smoky. The audience had discovered the switch in spite of the horses' close likeness. The giveaway, to the sharp eye, was Smoky's "fox ears," which curled at the tips. The double had straight ears.

Another switch, although not detected by the public, still gave jitters to the studio filming *Tonka* on location in Oregon. The studio had selected a chestnut gelding to play the title role of a horse that survived Custer's last stand. Tonka worked well for about half the picture and then like a temperamental human star, literally walked off the set. He just refused to work. Probably he simply lost interest. After a hurried conference, the trainer flew back to Hollywood, borrowed television's Flicka and flew her to Oregon. Make-up men duplicated Tonka's white markings so successfully that Flicka looked exactly like the gelding. The picture was finished with Flicka playing the title role. Understandably, the temperamental gelding never played a leading role again, and his actions show why a quiet temperament and reliability are so important in a star horse.

Doubles do all the rough-and-tumble routines. Trigger, for example, does tricks and looks pretty for close-up shots. But a double carries Roy Rogers in the galloping scenes. Solid-color horses are easy to match for doubles; pinto horses are practically impossible because no two are exactly alike. Dice's double, for instance, is easily detected on the screen.

The stand-in is the untrained member of the star horse's company, but an important one. Between takes, when lights are being adjusted and the camera exposure checked, the stand-in takes the lead position on the set. If the star horse had to stand through the lengthy preparations for shooting a scene he would be nervous and fidgety by the time the director was ready to shoot. In this way, the star horse is brought onto the set fresh and willing to concentrate on his cues.

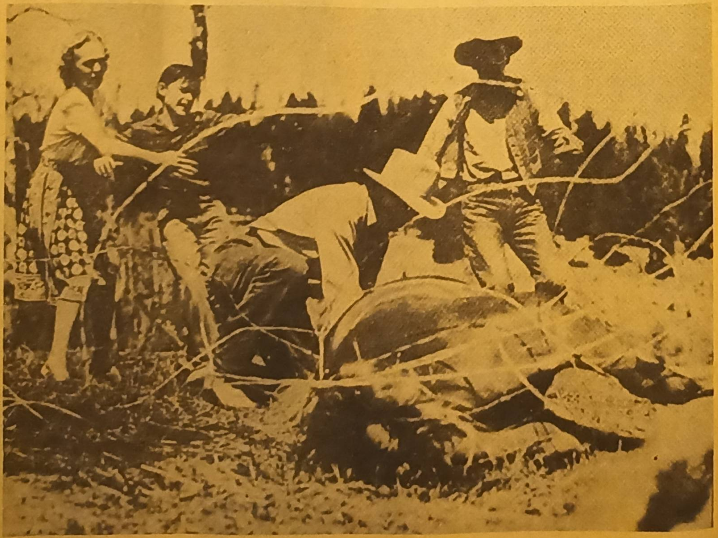
WHEN A FILM relates the complete story of a horse's life, as in *Smoky* and *Thunderhead, Son of Flicka,* many animals of the same color and markings are needed to show the age progression. In all, eight different horses played the part of Thunderhead—one each for newborn foal, yearling, two-year-old, and finally mature horse; the other four were doubles and stand-ins.

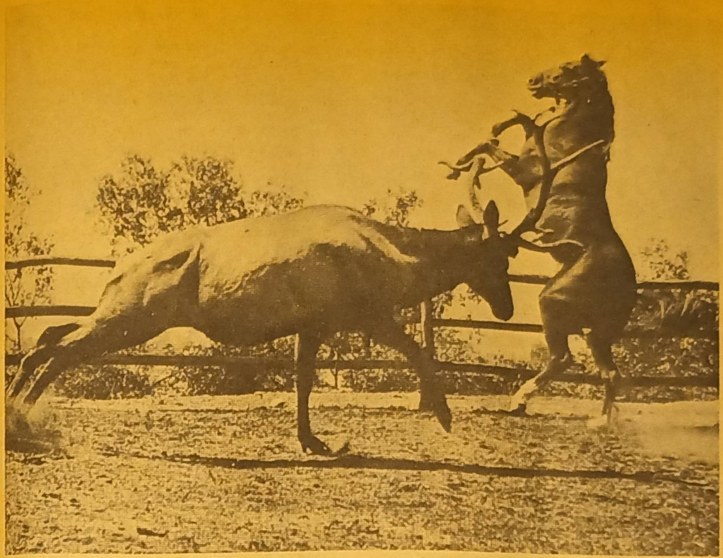
Starring horses have a small staff of humans who cater to their personal and movie needs: a groom, to clean and feed the horse in a private stall with all the attention befitting a star; a veterinarian, who is hired for the duration of shooting on location; a make-up man, who, oddly enough, spends more time with the horse than do any of his handlers. Manes and tails constantly have to be combed, brushed, and trimmed. White horses must have their noses powdered to hide the tiny black hairs that would be considerably magnified on the screen. For close-up shots, the horse's eyes have to be treated with mascara to hide wrinkle blemishes. Black horses lose their strong color after weeks of shooting in bright sun, and walnut juice is used to darken the areas faded by the sun.

Special make-up problems also arise. Starring horse Country Gentleman, who played in *Smoky*, had to appear neglected by his cruel owner. To make Country Gentleman thinner, make-up men painted shadows on his haunches so that his bones seemed to protrude. Gray lines were drawn around the eyes to make them appear dull and droopy. Finally, after not being groomed for two days, the transformation from a spirited stallion to ill-treated wagon horse was complete.

Many techniques created this scene in which Flicka appears caught in barbed wire.

"My Friend Flicka," Courtesy 20th Century-Fox





"Red Stallion in the Rockies," Courtesy Eagle-Lion Studios

Oscar the elk and the Red Stallion. Split-screen filming produced this dramatic fight sequence—in reality the two animals never saw each other!

There are other luxuries. Ever since Tom Mix gave his horse Tony a special trailer, all star horses have traveled in private trailers—plush accommodations painted in bright colors with the horse's name in large letters on the outside, and with a padded interior so that the horse won't chafe his legs. Hollywood publicity men have turned this into a status symbol, but the trailers are necessary to protect the horses on long trips.

After years of the special attentions of the movie business, star horses develop definite screen personalities that become well known to the studios and the public. Consequently, movie fans can quickly tell that the black horse they see in the film is the same one they recall from another. People may not know the horses' names, but a look in their eye, or the way they hold their head, becomes a trademark. In fact, it is often the personality of a horse (aside from his dramatic ability) that carries him to the heights of popularity. Above all, however, he must have acting talent, and not just a repertoire of tricks to be performed with the trainer standing less than two feet away. Movie horses are often on camera alone, and the extent of their ability to perform and to obey cues from long distance is one of the major qualities that makes a horse a valued performer.

Training Methods

NO WORK that man has ever required of the horse is so demanding of the horse's intelligence as acting out responses before a movie camera. Other horses are usually ridden or driven, or in some manner controlled with a bridle. The movie horse, however, works at complete liberty, taking cues from a trainer who stands beyond camera range. It is therefore of vital importance that the horse have confidence in his trainer; without it, the other requirements of stardom—beauty, intelligence, and adaptability—are useless.

Ralph McCutcheon, one of Hollywood's most successful trainers and the owner-trainer of Fury, feels that an animal's trust is twice as valuable as his fear.

In addition to training skills, these drama coaches have a keen understanding of the horse's nature; why the horse thinks in a particular way, and how he will react to varied situations and stimulations. Many trainers have been with horses so long that they know how a horse will think and react before the horse itself knows.

The horse can concentrate on, or think about, only one thing at a time. A horse that fears a rough handler will not concentrate on and respond to a cue, which is why confidence in the trainer is so important in training a horse for the movies.

Building this confidence doesn't mean that a horse is never punished during training. Training any animal is a matter of tactful rewards and punishments: a pat or an encouraging tidbit when the horse responds correctly and a sharp voice or crack of the whip for an incorrect response. In the training of animals there is a distinct difference between punishment and brutality, and animals sense the difference. Punishment is discipline and correction.

Training is primarily a matter of developing habits in the horse. Daily rehearsals impress the training upon the horse by repetition. Once a response has been learned it becomes a habit and is rarely forgotten. In fact, a horse's memory is so phenomenal that he will remember a routine he has not performed in years.

For instance, in 1938 Misty went on location to Sedona, Arizona. In one scene Misty had to gallop down a steep hillside, not straight down, but obliquely. The trainer led Misty over the route a few times, since Misty would track himself once he had been shown the path to follow. The director was able to record the shot without difficulty. Seven years later, and at the same location, Misty was supposed to lead a herd of horses directly toward the camera, which meant

For stallion fights, a non-adhesive tape is placed on the horses' mouths to prevent biting, and camera techniques produced much of the fast-paced action.

"Thunderhead, Son of Flicka," Courtesy 20th Century-Fox

that he had to gallop straight down the hillside. Instead, Misty—followed by the herd—took the route he had been shown for the earlier film. Another trainer was working with Misty this time and could not understand why Misty, of all horses, would take a direction away from the one the trainer indicated. Fortunately, a wrangler who had worked with Misty on the other picture remembered the earlier incident. The director, realizing that an attempt to change Misty's habit might be costly in shooting time, decided to relocate the camera so that Misty could gallop down the hillside obliquely—the way he had first been shown.

Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

Before the AHA assumed control over movie animals, horses often were deliberately tripped, as in this early western, and many were crippled or killed in the violent falls.

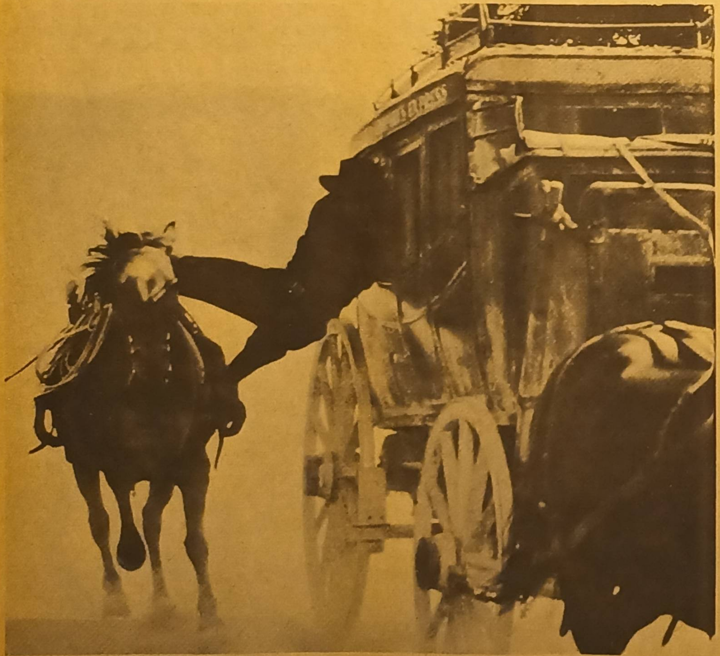
In some cases, a horse will learn a response all too rapidly. During the filming of *Thunderhead, Son of Flicka*, the script required a young stallion to be run in from the range, lassoed, and thrown to the ground by three husky wranglers. The director rehearsed the scene twice. When he was ready for a take, the rope was thrown on young Thunderhead for the third time, but, seeing the cowboys rushing to throw him again, Thunderhead quickly dropped to the ground before they reached him. The filming crew got a good laugh from the incident—and the scene was filmed later with an unrehearsed horse.

Trainers study a script to determine what training problems will be involved. A horse given a leading role must complete a three-month training curriculum. The horse is tutored in minor animal dramatics and learns the rudiments of conduct in front of the cameras: to walk toward the camera, stop when cued, back up, pose, look to the right or left, limp, pretend pain, and play dead.

If the horse is part of a scene with human actors he must stay alert and not become restless or sleepy. When a rider and horse watch a stagecoach move from right to left across the screen, the horse must look in the same direction as the actor. If the horse turns his head in the opposite direction the scene is ruined. Careless actions by the horse are called *killing a scene*. After working in pictures for a while, horses become camera-wise. They learn that when the camera light is on red, a scene is being shot and they must stay alert. Only after the cameras stop and the lights shut off do they relax.

The difficult "transfer" stunt from horseback to moving vehicle.

"Falling for Stars Collection"

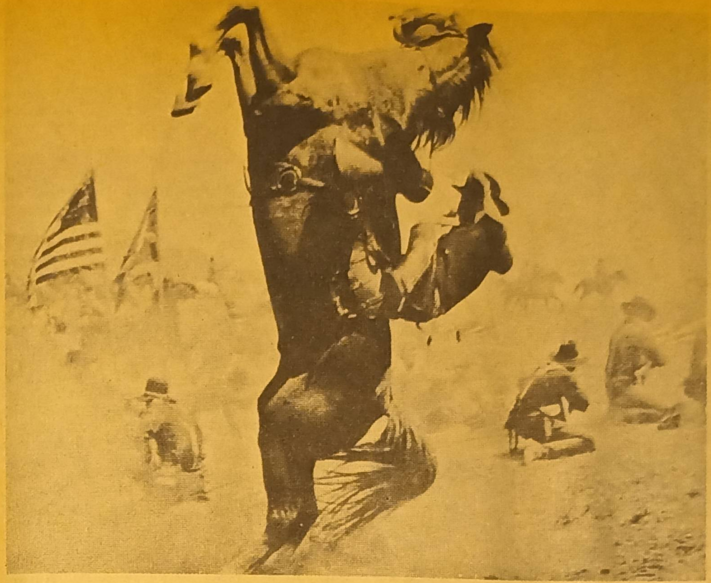


Commands or cues from the trainer are mostly silent; oral commands are not practical because the trainer's voice can be picked up by the sound equipment. The trainer positions himself beyond the camera range and directs the horse by hand signals, semaphore fashion, according to the action or movement the director wants.

WHIP BREAKING—which teaches the horse to accept the trainer's directions—is started in a small pen or corral to give the trainer a maximum degree of control over the horse. The horse is taught to associate a word or command with a flip of the whip on his rump. For example, the trainer calls "here," and immediately flips the whip on the horse while pulling the horse toward him by a halter. The whip is used with just enough force to make the horse want to avoid its sting. After four or five episodes, the horse associates the word *here* with going to the trainer and understands that the whip is not used when he is obedient. If the horse does not respond, he receives a sharp punishing crack of the whip and is soon impressed that it is best to obey.

On movie sets, this discipline is important, for only then can the trainer be reasonably certain that the horse will obey commands and not become temperamental or attempt to run away. On location shooting, where sometimes there is nothing but open space between the horses and the distant mountains, it is apparent why this whip training must be thoroughly impressed upon the horse.

Once the horse is obedient to whip training, he is instructed in basic dramatic movements. Backing up is a common action to show a horse's fear of a snake or a villain in the movies. Limping and pretending pain are also standard routines for many pictures. The horse must learn to walk away from the camera and to turn right or left as indicated by the trainer. And charging toward the camera and stopping at a predetermined spot is important in order for the horse to remain in camera focus. Some horses stop on a verbal cue from the trainer, while others are taught to stop at a stake in the ground. In training a horse to recognize a particular stake as a stopping point, a large stake is used at first. The trainer calls the horse to him and verbally stops him each time at the stake. Soon the horse learns to stop on his own, whenever he comes near the stake. Actors use chalk marks, but a horse needs the more obvious indication which a stake provides.


"Tonka," © 1958 Walt Disney Productions

A stuntman performs a backward fall on Jerry, a well-known "falling" horse.

Walking away from the camera, stopping, and turning either right or left are constant requirements in any horse movie script. Training in these methods begins on long reins, of about twenty feet, which the trainer controls from a position some ten feet behind the horse. All Hollywood trainers have their individual styles and methods for cueing their pupils. But generally the horse learns to associate a word or signal from the trainer with a particular movement. For example, the trainer, standing behind and to the side of the horse and holding the reins in his left hand, might say, "Walk!" At the same time he will hold his right arm straight out from his chest. At the moment the trainer gives his command, he taps the horse on his rump with a driving whip also held in his left hand. The horse associates the whip with the verbal and arm signals. Each time the trainer gives the signal, he taps the horse with the whip. Soon the horse, to avoid the whip taps, moves forward immediately upon seeing the arm signal or hearing the voice command.

While the horse is learning this routine, he is also being taught to stop and stand still. A horse, by nature, has a tendency to turn around and face his trainer when stopped. This cannot be allowed, unless the trainer calls the horse to him. After the trainer has caused the horse to move forward, he calls, "whoa," and stops the horse with the bridle reins. If the horse attempts to turn and face the trainer, the trainer reins the horse back to his stopping position. Soon the horse learns that stopping means also to stand still and wait for the next command.

Reins are also used to turn the horse *right* or *left*. At the same time, the trainer uses his arms for silent cueing; his left arm held straight out to the side for a left turn and vice versa. The horse is worked alongside a wall to help the trainer keep him in a straight line while he is being trained. Eventually the horse will respond to the verbal and silent cues. The reins are then removed and the work continued without any mechanical controls by the trainer.

The training pace for these dramatics is slow because the horse's mind can accept and concentrate on only one idea at a time. And this one idea must be firmly set in the horse's mind before advancing to new or associated work.

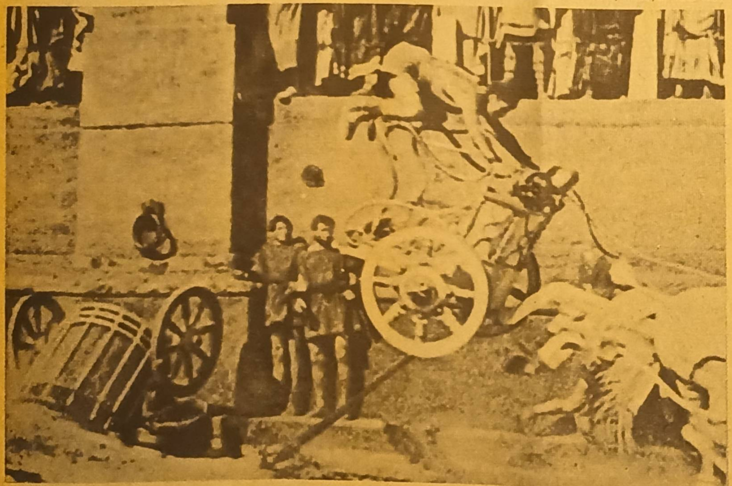
IN TRAINING a horse to play dead, once the horse has been taught to lie down it is sometimes difficult for him to remain motionless while the actors speak their lines. A scene showing a group of cowboys standing over a horse that was supposed to have been killed by a wild stallion lost its effect when the horse's ears moved as the actors spoke their lines. The movie audience noticed this, and the scene lost its drama. Sometimes, for a close-up scene showing a dead horse, a veterinarian will put a small amount of sleeping powder in the horse's feed. The horse yawns, lies down, and sleeps while the actors play their parts. Ten minutes later the horse awakens, is led to his stall for some oats—and probably wonders why he is being so well treated since he doesn't remember doing anything especially commendable. Dummy horses are used in mass battle scenes where many horses are shown dead. Usually they are located at a long shot from the camera and will not be detected as dummies by the audience.

A difficult and almost impossible stunt to teach a horse is to fall and play dead of his own accord. Falling stunt horses are trained to fall with their riders. But to have a horse that is at liberty suddenly fall on cue (and timed to a gun report) is a masterful piece of training. Only one horse has willingly done this. His real name was Ghost, although he was called Flame for some of the Zane Grey westerns in which he played. This remarkable animal would dash between the villain and the hero, who were exchanging gun-

A portion of the wagon routine perfected by Yakima Canutt.

"Falling for Stars Collection"

"Ben Hur," Copyright © Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. 1959



"Ben Hur," Copyright © Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. 1940

The magnificent team of Lippizaners trained for the chariot race scenes in "Ben Hur." The most spectacular sequence was their leap over crashed chariots.

fire, and fall at the actor's feet as if he had been hit by a bullet. With any other horse, in a similar scene, the cameras must stop to allow a horse to be put in position and cued to lie down. Ghost was trained to lie down also, but he was willing to fall at a run when cued, probably much to the surprise of the trainer. Ghost's marvelous feat earned him a salary of $300 each time he performed it, a large sum in 1920.

The routines so far mentioned are the basic dramatics for star movie horses. Movie scripts often write in more than basic maneuvers, and when they do, the horse's training must be more advanced. In demonstrating rage, for instance, few horses can master the task of appearing vicious without getting out of hand.

The stallion Country Gentleman was scheduled to have a double perform in his scene in *Smoky* when he must fight with a cruel cowboy. Among the hundreds of horses in Hollywood there are one or two who will attack a man on slight provocation and who are essentially vicious. The producers of *Smoky* hardly expected their star horse to go into screaming tantrums of revolt, with wild eyes and bared teeth. But Country Gentleman, one of the more intelligent of Hollywood horses, was capable of being trained to act vicious. The method used is to stimulate friskiness in the horse, with the trainer pretending to be timid by shying and running away from the horse. The horse gets a bit annoyed by this silliness and makes a gesture of chasing the trainer, who responds by backing away, just a few feet, to let the horse believe he is afraid of him. Eventually, the horse will press his advantage, lay back his ears, and show his teeth.

It is the trainer's decision that determines just how far he wants to develop this attitude in the horse. The horse can become truly vicious if the procedure is continued excessively. Most trainers don't go too far. The horse learns to fight and act vicious when the trainer feigns a timid pose, and to stop when the trainer holds his ground with an "I'm-not-frightened-of-you" attitude.

A gelding named Boots, the horse seen fighting the actors in *The Misfits*, is a true fighter. Three times, Boots hit Clark Gable's double with his hoofs. On another occasion, Boots knocked the lens shade off the camera during a close-up shot. The scenes in the film are obviously real, and there is always danger to the men who handle Boots during this work. When away from the cameras, however, Boots is quite tractable. One of his handlers has suggested that the horse just doesn't like movie cameras and comes out fighting when he sees one.

A horse registering fear is not taught, but is simply made to feel surprise during filming. A typical example is a scene of a mountain lion frightening a horse. Footage is first filmed of the cougar bellowing a vicious scream. For the horse scene, the trainer waits until the horse is relaxed and then makes a sudden rattling noise with bells or by cracking two pieces of wood together. The horse swiftly lifts his head, his ears dart forward, and surprise registers in his eyes. Footage of both scenes is edited together and the sequence shows a horse being frightened by a cougar.

In problem scenes almost any situation may arise. There are the scenes which keep trainers awake nights thinking about *how* the shot is to be made. How does a trainer, for example, get a horse mired in quicksand?

Since The American Humane Association is as interested in preventing psychological distress as physical harm, the trainer must supervise this action without forcing the horse and assure also that there is no danger of the horse actually sinking and drowning.

For a quicksand or bog sequence, a pit is dug to allow the horse sufficient room to move but not to slip and turn over. After the pit is dug, the entrance to the bog is tapered so that the horse can be led down into the pit. The pit is lined with board planks to prevent the sides from collapsing. The floor of the bog is also planked and heavy matting is laid on top of the planks to maintain a constant depth so the horse will not sink over his head.

The special-effects department fills the pit with mud and garnishes it with peat moss for an accurate and convincing surface illusion of an oozing, thick bog. Prior to completely filling the bog, the horse (usually a double if the role is for a starring horse) will have been led into the pit. The horse is skittish about this in the first attempt, but once he realizes that the flooring is solid, he can be led in and out of the pit as it is progressively filled with the compound. Finally, the horse accepts the bog without mental anguish or physical harm.

A TENSE and well-remembered horse action scene was filmed for Will James's *Smoky*. The coal-black stallion playing the lead role had to be taught to allow his rider, who had hurt himself in a fall from Smoky's back, to loop his arm through the right stirrup, and then to drag him back to the home ranch. Several difficulties had to be overcome in this case. A horse, first of all, is accustomed to a rider mounting and dismounting from the left side, and any actions on the right side were strange to Smoky. Secondly, no horse likes an object dragging at his heels. When the trainer tied a dummy to the stirrup, Smoky promptly kicked it to pieces. Eventually, with patient, comforting words from the trainer, Smoky grew less concerned about the weight dragging at his feet. After he was completely at ease with the dummy and no longer showed even momentary concern, Ben Johnson, actor and stuntman, who doubled for Fred McMurray in this scene, placed himself in the position by hanging his arm through the right stirrup.

This scene, incidentally, is one of the few in horse pictures where a keen observer could notice the horse taking his cues. Smoky was shown out in the open country carefully dragging his rider home. It could be observed that the horse had his head turned toward the right side of the screen, which was where his trainer stood out of sight. Smoky was watching his coach for cues to stop, proceed slowly and pose. These three movements were used extensively for this sequence to increase the drama, but each time Smoky received a cue, his eyes flashed and his ears tended to twitch.

Another interesting scene has been used in about a dozen horse films and always delights an audience. A horse comes upon a wounded man lying on his stomach and then turns him over onto his back. In the movie *Florian*, Florian was required to roam a battlefield in search of his master. Soldiers lay all across the field among overturned cannons and wrecked wagons. Florian, made up to appear battle-weary, weaves in and out among the dead soldiers and dummy horses. He rolls over each soldier whom he finds lying on his stomach. Finally, Florian rolls over actor Robert Young and, upon cue from his trainer, stands protectively over him.

Audiences were touched by the simple devotion shown by the white stallion. Florian, however, was playing a game. He knew from previous training that each soldier he turned over had a lump of sugar concealed in his tunic.

Trainers who coach movie horses and direct them in pictures are little known outside of the studios. But these men are probably the highest-paid horse trainers in the United States. Their designation on the credit titles of a motion picture is equine supervisor or technical advisor.

Probably the best trainer in movie history was the late Jack Lindell. Three of the best trainers today are Les Hilton, Ralph McCutcheon, and Glenn Randall. Almost any major horse work in motion pictures during the past thirty years can be attributed to one of these trainers.

Ralph McCutcheon has been a supplier of trained leading horses for Hollywood since 1935. His career in motion pictures was accidental and he owes it to a pinto stallion named Dice. "If it were not for Dice," McCutcheon admits, "I guess I'd still be a forest ranger in Colorado."

McCutcheon was nowhere near a movie studio when he was approached by a Hollywood horseman. He was with Dice at a horse show in Colorado. The head of livestock procurement at MGM Studios happened to see the show and admired Dice. He asked McCutcheon if he would be willing to allow Dice to be ridden by actor Richard Dix for a forthcoming western. What followed is a Hollywood success story—Dice immediately became popular. Dice had flashy coloring and a repertoire of tricks adaptable to movie work. He would lie down and nod "yes," shake his head for "no," and perform about a dozen other tricks which could be worked into westerns.

Dice played mostly in western films and was ridden by Gene Autry early in that actor's career. His biggest role was *Duel in the Sun* for which McCutcheon was hired as technical advisor and horse supplier. The film's producer had Dice under contract for five months during the filming of the picture and for an additional eighty-four weeks during the showing of the picture. The producer did not want the horse used in any other film while his picture was playing the circuit. This was a clever thought; the producer realized that many horse lovers would see the picture just to observe Dice performing.

Dice's last film was *Thunderhoof*, a story of a wild pinto stallion. McCutcheon had some difficult times with Dice during the production, for the horse was growing old and becoming a bit senile. After *Thunderhoof*, Dice was retired and just loafed about the pasture until he died at thirty years of age.

Meanwhile, with Dice's earnings, McCutcheon had bought and developed a large stable filled with horses for motion picture work. From the first group of horses, McCutcheon was fortunate to have a black stallion that would even-

(Continued on page 59)

Hollywood's best stuntmen directed by Cliff Lyons create a mass falling-horse scene for "The Alamo."

"The Alamo," Courtesy United Artists

CAPTAIN BLACK BEAVER

Author's Note: The Lenni-Lenape, or Delaware, Indians have always claimed to be the grandfathers of all other red men. At the time of white settlement on the Atlantic coast, these Indians formed the most important confederacy of the Algonquin-speaking tribe and occupied a large area of present Delaware, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania.

Benjamin West's famous painting depicts William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, making a treaty with their leading warriors and great chief, Tamenend, under an immense spreading elm at Shackamaxon, on the banks of the Delaware River, in October 1682. This treaty, said to have been the only one not sworn to, was never broken. Due to Penn's sagacious recognition of Indian titles and buying land instead of seizing, the Delawares did not avenge the white encroachments by massacres. In the early 1700s they began their movement westward in hope of preserving their way of life. By 1751 they had settled in eastern Ohio, where they remained until forced into Indiana and later Illinois. In 1818 they ceded all their lands east of the Mississippi and moved to the James Fork of White River in Missouri. Some went to the Red River on the Texas border, by Spanish permission. By 1835 the main body of the tribe had been gathered on a reservation on the Kansas River near Fort Leavenworth and remained there until transferred after the Civil War to the Cherokee Nation. Today the great majority of their remaining members live in Washington, Nowata and Craig Counties, Oklahoma, and have wisely invested their funds in homes and farm improvements.

But the main reason for their feeling of superiority is that one of their leaders was the famed guide and interpreter Black Beaver.

The "Great Delaware" was a much sought guide and interpreter; he knew virtually every mountain range and river in the West

By GLENN SHIRLEY

Photos Courtesy Author

THIS INDIAN, Black Beaver, was an anomaly of his race and time. His melancholy eyes, high bones over hollowed cheeks, sensitive mouth, large nose and unruly hair resembled the beardless Abraham Lincoln. He was born three years before the Great Emancipator, in 1806, on the site of present Belleville, while his people still occupied the beautiful bluffs on the Illinois side of the Mississippi.

His parents named him "Se-ket-Tu-May-Qua" (also spelled "Si-ki-to-ker"). By the time the tribe moved to Missouri, he was old enough to join the fur trappers and river men streaming in and out of St. Louis, and his name had been anglicized to Black Beaver.

Over the next fifty years he would see almost every mountain range and river in the West and help bring fame to many of the great military and scientific explorers. Colonel Randolph B. Marcy, in his book *Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border* (1866), gives the first accounts of his exploits.

In the 1830s, at the time John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company was extending its activities into the central Rocky Mountain region, Black Beaver accompanied twenty white men and four Delawares to one of the trading posts on the Upper Missouri. While at the stockade fort and engaged in trapping beaver, the party was attacked by a large band of Blackfeet Indians, determined to destroy the post.

When it appeared there was no probability of the attacking party's abandoning its purpose, "one damned fool Delaware," as Beaver put it, proposed that the defenders make a sortie upon the Blackfeet. Beaver, who had never been in battle, began trembling so badly he could hardly stand.

He had left home, however, with the avowed intention of becoming a distinguished brave. With great effort he stifled his emotions. "Why, it is just the idea I was about to suggest!" he replied. And, slapping his comrade on the back, he charged through the gate, yelling at the others to follow.

They had advanced only a short distance when arrows started falling upon them. Luckily, no one was wounded. His companions proposed a retreat. Black Beaver readily agreed. But when he discovered the others were leaving him behind in their flight to safety, he stopped and shouted to them: "Come back here, you cowards, you squaws! What for you run away and leave me fight alone?"

His taunt halted the retreat. The men rallied, succeeded in beating off the enemy and saved the fort.

Afterward the captain in charge shook his hand, saying, "Beaver, you have done this day what no other man in the fort had the courage to do. I thank you from the bottom of my heart." Thus the Delaware achieved his reputation as a brave warrior.

A SECOND TEST of his courage came a short time later. He had been left alone upon the headwaters of the Missouri in charge of a large quantity of supplies, buried to keep the Indians from stealing them. He amused himself by hunting in the vicinity, checking the cache only once a day. Arriving upon the crest of a hill on one of his visits, he found a band of hostile Blackfeet occupying the locality, and feared they might appropriate all the supplies.

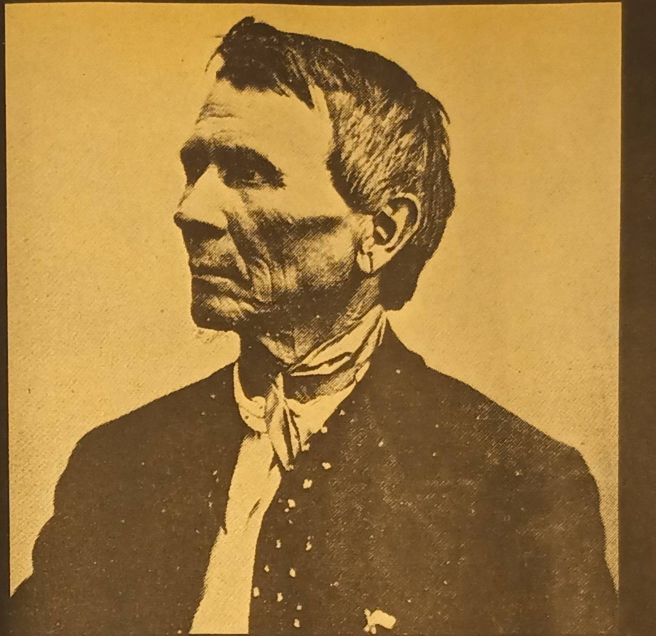
The Blackfeet spied him and signaled him down for a chat. Knowing their purpose was to take him in custody, he replied that he was not in a talking humor and started off in another direction. They hallooed after him, using the most insulting language and gestures; they asked if he considered himself a man to run away from his friends and intimated: "You old womans who should go home and take care of the children!"

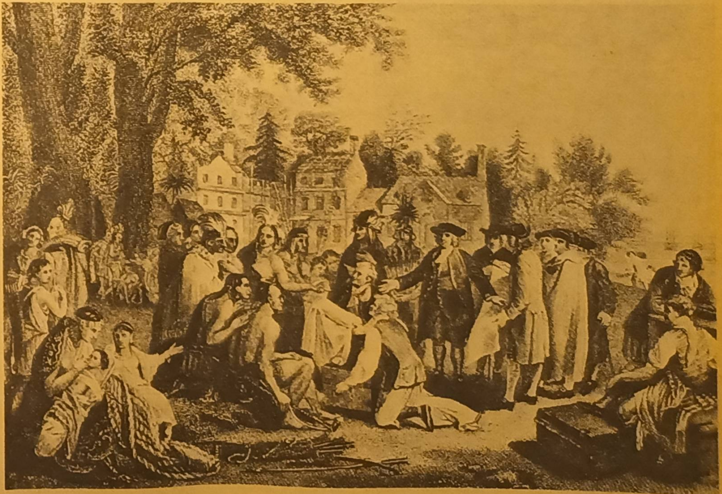
This aroused Beaver's indignation to such a pitch that he stopped, turned back, and replied, "Maybe so; s'pose three-four you come up here alone, I'll show you if I'ze old womans."

His challenge was not accepted and the Indians rode away, leaving the cache undiscovered.

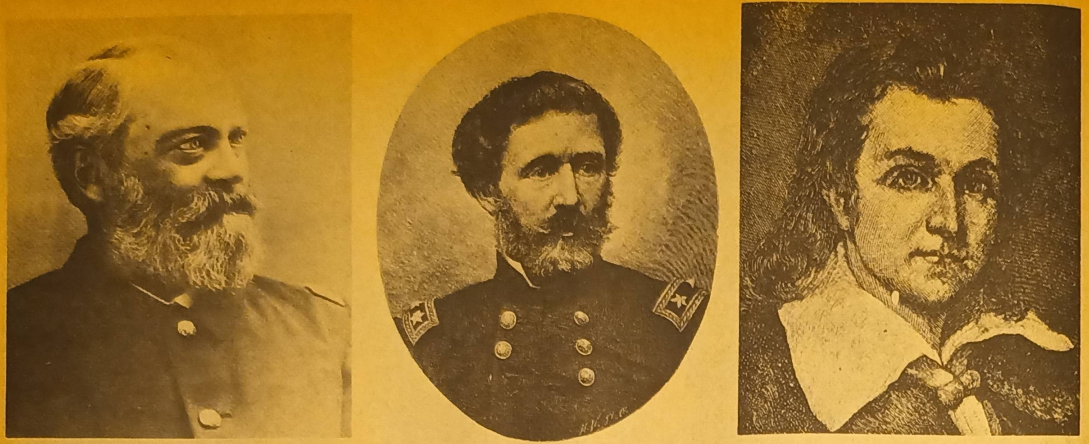
Beaver's activities the next ten years are uncertain. There is evidence that he was employed for a time as a hunter by William and Charles Bent at Bent's old fort in southeastern Colorado and that he served as scout on one of Colonel John C. Frémont's early expeditions to the Pacific.

In describing this period of his life, Marcy states: "He had visited nearly every point of interest within the limits of our unsettled territory. He had set his traps and spread his blanket on the headwaters of the Missouri and Columbia . . . south to the Colorado and Gila, and thence to the shores of southern California. His life has been that of a





Black Beaver (above) late in life. William Penn (right) signing treaty with the Delawares at Shackamaxon. To Black Beaver fell the honor of keeping the original treaty parchment handed down from leader to leader for almost 200 years.



Courtesy Newberry Library, Chicago

Many were the frontier soldiers and pathfinders whom Black Beaver knew as friends. Colonel Randolph B. Marcy (below) employed the Indian on several expeditions and later wrote of many of their exploits together. Above from left, Colonel Richard I. Dodge, whom Black Beaver served as interpreter at an 1834 treaty council; Colonel John C. Fremont, who acquired the Delaware as a scout on one of his early excursions to the Pacific; and John James Audubon, who spent a busy summer with Black Beaver collecting wildlife.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

veritable cosmopolite, filled with scenes of intense and startling interest, bold and reckless daring . . . ."

Colonel Richard Irving Dodge, who employed Black Beaver as interpreter at his treaty council with the Comanche, Kiowa and Wichita on the North Fork of Red River in 1834, lauded him for his "wonderful journeys . . . undertaken from pure curiosity and love of adventure" and a "more minute and extensive personal knowledge of the North American continent than any other man ever had or probably will have."

In 1843, he was back with the American Fur Company, headquartered at Fort Union on the upper Missouri. It was here that the celebrated ornithologist, painter and naturalist, John James Audubon, employed him for a busy summer of collecting birds and animals. He paid from $2 for a large porcupine to $20 for a grizzly bear.

Audubon took Beaver with him on his return to Galveston, Texas. They were to take a ship there for New York, and the next year he and Beaver would start from New York and tour the country back to Missouri.

But Beaver had never seen a ship. He studied those in port a few days, and finally asked Audubon if people ever died on board during a voyage. Audubon told him they did.

"What you do with dead?" he inquired.

Audubon replied, "They are cast into the sea."

Beaver reflected a moment. "I not enter ship," he said, and Audubon lost his faithful guide.

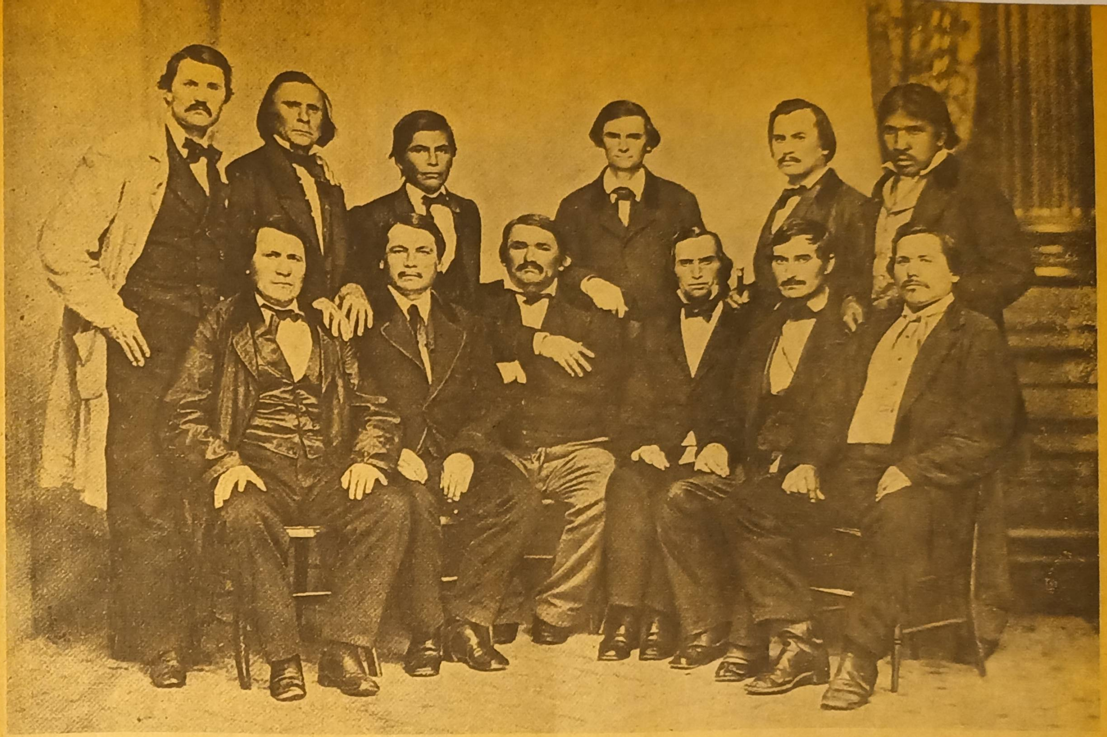
When war was declared with Mexico, Beaver was with his people in eastern Kansas. Somewhere in his wanderings he had met Colonel William Selby Harney of the 2nd Dragoons. Learning that Harney needed recruits, he organized a mounted company of Delaware and thirty-five of their Shawnee neighbors. They were mustered into the United States Army, with Beaver as captain, June 1, 1846, and discharged in August.

Thomas C. Battey, a teacher among the Caddoes on the Washita and later among the Kiowas, kept a diary which he published as *The Life and Adventures of A Quaker Among the Indians* (1875). In this treasure house of information on these tribes, Battey states he once asked Beaver why he, an Indian, had enlisted to fight the Mexicans, and Beaver replied: "I had seen cannon around white men's forts and could not make up my mind how soldiers fought with them big guns."

But Battey knew his wry, indirect friend well enough to realize it had been a simple act of patriotism. Beaver proudly retained his military title the rest of his life.

WHEN COLONEL MARCY first met the Delaware in 1849, he was living with Shawnee friends at Edwards Trading Post near Shawneetown, 125 miles west of Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the Canadian River. Marcy had left Fort Smith April 4 with eighty-four dragoons and infantrymen under orders to establish the best route to Santa Fe and escort an accompanying train of 500 California-bound goldseekers. Pausing at the post to repair equipment and purchase horses, cattle, feed and necessities not available the next several hundred miles, the noted pathfinder engaged Beaver as a guide and interpreter. Marcy noted: "He was an intelligent Indian and proved to be most useful . . . ."

As the expedition proceeded west over unmapped hills, streams and prairies, Beaver showed him where drinkable water could be found, where grass was available for horses and oxen, and pointed out types of brush cover for deer and wild turkey. One day Beaver informed him that they were passing through the last stand of hickory timber. Marcy had a supply cut sufficient to replace poles and axles for the remainder of their journey.



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

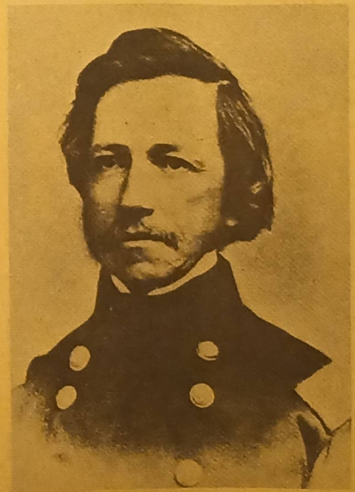
Delaware-Cherokee delegation in Washington in 1866. Standing from left are James Daniel, Black Beaver, Henry Tiblow, John Pratt, Charles Armstrong, and John Young. From left, seated are James Ketcham, James Connor, John Connor, Charles Journeycake, Isaac Journeycake, and Captain John Sarcoxie.

Beaver kept an eye out for marauding Indians. He taught the colonel how to determine what tribe had abandoned a certain campsite from the way they had built their fires, tents and lodges, and how many were in the party. Thus he knew whether they were friendly or hostile and by observing the trail they had made upon leaving, if enemies, knew what direction to take to avoid them.

The grace and rapidity with which Black Beaver conversed with the Indians they encountered astonished Marcy: "On June 1, having marched fourteen miles and made camp at a small lake on the high prairie, we received a visit from four Kioways, dressed in war costume and armed with rifles, bows, shields and lances. They were on their way, they told us, to Chihuahua, Mexico, to steal mules and horses. I brought them into camp and told them we were disposed to be friendly and at peace with Kioways; that it was the desire of their 'great father,' the President of the United States, to be on terms of peace with all his 'red children.' This appeared to please them, and they replied that they would communicate my 'talk' to their people. I was much surprised at the ease with which Beaver communicated with them in pantomime. I had no idea before he was so adept; and I have no hesitation in saying he would compare with the most accomplished performers of our operas . . . ."

Having visited many of the large towns on the Missouri and Mississippi, Beaver prided himself upon his knowledge of the white man's customs and was always happiest when displaying this knowledge in the presence of Indian companions.

Lieutenant A. W. Whipple sought Black Beaver's scouting services but had to settle instead for valuable advice.



A COMANCHE SCOUT bivouacked at Beaver's fire one evening. Marcy dropped by to find the two engaged in an "earnest and not very amicable" conversation. On inquiring the cause, Beaver answered, "I've been telling this Injun what I seen 'mong white folks."

"Well," asked Marcy, "what did you tell him?"

"I tell him 'bout steamboats and railroads and heap o' houses I seen in St. Louis."

"And what does he think about that?"

"He say I'ze damned fool."

"What else did you tell him?"

"I tell him world is round, but he keep all e'time say, 'Hush, you fool! do you s'pose I'ze child? Haven't I got eyes? Can't I see prairie, you call him round? Then I tell him all the rivers he seen, all e'time the water he run; s'pose the world flat, the water he stand still. He still no b'lieve me."

"It looks very much like it," Marcy said. "Why don't you explain to him the magnetic telegraph?"

Beaver looked at the colonel earnestly. "What you call magnetic telegraph?"

Marcy said, "You have heard of New

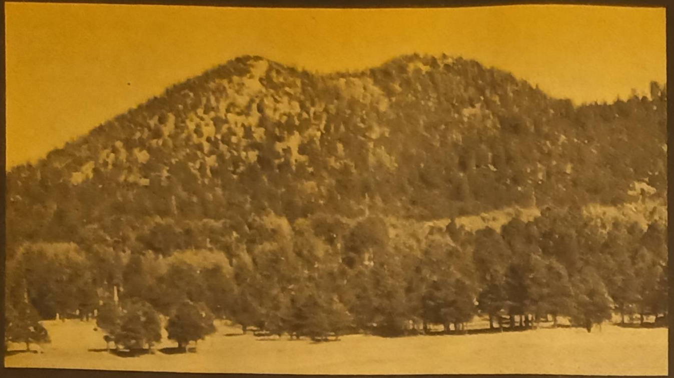
(Continued on page 80)

LOST WHITEHORSE HILLS MINE

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Flashing gold where it is seldom seen is a very foolish move. Too often the wrong fellow is doing a double-take . . .



Whitehorse Mountain and vertical outcropping of white stone at its summit.

SCOURING Arizona's Whitehorse Hills, then unnamed, George Redfield gathered mineralized quartz from several outcroppings, packing each day's collection to the small, one-room, dirt-roofed log cabin he had built the past spring.

When a huge amount had been accumulated at one end of the cabin, he selected the richest appearing ore to crush and pan. Fresh broken from the veins the mineral had looked much the same, but now he discovered considerable difference. The gray, reddish and black-tinged quartz showed only a very small amount of silver. The rose-tinted ore ran heavy in gold.

Able to differentiate between the ores by color he tossed the silver aside as worthless. Redfield, then past seventy years old, needed the money gold would bring.

The gold bearing quartz was crushed by hand on a large Indian *metate* found in an aboriginal ruin. This was slow hammer work, but he kept at it methodically. After being reduced the ore had to be transported by muleback to a small waterhole. There he panned out better than a hundred troy ounces.

The pack mule was left hobbled while Redfield rode his saddle horse twenty-six miles south through the San Francisco Mountains to the booming railroad town of Flagstaff. The Atlantic and Pacific had built through Arizona that year of 1883.

In town Redfield was disappointed to discover that he could not readily sell the raw gold. Local businessmen were not familiar with gold and would take no chances on its carat fineness. Indeed, they were greatly surprised that he had so much. The region not having produced any before, they suspected that he had brought it with him from California. But Redfield explained nothing. He knew how to dispose of the gold. Shipping it to a buyer on the West Coast, he resigned himself to waiting for his money.

Not exactly destitute but in need of supplies, he went to Ed Whipple who had opened a saloon in Old Town before the arrival of the transcontinental railroad. On his infrequent visits to Flagstaff, Redfield had bought his few drinks in the lanky, gaunt Whipple's drink emporium. Hardly hearing him out Whipple produced a leather wallet, peeling off $200 in gold-back currency.

He drawled at Redfield, "Found it in the hills, huh?"

"Yeah. Up there in the hills."

At that time Redfield divulged no more, nor did he file a claim on the mine. Loading up with grub he returned to the cabin, eager to get back to work.

A peculiar grayish-rose-tinted quartz produced the most yellow metal. The ore had come from several sources so now he poked around until he relocated the valuable outcropping above his cabin on the south slope of a hill. (At least he said that it was later on.)

Working for a month digging out quartz, which necessitated tunneling into the hill, he soon returned to extracting the gold. After spending two weeks at this he rode back to town, shipped it west and cashed an express company draft in payment for the first batch.

Hunting up Whipple who had gone out of the saloon business, Redfield reimbursed him. To celebrate his good fortune the two men sat long in a saloon over drinks and agreed to allow an itinerant photographer to make separate portraits of themselves.

Outcropping believed to have been blasted to conceal a mine tunnel.

Redfield mined diligently until late fall. Only extreme cold and the first snow drove him out. The recovered gold was not shipped out as before but he did convert the second draft into cash. His mule and horse were turned over to a nearby farmer for the winter.

Later while visiting Whipple, Redfield announced that he would spend the cold months with relatives in California. On this occasion the old man talked a little more. "I'm getting stove up with age. Tell you what, I've dug into a real rich ledge. Two men could get out plenty of it. Would you be interested in partnering with me when spring breaks?" Whipple said that he would think it over.

Redfield boarded a passenger coach for California. He did not name his destination but Whipple surmised it to be a town in the southern part.

When spring arrived, Whipple, having decided to accept Redfield's proposition, waited anxiously for the old man's return. Spring gave way to summer, followed by early fall. Redfield did not show up in Flagstaff nor was he ever heard of again.

From this point Redfield's mine in the hills became "lost" and posed an intriguing mystery that has confounded searchers to this day. But at least two men certainly found it and took gold from the tunnel, probably extracting it the same way Redfield did, although neither obtained any great amount.

One of the successful prospectors killed himself in a frustrated rage. The other went insane, babbling about the ghost of an old man riding a white horse through the hills in the shadows of the towering San Francisco Peaks.

That open winter Whipple and a friend rode around to the northwest side of the mountains. But whatever hills they searched, neither cabin nor short mine tunnel nor any evidence of Redfield's work was found.

Of the half dozen men who knew of Redfield's discovery only Whipple remembered it as late as 1886. That summer a sheepherder brought a large number of pieces of gold-bearing quartz to town. When questioned the sheepherder realized that his find might be valuable and clammed up. Weeks later, after searching the area he admitted the quartz was found beside the dim traces of a trail no longer used.

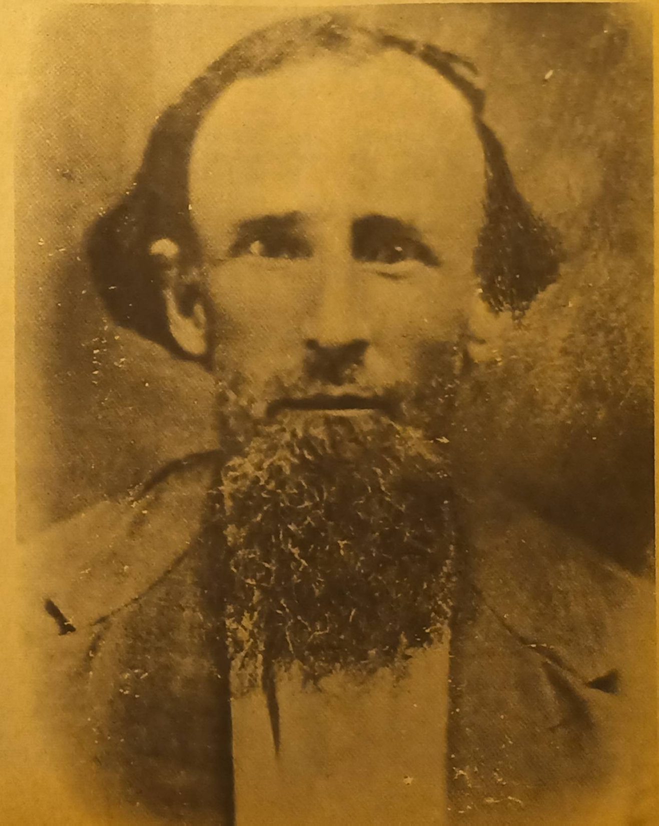
The Redfield story was revived but most who learned any details kept quiet, for they hoped to find it. Many expeditions were made by men slipping into the hills trying to locate a log cabin anywhere. Finally some concluded that since the hill from which Redfield's ore came was said not to be of volcanic formation, it must have really been Slate Mountain. But nothing was found there.

IN 1886 the F. J. Hochderffer family arrived from Kansas. Hochderffer and his sons Will, Frank, and George subsequently homesteaded land north of the mountains above Flagstaff. Will took his preemption in the edge of some hills at a spring. This water had been discovered by George Hochderffer's wife, Pearl, while deer hunting.

Hochderffer bought several Indian horses in 1888. Among them was a pinto mare. She was described by oldtimers as being more white in color than dun. While these shades failed to line up with a "pinto," it was said that at a distance the mare looked white. That winter the mare took to the hills alone. Thereafter when released she always went back into them.

Because the mare was seen frequently and often high on a slope visible to cow-

Gold-miner George Redfield in Flagstaff, Arizona.



The old Hochderffer homestead near Whitehorse Hills from which George Hochderffer made his searching trips into the hills.

boys out on the prairie, the conglomeration of curiously formed prominences became known as Whitehorse Hills. The largest in the string was named Whitehorse Mountain and the spring at Will's place, Whitehorse Spring.

One fall, while deer hunting, George Hochderffer found a long-abandoned but once very substantial log cabin in the hills on a south slope. He was the rambler of the family, vacillating from one pursuit to another and frequently visiting back home in the East. He also made one extended trip to Europe. Consequently he devoted little time trying to trace down Redfield's discovery.

On becoming town marshal he mentioned finding the cabin. He then heard more of the Redfield story and eagerly consulted Whipple. The two men went into the hills, searching around the cabin. Finding the discarded quartz they had it assayed. It ran only a small percentage of silver, unprofitable to mine.

Subsequent days were spent trying to locate the tunnel or the waterhole where Redfield had panned his gold. No natural lake or waterhole they inspected contained any crushed quartz on the shore. They even inspected Walker Lake, which filled the pit of an extinct crater.

In the cabin they found the large Indian *metate* used by Redfield. Of iron hard malapais, it revealed long use. Indeed, some specks of gold still clung to the inside surface.

For several years thereafter George was involved in various occupations. Whipple entered the undertaking business with Babbitt Brothers Trading Company and quit hunting Redfield's mine. Then along about 1895 George Hochderffer, while deer hunting on Whitehorse Mountain, found two outcroppings of quartz some distance apart. One contained an infinitesimal amount of silver. The other showed a quantity of gold.

Believing the veins would lead to very rich ore, he started tunneling, following the ore laden with gold. When no better assays were obtained at a distance of fifty feet in the tunnel, he grew discouraged and quit mining entirely. For the rest of his life (and in his autobiography), however, he stated his firm conviction that a rich gold strike would someday be made in the highest of the Whitehorse Hills.

The Hochderffer brothers were all in on the secret but were very cagey about disclosing any information concerning George's mine. In fact, of the dreamer type, they believed that someday all of them would become wealthy from the mine. Unfortunately they were inclined towards delaying until *mañana* to accomplish much of anything. (They were known to the author in later years.)

WHILE RANCHING in the hills Will was more or less guardian of the secret and the mine. Then the newly established Forest Service took over his preemption claim by disallowing the deed and he moved elsewhere. George immediately filed miner's rights to the spring water, since it was on that technicality Will had been thrown off his homestead. However, he let time go by without proving up by using the water for mining and the claim lapsed. Nor did he stake and record a claim to his mine, for so doing would have disclosed the exact location.

By 1900 not only Kendrick Park southwest of Whitehorse Mountain but also Little Springs Valley, Indian Flats and all the mountain parks in the area were being farmed. Homesteaders far outnumbered the population of the mountain town of Flagstaff. Undoubtedly during their spare time many of the residents hunted the lost mine. Professional prospectors with experience in several states believed that George's mine was solely surface float. The Redfield mine, then well known as a "lost" one, was undoubtedly somewhere else.

On the very summit of Whitehorse Mountain, a vertical outcropping which from a distance looks like a white blotch, drew the attention of many prospectors. One of those who investigated it was a German from Colorado. Taciturn, decidedly unsociable, he spent many months apparently in the Whitehorse Hills. He was seen frequently haunting the edge of them and it was naturally supposed that he prospected therein.

By the fall of 1898 the Spanish-American War was going full blast. His arrival in town to make a small shipment of raw gold was hardly noticed. It went to a town in Colorado and he waited around until receiving the money for it. Whatever the sum, the check was cashed at Tom Pollock's private bank. Banking methods were slipshod in those days, so that later when the question came up Pollock could not recall the amount or on what bank the check was drawn.

That same winter, despite snow-covered ground and extremely low temperatures, the German prospector returned to the hills. Obviously he mined underground and had a good cabin somewhere. No more was seen of him until the following April when his body was found under a cedar tree. Since the site was close to an unnamed mountain it was afterwards called Deadman Mountain. It obviously was a case of suicide, the German having ended his life with a .30-30 carbine. County officers took an expert tracker to the death scene. Well out from camp both his mules, still with hobbles on, were found shot dead.

Ground sign revealed that the German had camped in the cedars en route out of the Whitehorse Hills the night before. He had hobbled his mules in a grassy flat. The next morning well after sunup, the German spent several hours trying to catch the contrary animals. Each time he approached, the mules raised hobbled forefeet together and jumped away on the run. It was surmised that in a fit of rage the German had shot them and then ended his own life.

When his bedroll was examined two large buckskin pouches were found filled with raw gold. About $200 in money was on the body. The German had either sent his gold coin to someone elsewhere or buried it at his permanent camp.

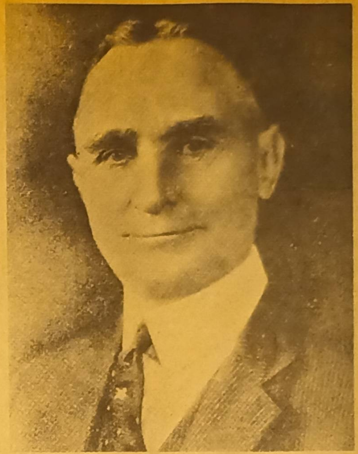
With the end of the war, men had time to look into the matter. The German had definitely found gold somewhere, so scores took to the hills, feeling sure of finding his still-fresh camp—most likely a cabin.

Two prospectors returning after a fruitless search stopped at Saddle Mountain and found a camp about two miles north of Whitehorse Hills and four miles west of where the German had been found dead. It was no more than a lean-to of poles. While it had been lived in some time in the past, there was no evidence of recent occupancy. Careful inquiry revealed no one knew who had built and used it. Saddle Mountain was of volcanic origin and contained no quartz. But the two prospectors searched it anyway.

Eventually the story of Redfield's lost mine spread far enough to lure Emmett Lindel from California's Mother Lode country.

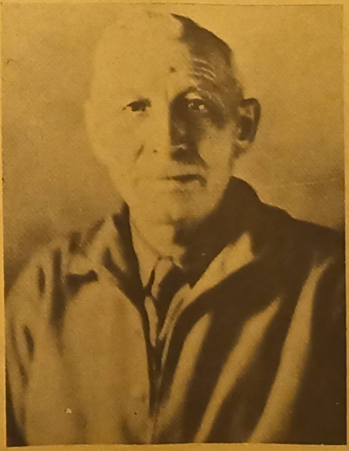
Disembarking from a passenger train one summer day in 1905 he put up at the Commercial Hotel on Railroad Avenue. In the saloons where men steeped in redeye talked with loosened tongues he listened intently. Lindel appeared to be a man who had made several rich strikes elsewhere because he carried plenty of money. It was noticeable that whenever Redfield's lost mine was mentioned Lindel's blue eyes lighted up with sparkling twinkles.

He made several short trips from town familiarizing himself with landmarks and the country west and north of the San Francisco Peaks. One day he appeared in prospectors' rough clothing. At Babbitt Brothers' livery barn he bought a riding horse and a pack mule from manager George Peterson. While outfitting at the Babbitt Brothers' general store he never once quibbled about the cost of any item. An impressive man in appearance he attracted some interest despite his attending strictly to his own business. Obviously he was going prospecting.



George Hochderffer, who found gold and silver ore and predicted a rich gold mine someday would be uncovered in Whitehorse Hills.

George Peterson, Flagstaff merchant who sold stock to Emmett Lindel.



Lindel rode out of town and around to the north side of the mountains via Hart Prairie. The distance was short to the Whitehorse Hills, yet he stayed one night at the homestead of William Beeson at Little Springs. As afterwards discovered he went on to the old Redfield cabin high on the timbered mountainside. Some time was spent repairing and rechinking it tight for winter.

Sheepherders reported seeing him in the distance. Except for these lonely flock tenders, who moved out with the first heavy frost, he was not seen again until winter approached.

Then one afternoon he appeared at the Beeson homestead on foot, his clothing in rags, bareheaded and acting like a wild man.

Lindel was almost exhausted from having run considerable distance. When given a drink of water laced with whiskey, he became loquacious. Words spilled off his tongue so fast in telling his story that many details were lost.

Several farmers were present, helping Beeson dig his potato crop. According to what Beeson and the farmers understood from Lindel's disjointed speech, he had been in the hills about a month when strange things began to happen.

One night he was awakened by a peculiar noise borne on the whistling wind. Slipping on his trousers he went outside. The moonlight was very bright and he could view objects at a distance. Coming down an east slope was a rider on a white horse. The man was bareheaded and dressed like a prospector. Resembling an apparition, the gaunt figure had snowy whiskers reaching below the chin. Rider and horse came even with the cabin about a hundred feet away on the down slope.

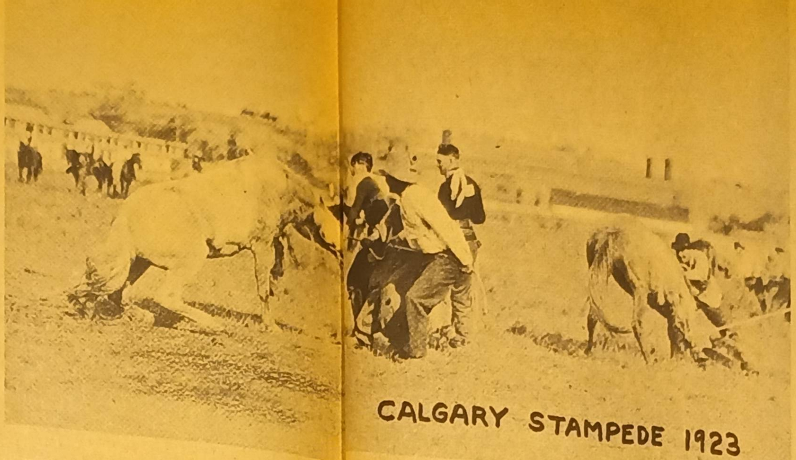
Slightly surprised to see anyone in the hills, and a rider without even a bridle on his horse, Lindel called out a greeting. The stranger did not reply or even appear to notice him. Man and white horse passed on down the slope at an angle, vanishing into a stand of heavy timber. Only then did Lindel realize that no sound whatever echoed of the animal's hoofs striking rocky ground. He also recalled belatedly that the wind had died during the brief period he watched the rider. A strange incident indeed, but Lindel had shrugged it off and returned to work. At no place in his ragged account did he explain at what or where he mined.

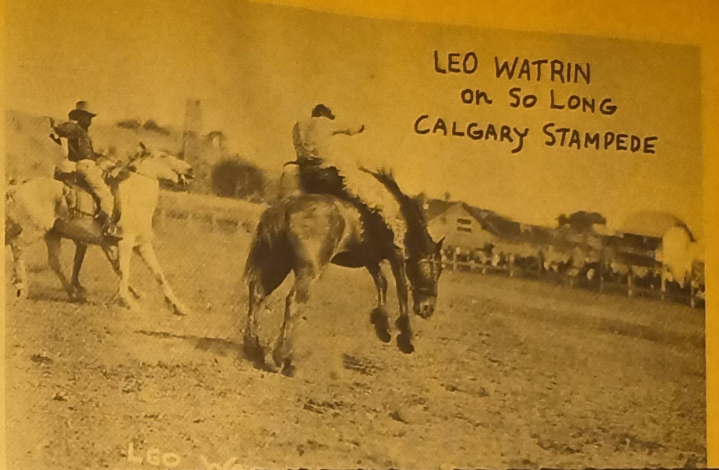
THE VERY NEXT week he awoke uneasily one night with a premonition that someone was outside the cabin. After listening several minutes and hearing no sound, he went to the door.

Not ten feet away and on the same white horse the rider faced the cabin. Lindel spoke to him but received no reply. For all of five minutes the rider merely sat motionless, watching intently. He was plainly visible in the moonlight, and Lindel described him thoroughly. Then the rider with an apparent squeeze of the knees, turned the bridleless white horse off the mountainside.

(Continued on page 74)

Bucking Horse Rider
Winnipeg Stampede 1913.





By JERRY ARMSTRONG

Photos Courtesy Author

HOW THE CALGARY STAMPEDE BEGAN

—Guy Weadick was the man who started it all and rodeo hasn't been the same since

GUY WEADICK, a cowboy turned vaudeville performer—"Weadick and LaDue, Roping and Gab"—became obsessed in 1911 with the idea of putting on a rodeo—the biggest and best rodeo in the world. The undertaking, Weadick figured, would require $100,000, a respectable sum today, but a sizeable fortune in that era.

Rodeos then were mostly small cow-country affairs, and Weadick had never produced one. He possessed little money. Was the whole idea an impossible dream? Weadick had no notion of where to stage a big rodeo or how he could finance it. All he knew for certain was that he was going to find the ideal location, secure the required capital and produce a grandiose cowboy tournament that would become a milestone in rodeo.

His enthusiasm over the project caught the fancy of many of his friends in and out of rodeo, but none of them was wealthy. One of this group was H. C. McMullen, a former cowboy serving as general livestock agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway. When Weadick finally selected Calgary in Alberta, Canada as the ideal site for his operation, McMullen wholeheartedly approved of the choice. Calgary (population then 70,000) was a prosperous, fast-growing city. And in Calgary lived many men who had made fortunes pioneering the cattle industry in Canada. McMullen, acquainted with many of those men, believed that financial backing could be secured from among their ranks.

Guy Weadick, satchel in hand, arrived in Calgary in March 1912. McMullen introduced him to a number of prospective backers. Weadick talked—and he *was* a talker—and the men listened. But all turned down the project, convinced that Weadick's great cowboy tournament was too big for their city.

Undaunted, Weadick contacted the manager of the Calgary Exhibition Company to see about securing Victoria Park as the site of this super-rodeo he was to label "The Stampede." Guy was brusquely informed by the manager that Victoria Park grounds could not be used for such a purpose.

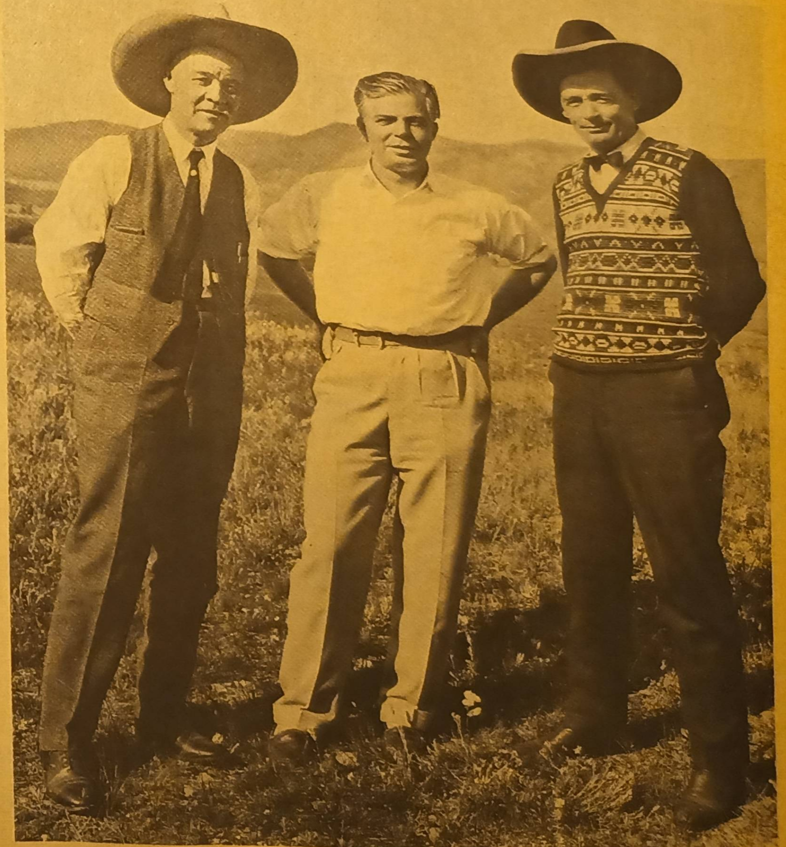
Guy was about to give up on Calgary when he was approached by Addison P. Day of Medicine Hat, Alberta. "Ad" Day, originally from Texas, was a successful cattleman. Also, he had been putting on small rodeos in various sections of western Canada and owned an outstanding string of select bucking horses. He offered to put $10,000 of his own money in the pot and to throw in his bucking horses. Weadick's spirits rose.

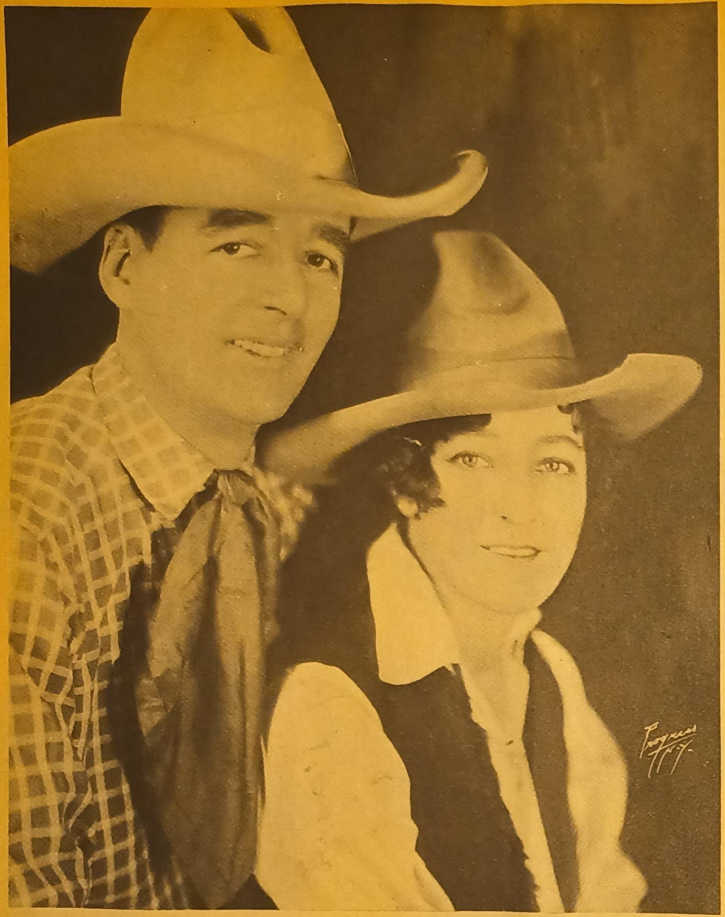
Local papers had been carrying articles on the tall, lanky American cowboy who was in Calgary to produce a great cowboy contest, and the day after Weadick met Ad Day, George Lane sent for him. That momentous meeting with Lane, Pat Burns and A. E. Cross resulted in his impossible dream's becoming a reality.

THE $100,000 required to produce the original Calgary Stampede was put up by Lane, Burns, Cross and McLean—"the Big Four"—men who had prospered in the cattle industry. Burns had been the first to deliver beef to the Klondike. McLean, through the years, had done much to foster Canadian meat export to England, Ireland, and Scotland.

When Weadick informed his backers of Ad Day's $10,000 offer, he was assured they would not require outside financial aid and that all profits would go to charity. Then they made arrangements with the Exhibition Company directors for the use of Victoria Park grounds.

GUY WEADICK'S first Stampede at Calgary was scheduled for September 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1912. But the event was so big and so much interest had been aroused that it was decided to extend the Stampede to a six-day contest, September 2 through 7. Guy publicized the Calgary Stampede as no western


In Calgary, Alberta in the middle 1920s to film action scenes for Universal's movie, "The Calgary Stampede," Hoot Gibson (center) visits with Calgary Mayor George Webster (left) and Guy Weadick.



Guy and Flores LaDue Weadick in 1927.

contest had ever been before. And it all paid off. Cooperative railways put special rates in effect and thousands flocked to Calgary.

Weadick bonded all stock brought by cowboys from the States. He also advanced money to bring in a carload of top ropers and doggers and their mounts from a shipping point in the Southwest. He wired a railroad transportation sum to cowboy Johnny Mullens, who arrived in Calgary some six weeks ahead of the opening of the Stampede. Mullens immediately was put in charge of the 276 head of culled rodeo stock then on the grounds.

Ad Day was the arena director and bucking horse superintendent. Bulldogging and roping cattle were supplied by George Lane and were brought in from the Blood Indian Reservation range. The steers were sizable critters weighing up to 1,200 pounds.

Bleachers had been erected to completely encircle the half-mile race track at Victoria Park. General admission was one dollar; reserved seats in the grandstand—4,000 in all—cost an added fifty cents. The Stampede was the only attraction; there was no fair, no exhibits, no carnival midway. But it was the Stampede that spectators from near and far had come to see and they came early and stayed late.

The weather was bad, but the rain-drenched spectators crowded in the grandstand and the bleachers day after day. They watched the cowboys with admiration, and the cowboys watched them with equal awe. One of them, Tex McLeod of Gonzales, Texas, later said, "I saw more people sitting in the rain at Calgary than I ever before saw gathered together anywhere."

The 1912 Calgary Stampede saddle bronc riding event was won by Tom Three Persons from the Blood Indian Reservation. He walked away with $1,000, a belt and buckle and trophy saddle. Ed Echols of Dragoon, Arizona took steer roping and $1,000, a belt and buckle and a trophy saddle, plus an extra $500 for racking up the fastest time—23.2—of the event on a single steer. Cowgirls' saddle bronc riding winner was Fanny Sperry of Mitchell, Montana, claiming $1,000, belt and buckle and trophy saddle.

Other winners included: Bulldogging, O. K. Lawrence of Sulphur, Oklahoma, $500 and a belt and buckle; bareback bronc riding, Jim Massey of Snyder, Texas, $500; trick roping, Ted McLeod of Gonzales, Texas, $500, a belt and buckle and a trophy saddle; cowboys' trick riding, Otto Kline of Livingston, Montana, $500, a belt and buckle and a trophy saddle; cowgirls' trick riding, Dolly Mullens of Engle, New Mexico, $300, belt and buckle.

Also, cowboys' relay race, Jim Mitchell of Medicine Hat, Alberta, $750; cowgirls' relay race, Bertha Blanchett, $500; and cowgirls' trick roping, Flores LaDue of Montevideo, Minnesota, $300, a belt and buckle. The Canadian bronc riding event winner was Tom Gibson of Calgary, and the special Canadian steer roping event was won by Ford Day, Medicine Hat, Alberta.

IN SPITE of the outstanding success of the 1912 Stampede, a second event was not held in Calgary the following year. The backers attributed much of the success of the original Stampede to its novelty. A majority of the spectators at the 1912 affair had been viewing their first rodeo. The question was, now that folks had seen a rodeo, would they return to see another the following year? Today, we know that they would have—they do—but it took time to prove that.

The site selected by Guy Weadick for his second Stampede was Winnipeg, Manitoba. The dates were August 9-13, 1913 and the purse was $20,000. Its backers were James Ryan Sr., a leading Canadian horse dealer; W. H. Fares of the large Canadian meat packing firm of Gordon, Ironsides, and Fares; and rancher Ad Day. Day was arena director at Winnipeg, as he had been at Calgary.

An arena was laid out inside the half-mile race track at the exhibition grounds. On the outside of the track, rows of bleacher seats were erected to augment the limited capacity of the grandstand. Local businessmen and the press were enthusiastically cooperative. Crowds of citizens were out on the grounds daily to watch the workers and to herald the arrival of the cowboys and cowgirls and the stock.

Louis W. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern Railway, announced to the press: "The Stampede at Winnipeg will be the biggest event on the American Continent in 1913 and will be the greatest advertisement

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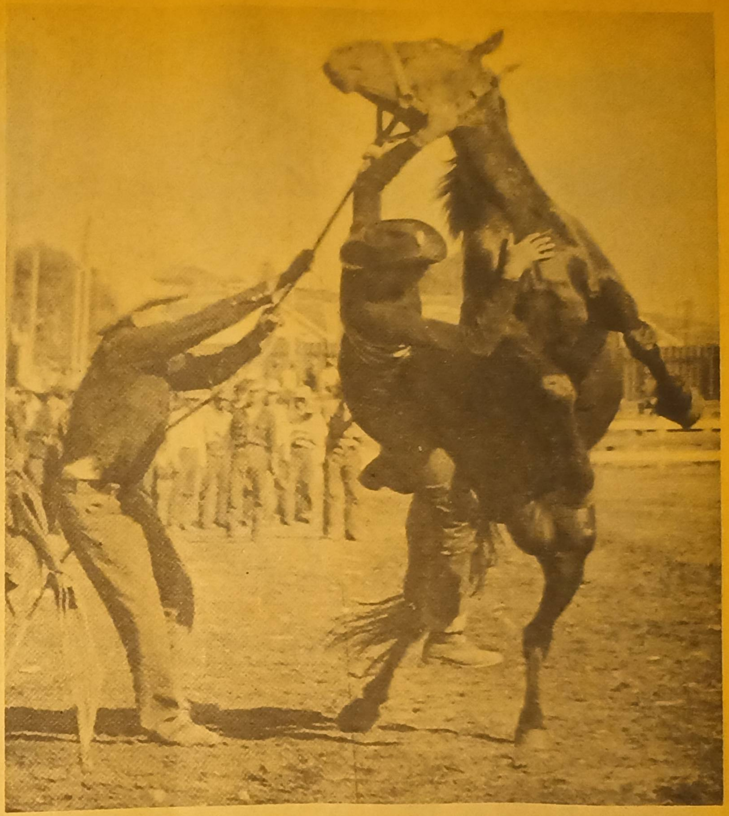
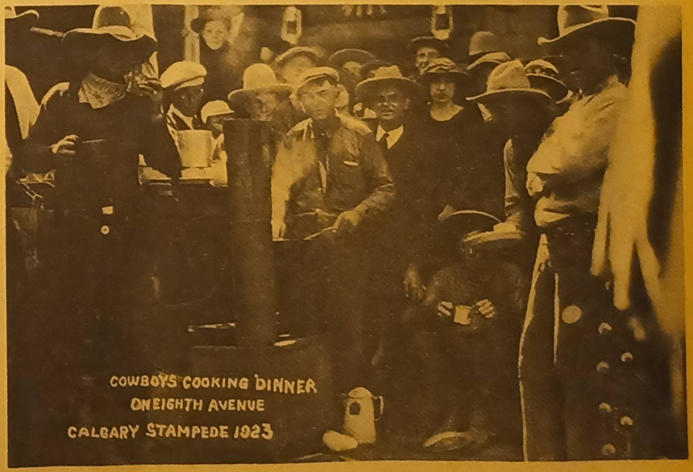
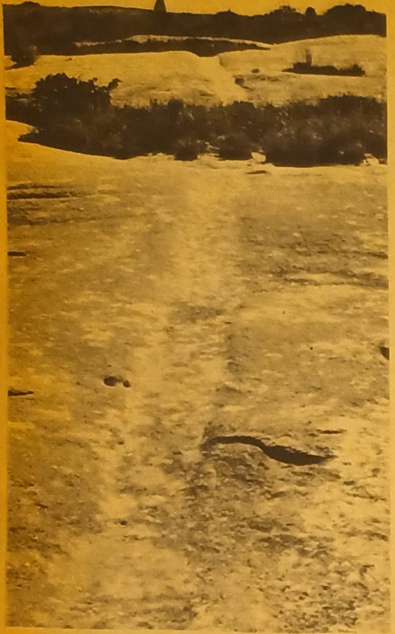


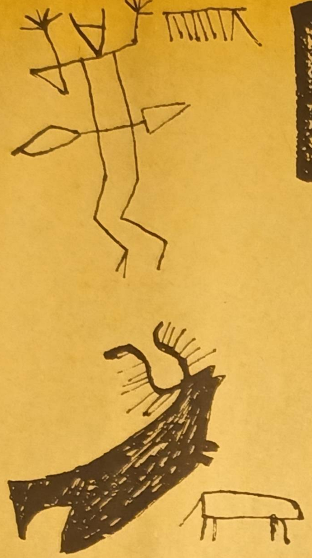
Action at the wild-horse race, Calgary Stampede.

AVERAGE ANNUAL YIELD
FOR LAST FOUR YRS
1477645 BU.
"SLIM" MOOREHOUSE DRIVING
WORLD'S RECORD TEAM - 36 HORSES
Oliver 285

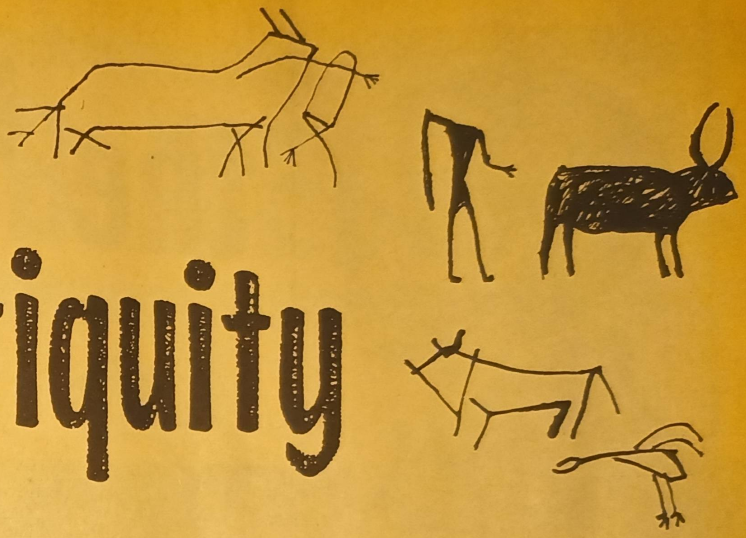
EARL HAIG AND
JOE CALF CHILD at
CALGARY STAMPEDE
EARL
CHILD







ROCKY DELL -Oasis of Antiquity

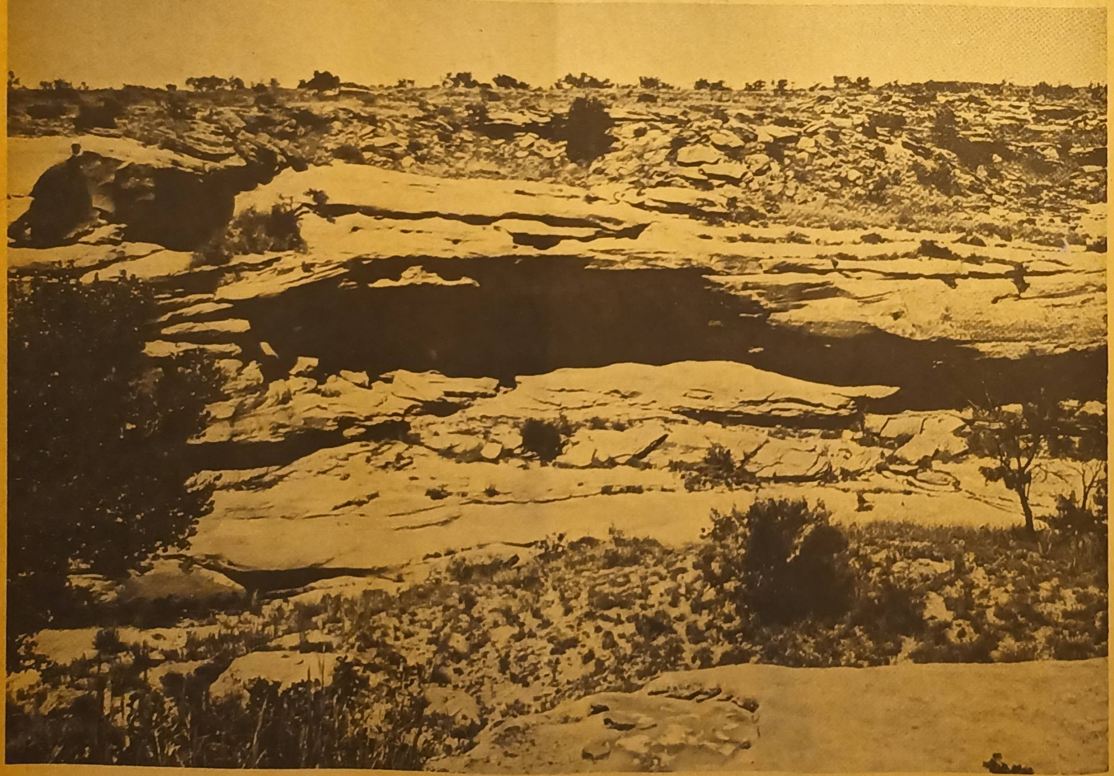


By POLLYANNA B. HUGHES

Photos Courtesy Author

Sketches by Martha Hughes

Rocky Dell's ancient "hotel," a natural abode whose floor, ceiling and walls form an art gallery of Indian rock paintings and carvings. Above left, the buffalo trail leads across the sandstone bluff, through the scattering of mortar holes, and down to the creek where Indians once camped, traded, and painted.



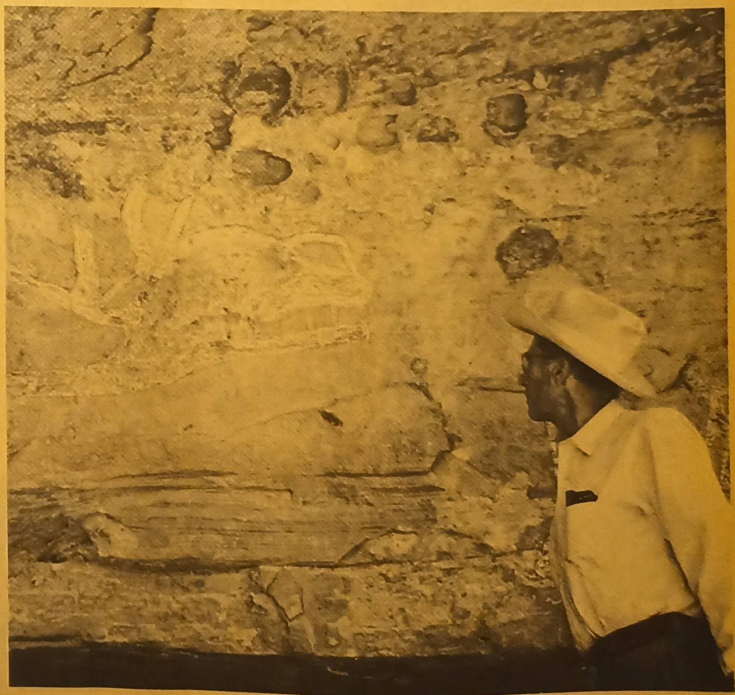
A few messages from the past remain, but for the most part the famous old landmark has been swallowed up by the rolling plains!

HUNDREDS of tourists every day whiz along U.S. Highway 66 between Amarillo and Tucumcari without realizing that they pass within view of a spot near the Texas-New Mexico border where the entire history of transportation in the West is recorded.

Although the ancient tourist center has been by-passed by today's transportation routes, the record is clear and decipherable, from the day when the area was traversed only by animals, then Indians afoot and on horseback, to the two-wheel carts of the Spanish *comancheros*, American explorers on foot and on horseback, and the great covered wagons carrying emigrants westward, right up to today's Rock Island Railroad which runs between the abandoned oasis and Highway 66.

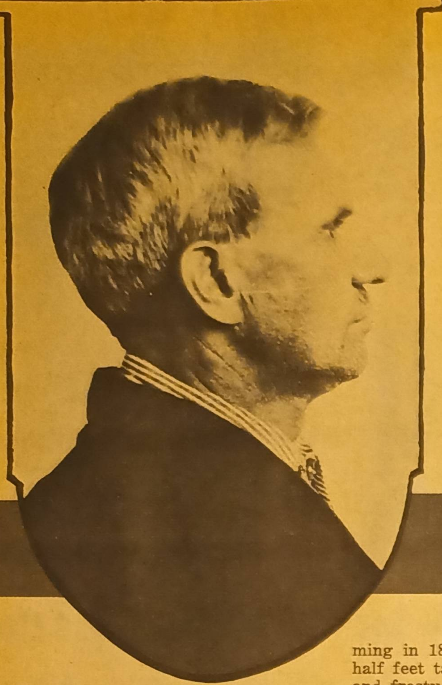
This unspoiled historical record is preserved at a place called Rocky Dell in Oldham County, Texas. Travelers moving west on Highway 66 can recognize the site if they watch for the first break in the straight flatness of the highway, the first point where the road curves and dives off the Caprock of the Llano Estacado, the Staked Plains of West

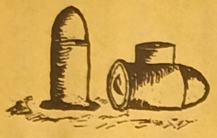
(Continued on page 85)



The late Harold Bugbee, western artist, examines the predominant pictograph at Rocky Dell, a large serpent. Bugbee did a painting of the creature for Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum in nearby Canyon, Texas.

the middle years of BOB MELDRUM





There've been a few badmen just as mean, but none any harder to trace, pin down, or explain . . .

By JOHN CARSON

Photos Courtesy Author

Explanatory note: In the Winter 1961 issue of FRONTIER TIMES we published a story about Bob Meldrum entitled "Wyoming's Mysterious Badman." Little was known of the man at the time. During the intervening years the author, John Carson, has come up with additional information and we also learned of a man, Andrew Martin, who had had the misfortune of working with Meldrum in the mines at Telluride. This account and the story following fill in a few of the blanks in the life of a gunman who, ironically, got by with most of his killings while hired to maintain peace and order.

MAYBE he drifted in by accident. Or maybe he was sent for. Certainly no one ever admitted that Bob Meldrum had been asked to come to Wyoming. But then, people are naturally reticent about discussing their dealings with murderers.

Meldrum showed up in Baggs, Wyoming in 1899. A little man, five and a half feet tall, with a drooping mustache and frosty blue eyes, he would one day be described by Big Bill Haywood as a man with "the face of a hyena—eyes deep-set and close together, his upper lip drawn back in a perpetual snarl." Meldrum was thirty-four when he showed up in the Snake River country which skirts Wyoming's southern border. Where he had been and what he had done in those thirty-four years is anybody's guess. His prison record stated he had been born in New York in 1865. The State of New York has no record of the birth.

P. E. Daly of Rawlins, who knew Meldrum around 1916, suggested that the gunman had come up the trail from Texas. There were also Meldrums in Arizona during the late 1880s but no evidence to link them with Bob.

Meldrum went to work for Big Charlie Perkins at his Dixon store. An expert harness and saddlemaker, Meldrum had no difficulty getting all the work he could handle. He had a nasty temper, however, and most people had as little to do with him as posible. He drank considerably and had a rather sick sense of humor. On one occasion, it is said, he shot a boot heel out from under a young cowboy.

In August 1900, Butch Cassidy and two of his Powder Springs gang held up the Union Pacific train at Tipton, Wyoming. Meldrum—then town marshal of Dixon and if not a deputy sheriff at least a professional bounty hunter—set out to capture the thieves. Although Meldrum didn't catch his men he saw to it that a rancher who had been friendly with them left the country.

When Bob returned to Dixon, he became acquainted with a newcomer, Noah Wilkinson. According to Carl Davidson of Delta, Colorado, Wilkinson had wandered in from Grand Valley, Colorado, with a teamster who had a load of apples to sell.

Whether Wilkinson confided that he was on the dodge or whether Meldrum just happened to be on the Texas prison's mailing list is not known. As an officer with experience, Bob may have written to Huntsville for information after getting acquainted with the stranger. At any rate, Bob checked his mail one morning and found Wilkinson's picture staring back at him from a wanted poster.

As soon as he recognized the photo, Bob laid plans to get Wilkinson. Charley Ayer, who some say was responsible for Meldrum's arrival in Wyoming, was in Dixon that day; together he and Meldrum walked toward Perkins' warehouse where Wilkinson had last been seen. As they turned the corner at the blacksmith shop Wilkinson came out of the warehouse. Seeing his friends, he gestured and began walking toward them.

Bob Meldrum and Ayer both said later that Wilkinson had reached for his gun but Meldrum had been the quicker. Maybe so—there were no other witnesses. Probably Meldrum got the reward; Ayer didn't need it. When it was learned that Wilkinson was fleeing a sentence of life imprisonment for having hired a demented kid to kill his wife, public opinion supported Meldrum.

MELDRUM WENT his own way and was, again according to Davidson, in Baggs at the time Tom Horn tangled with the two Kelly brothers in Jim Davis' saloon. Horn wound up with a knife cut and recuperated at the Inn Hotel with Meldrum standing gun guard over him.

When Horn was well enough to travel he headed for the Laramie Plains country, where he found a home on Coble's Iron Mountain ranch. From there Horn wrote Meldrum in 1901, offering him $5 a day and expenses, plus "a visionary show for something on the side." Whether Meldrum accepted the offer is not known, but he may have been in the Iron Mountain country when Willie Nickell stopped an assassin's bullet.

At least Meldrum left Baggs and wasn't seen there again until 1908. In those seven years it was rumored that he'd added thirteen or fourteen notches to his gun.

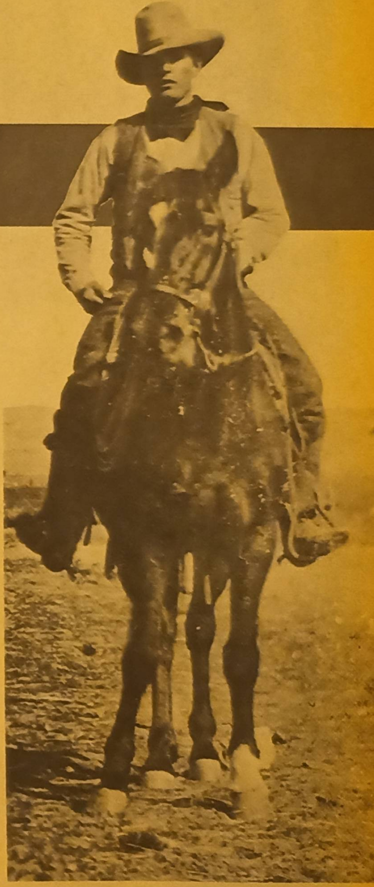
According to the Department of Justice there is no record that Meldrum was ever commissioned a Deputy United States Marshal. Nor is there any record, according to Secretary Robert Hanesworth, that Meldrum was ever in the employ of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association.

Charley Siringo, while trailing train robbers for the Pinkerton Detective Agency in 1900, had occasion to ingratiate himself with a former Snake River rancher—the same one Meldrum had invited to leave the country. This man, referred to by Siringo as "Jim F.," had a ranch above Dixon. After the Wilcox and Tipton train robberies, Jim F. took his family to Grand Junction, Colorado, where Siringo, masquerading as a gunslinger named Blevins, found him. Jim F. wanted to return to Wyoming but was afraid of Meldrum so Siringo, playing his outlaw role to the hilt, offered to "show Bob Meldrum, the mankiller town marshal of Dixon and the vigilantes that Jim F. was not afraid to come back." Siringo added that they "came within an ace of having a shooting scrape with Meldrum on reaching Dixon."

He didn't say why they didn't have a shooting scrape. Maybe to avoid trouble, Siringo told Meldrum what he was doing as a Pinkerton or perhaps Meldrum didn't want any part of the two "outlaws." At least, they didn't clash.

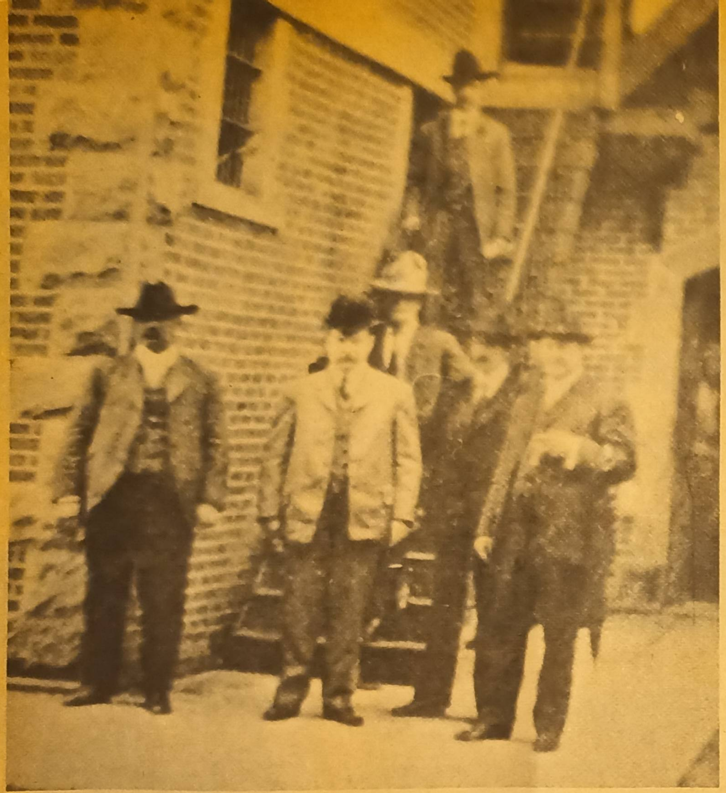
In May, 1901, the Telluride Miners' Union of the Western Federation of Miners declared a strike on the big Smuggler-Union Mine in Telluride, Colorado. The miners had been breaking ore on a contract system, which the union wanted to abolish. Arthur Collins, manager of the Smuggler-Union, hired several gunmen, including Bob Meldrum, to protect company property. There were killings and fights in Telluride during 1902 and 1903 but the first mention of Meldrum's name in connection with one occurred April 1, 1904.

The Mine Owners' Association had forbidden drinking on mine premises and Bob, as one of the guards, was hired to



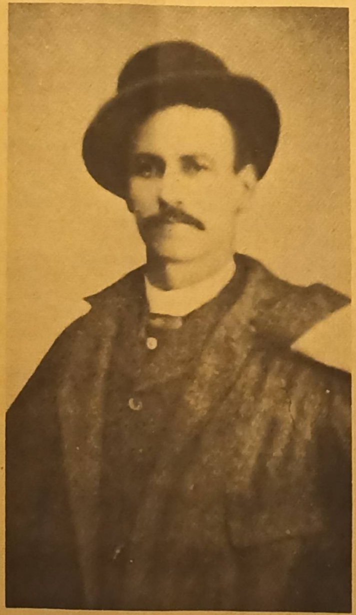
Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

John "Chick" Bowen, who met Meldrum in Baggs, Wyoming in 1908 and died that same day. Above left, Robert D. Meldrum, Wyoming State Penitentiary photo courtesy I. R. Daugherty, warden.



Courtesy Rufus Porter

Bob Meldrum, second from right, during the Steunenberg murder trial in Boise, Idaho. Harry Orchard, the killer, is in light suit and derby hat. Higher man on stairs is Charles A. Siringo. Below, Albert Horsley, alias Harry Orchard (left), and Charlie Siringo.



enforce that rule. On the date mentioned, Meldrum confronted Olaf Thisall, a tough Swede with a reputation for indulging in fisticuffs, as the latter entered the Tomboy Mine boarding house. What Meldrum said to the miner isn't known, but he was seen to throw back Thisall's coat, ostensibly searching for contraband liquor. Maybe Thisall cocked his head or made some other motion as though he would resist. Or maybe he happened to be one of the more vocal union agitators. Whatever the reason, Meldrum's big gun boomed and the miner staggered backward.

Meldrum was formally charged with murder but on November 14, 1904, upon motion of the prosecuting attorney, the judge dismissed the case. Meldrum stayed on the job, his reputation one size larger.

Near the end of 1905, union troubles, fomented by the Western Federation of Miners reached a climax when a homemade bomb caused the death of ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho, a militant anti-unionist who had frequently used the powers of office to resist the advances of Haywood's W.F.M.

Harry Orchard was arrested and charged with the murder of Steunenberg, and subsequent investigations seemed to implicate William D. (Big Bill) Haywood, George Pettibone and Charles Moyer. Siringo, accompanying old, nearly blind James McPartland, the Pinkerton nemesis of the Molly McGuires, was assigned to guard Harry Orchard during his trial.

Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone were arrested in Denver on February 1, 1906. One of the guards selected to take the three to Boise for trial was Bob Meldrum. Upon reaching Boise, Meldrum came face to face with Siringo, whom he had known in Dixon as Harry Blevins. Siringo explained his subterfuge and Meldrum, according to Siringo, was "surprised."

Orchard was found guilty of the murder charge but Haywood, Pettibone and Moyer were freed. Meldrum, meanwhile, returned to Telluride to resume his job at the mines. Early in 1908, he shot and killed David Lambert at the Smuggler-Union mill. No details are available but case number 748 shows that Robert D. Meldrum was tried before a jury on May 13, 14 and 15, 1908, and the verdict was "not guilty."

Rumor has it that a saddled horse was kept at the rear of the courthouse just in case the verdict went against Meldrum. One man stated that Bob was a "damned poor witness in his own defense" and that he became rattled and answered "yes" when the prosecutor asked if the killing of Lambert was premeditated.

SOMEWHERE Meldrum acquired a "wife" who accompanied him to Baggs during the summer of 1908. They had a little house by the Snake River bridge and, from all indications, did not live happily together. Meldrum was a deputy sheriff during this time and in 1910 accepted appointment as town marshal in Baggs. Meldrum kept the peace and more

(Continued on page 80)

I KNEW Bob Meldrum

By ANDREW MARTIN

SHION
STAURANT

Courtesy P. R. Steele

Telluride, Colorado, site of the Tomboy Mine.

WHEN I first met Bob Meldrum at the Tomboy Mine in Telluride, Colorado, just after the turn of the century, he had already acquired four notches on his gun. Due to my ignorance of his authority I almost became the fifth.

A prolonged and vicious labor strike had just been ended in Telluride. The miners' union had been broken, some of its leaders were in jail, many of its members had been deported, and the mine was being manned by strikebreakers.

With this condition prevailing there was much ill feeling. To prevent serious outbreaks among the men, the company forbade the possession of liquor on its property and hired a trigger-happy cattle herder from Wyoming to enforce their edict. That situation led to our introduction and my somewhat interesting, but not very congenial, association with killer Bob Meldrum.

Due to some bad investments I had been forced to go to work. With a roll of bedding on my back I left Telluride and headed for the Tomboy Mine. I finally reached a bend in the road and could see the mine boardinghouse up ahead. Cheered by that sight I leveled off on the last lap of the extremely tiresome journey. But at the next turn a gruff voice roared a command to halt and a man stepped from a small shack into the icy road. Somewhat irritated over the threatened delay I snapped, "Who are you? And what is the idea of this hold-up?"

"This is where we relieve you of guns and any liquor you may have on you," the man growled. "Come into the cabin, unroll your blanket and deliver."

With rising anger I ignored his command and was about to push him aside, but at that very instant I felt the muzzle of his .45 Colt against my ribs. At the sight of the big gun my stomach began pressing against my tonsils. One look into the man's hard gray eyes convinced me that prudence undoubtedly would be the best policy.

That is how I was introduced to this gunslinging remnant of the Old West who, sometime later, in my presence was to add three more notches on his gun and eventually be honored by having my blanket rope around his neck.

In spite of the company's efforts liquor from time to time seeped through the lines and an occasional celebration followed. On one of those occasions some teamsters and a group of miners were having a noisy jamboree at the company store. At the height of the celebration Bob Meldrum appeared on the scene and began confiscating the bottled stuff. The miners offered no serious resistance but a couple of newly-hired teamsters staggered to their feet and prepared to defend the potent brew which gave temporary cheer to their rather monotonous existence.

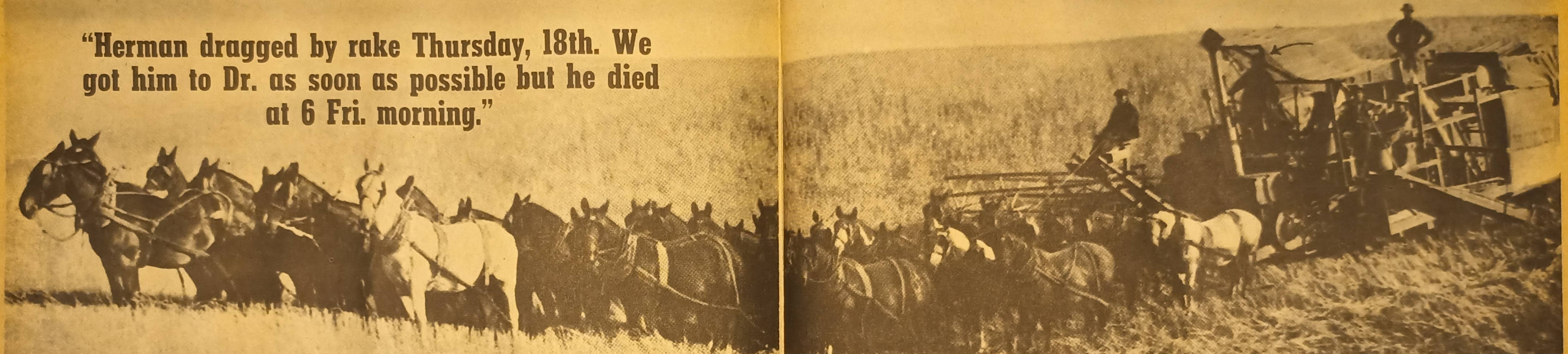
At almost the same instant Meldrum's gun began roaring. When the smoke cleared one of the unfortunate teamsters was dead and the other was mortally wounded. Claiming self-defense, the efficient guardian of the miners' morals filed two more notches on his gun and as neither the mine management nor the county authorities contested his claim, nothing happened until the hair-trigger representative of law and order clashed with an old-timer who had crossed his path during the cattle and sheepmen's war in Wyoming.

WORK in the mines went on night and day every day in the year. In most mines the workers changed shifts every

(Continued on page 86)

THRESHER MEN!

"Herman dragged by rake Thursday, 18th. We got him to Dr. as soon as possible but he died at 6 Fri. morning."



Hank Thompson (arrow) under the canopy at the controls of his rig northwest of Wessington Springs, South Dakota in 1905.

By TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

THEY CRAWLED into South Dakota like strings of ants. From the south and east they came, every summer during the early 1900s. The yellow dust of the country roads was further pulverized by their horses' hoofs, their wagon wheels, and as it rolled up around them, the men tied blue or red bandanas over their faces and tugged hat brims to protect stinging eyes. By trade they were threshers, but from necessity they were much more than that—they were mechanics, cooks, teamsters, launderers, tailors, and at twilight and dawn they were roustabouts.

Those were lusty, rugged men of a vital era, deeply tanned by the torrid sun and incessant prairie wind. The railroads were several years behind them, so the bulky equipment, tools, parts, feed, and their own necessities of life were transported in heavy wagons drawn by multiple teams of horses.

My maternal grandfather, William Henry (Hank) Thompson, was the working owner of one of the largest threshing companies operating out of Iowa into southern and eastern South Dakota from 1899 to 1909. And during those years he filled scuffed, leatherbound logbooks with scribbled entries describing his days—and nights—on the Great Plains. Those books, together with his knife, watch and pictures, have finally trickled down to me.

This is not an autobiography of Hank Thompson, though the facts and names are from his diaries, the pictures from his collection. It is rather a journey back over the years for a glance through his eyes at the Midwest of pioneer times.

The names of the people and long-forgotten towns will strike chords of recollection for many who read this; some may even recognize friends or relatives in the pictures. While the excerpts are from Grandpa's log, he didn't harvest the rich, undulating expanses of wheat, oats and flax alone. There were those staunch men who walked beside him, who trudged through the dry, powdery earth in fair weather and struggled against the deep, sucking gumbo when the rains came. This diary is their story.

1899-Wednesday March 15

It seems a long time since I left Aurelia. This is a wonderful immense country—rolling and only slightly gullied—and the soil is rich and productive. After talking to farmers from Alcester to White Lake, I feel that we'll find the most work in the vast area west of Woonsocket. Have already written to Karl to start with the crew and rigs the 1st of July, and meet me in Wessington Springs.

The mud is two feet deep from the thaw. Some nights it's hard to find a dry spot to camp. The nights are still cold, too, with a raw wind and not much in the way of shelter. I'm thankful that I'm not alone as you don't see many people in these parts. Also, Matt is a lot of company and help when we stop nights. We take turns pitching camp and caring for the teams.

1899-Thursday, April 6

Am staying at the hotel in Wessington Springs. As soon as we have some repair work done on the wagon and harness, will head northwest.

1899-Tuesday, May 9

We've covered a lot of ground since leaving Wess. Spgs. In another month I'll have enough work to keep the outfit hustling till snow flies. The roads are fair to middling now, and even though the farms are far apart, we make at least one a day. The country is beautiful. Grass is getting green, and the wind, usually from the northwest, is soft and smells of spring.

Even though the weeks are long and hard, Matt and I usually have some fun on Saturdays. There are dances and socials in the schoolhouses and some barns, and we find one every Saturday night.

1899-Sunday, June 4

Have made a lot of friends around Templeton and Wessington Springs. Went to Old Settlers picnic at O. O. England's and had a rip-roaring time. Had to bring Matt home in the back of the wagon—too much chokecherry wine.

1899-Monday, July 17

Crew and rigs have arrived. I have many contracts and it looks like a busy summer ahead. All equipment and harness being repaired and put in tip-top shape as we'll be a long way from town after leaving Wessington Springs. There are some beautiful gulches and dales in this region, and some fine groves where cold water bubbles up from deep springs. But mostly it's flat and bleak as far as the eye can reach—the greatest grain country I've ever seen.

1899-Saturday, August 12

Hardly time to write home. Thank God for a good bunch of boys. We have been at the threshing from dawn to dark, and keeping things in repair from dark to dawn. The farmers in this area are amazed at our rigs. They've never before seen a man skinning a 32-horse outfit. Wheat is 50c.

1899-Thursday, September 7

Went to town (Wess. Spgs.) to attend funeral of H. O. Wallace, a great man in these parts—a quality person. I'll be going home for the winter soon.

1900-Tuesday, April 3

Had an easier trip up here this spring. Brought three other boys along, besides Matt. They are all fellows who can help me cover the northwest area while Matt gets the rigs in shape. I'm staying at the Carlton House in Wessington Springs. It will be an early spring. Already tiny shoots are peeking through the ground, everything is budding, and the wind has that soft feel.

William Henry Thompson shortly after being chosen as Russian representative for International Harvester Company.

1900-Wednesday, August 8

I had to make a trip to Alpena to

Three South Dakota towns Hank Thompson often visited (from top): Wessington Springs about 1899, Alcester's main street in 1908, and Alpena about 1908.

purchase hardware. Went to Chamberlain's Hardware as they have the fairest prices. Came back through Wessington Springs and stayed at Mrs. Coffin's Willard Hotel where I found the accommodations very comfortable.

Some of the boys are doing well with muskrat traps.

1900-Saturday, September 8

Happened to be in Alpena for supplies when a Sioux Falls brewing company opened a store to sell beer. I had a couple before starting back, and heard that I was just in time, as the store's already closed.

It's been a good year here, and I'll soon be home again with the kids. The depot agent was telling me about a disaster in Galveston—tidal wave or something.

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1900

Had a big fire in Wessington Springs last night. Jail burned down. I've been hearing about some woman named Carry Nation who's been smashing saloons with a hatchet down Kansas way.

1901-Sunday, June 1

Took in Old Settlers' picnic near Templeton. Had a big time. Picked up over $200 worth of things that we needed from Mr. Frick at Glen. He was good enough to open the store on Sunday for me.

1901-Friday, July 5

Went to Gordon on the 4th.—a real doings. Price of wheat is 52c.

1901-Saturday, September 14

Sad news reached here that President McKinley died today. Teddy Roosevelt is now president.

1902-Wednesday, October 29

Another good season. Deposited receipts in First National Bank at Wessington Springs. When I learned that a train is now running between the Springs and Woonsocket, I couldn't resist taking Matt for the round trip. It was very relaxing and we enjoyed it after so many months of hard labor.

1903-Wednesday, September 2

Right when the season is at its height, I broke my left arm on the rig. Matt drove me to Wess. Spgs. where Dr. Shull set it. Guess I'll be only half a man from now till the season is over, but it could have been worse—a close call. Two of the boys came in badly beaten Sunday morning. Had been robbed in Lane.

1903-Wednesday, October 14

Ordered parts and implements from Zink & Farrington in Wess. Spgs. Everything is stored till next spring—am on my way home. Wheat up to 79c.

1904-July

It's a beautiful year here, and the crops are excellent. Staying pretty close to the job. Was in town today to have harness repaired at Jacob's and some parts repaired at Leed's blacksmith shop. The drive back out was the nicest ever—it was warm, and night shrouded the land slowly as it always does here on the plains, and it didn't calm the deeper glens, but made them alive instead—Mr. Cottontail scurried past once—silently, like he was late for an appointment, and night birds darkened the trail from time to time—no sound, just a shadow. I like the groves when it's just dusking—the mourning doves grieve so sadly—I guess for their lost mates, like we do.

1904-August

Herman dragged by rake Thursday, 18th. We got him to Dr. as soon as possible but he died at 6 Fri. morning. Been hauling grain to Sidhams elevator in Wessington Springs. Wheat up to $1.00.

September

Season over early. Ordered machinery and parts at Stakke Bros. in Lane. Had repair work done at McRoberts Bros. blacksmith shop in Woonsocket. Left my saddle pony at McCurdy-Cunningham livery stable in Lane till next spring.

1905-Saturday, July 8

Got acquainted with G. W. Titus at Templeton. He's now postmaster at that place.

Main Street in Wagner, South Dakota in 1908 with passenger-friends from Avon.

STEDRONSKY BROS

Tues., October 10

Drove to Alpena and bought a brooch at Holmes' jewelry store. Sent it to Bertha. (Author's Note: Bertha was my mother.)

1906-Thurs., April 19

Depot agent has been keeping the town up to date on the earthquake in San Francisco.

1906-Sunday, August 19

Hauling to Sharpe elevator in Lane.

Sept. 17

Had smithy work done by George Nelson. I'm keeping up on the news by reading the *Jerauld County Review.*

Thurs., May 30, 1907

Went to ball game between Alpena and Woonsocket.

Sunday, June 2

Went to ball game between Alpena and Letcher. Letcher won. Alpena has beat Cavour 3-0.

1907-Tues., July 2

Dropped in to see my old friend C. G. Bloom in Alpena, but found that he has moved to Groton. Had to let young Stutzmann go and send him home. He'd been courting the Snorff girl who is only 15.

Saturday, Oct. 19

Went to Lane to pick up supplies. Had an evening of pool at Townsley's Pool Hall.

1908-Wednesday, June 3

The trip up from Aurelia was smoother this year as I bought a motor car. Broke down in Avon and Wagner and got stuck in the mud north of White Lake, but still made the trip faster. Drove to Alpena Saturday evening and played pool at Triplett's. Wheat 95c this year.

Thurs., July 23, 1908

Have blood poisoning in right hand and am being treated by Dr. Burns in Alpena. Hand is draining badly. Picking up mail at Mr. Kreidler's house. Had a chinook for a couple of days, making everything very dry—prairie fire weather.

Thurs., Aug. 6, 1908

Right hand still not good. I'm staying at the Willard Hotel again, and going to Dr. every day.

A travelling tent show is set up in Lane and they're sure worth seeing. The owner plays a different role each night, everything from comedy to villain. Just like the Hipp in Sioux City.

Friday, October 2, 1908

I went to the football game and saw Woonsocket beat the Seminary. Stocked up on provisions for the last time this year. Went to Walter Hyde's in Templeton.

Saturday, December 19, 1908

Here I am again in Wessington Springs. Had to come back up on business. Very cold and deep snow between

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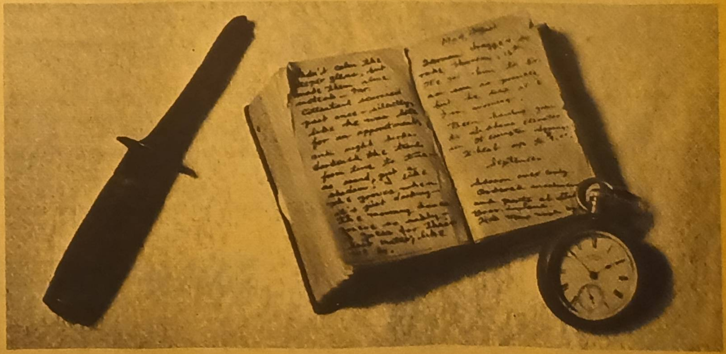
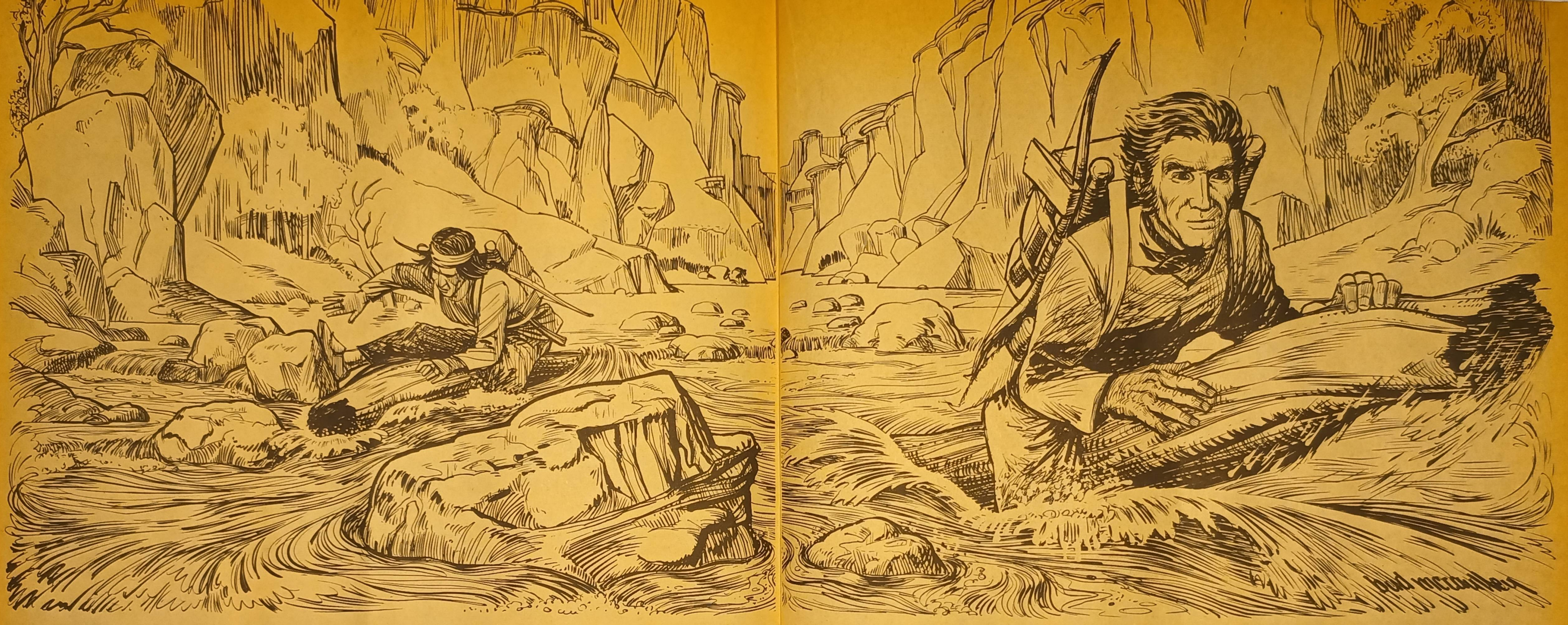
Articles carried by Hank Thompson during his early days on the Dakota plains include his watch, diary, and a knife which his father had fashioned from wood and a steel file brought from Norway.





FIRST TRIP THROUGH GRAND CANYON?

Did a gold hunter and a young Apache beat Powell by nine years?

By ROLAND P. BLAKE

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Bud McCaulley

THE FIRST recorded passage of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River was made in 1869 by Major John Wesley Powell and his party of ten. However, at least one earlier passage was made. In 1860, Jim Patton, a young gold hunter, and Juan Vaca, a halfbreed Apache, descended the river from the mouth of the Dolores all the way through the great canyon.

No written record exists of that passage. As a boy, I got the story at the knee of this same Vaca, by then a white-haired and greatly respected missionary to the Indians and early settlers in that wild and rugged southwestern country. Vaca said, however, that his people had long used the canyon as a place of refuge when attacked by superior forces and thought it likely that some such refugees had run the entire canyon even before himself.

Jim Patton was born and grew to manhood on a plantation in Tennessee. He was adventurous and early in the spring of 1859 joined a group of young men from the area who set out to hunt for gold in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado. Juan Vaca was their guide.

They spent the summer and early fall prospecting but found no gold. Early in November a heavy snowstorm caught them high above timberline on the tallest peak of the range. Fighting their way down to the base of the mountain, losing two of their members to a snowslide on the way, the eight survivors were huddled around a campfire late one night, trying to decide whether to give up and return home, when some Indians hungry for horses and guns rushed them. Only Jim and Vaca escaped, fleeing on foot with only the clothes on their backs, down the San Miguel River. They eventually found winter refuge in the camp of a small Apache sub-tribe near the junction of the San Miguel and Dolores Rivers.

Jim, still suffering from gold fever, wanted to go on to California. Vaca wanted to return to a mission near the mouth of the Gila River. Orphaned as a child, he had been reared by the mission Fathers. The problem was how to get there. Jim knew of the Santa Fe Trail but Vaca realized they would have to go through hostile Indian country to reach it. Jim suggested they go directly across what is now Arizona, but the Apache said, "Hot, hot, no water, you die."

They finally decided to follow the river, for Vaca felt sure it was the same river which eventually flowed past the mission. He knew that it would be a difficult trip. He knew too that the canyon was a fearsome place, but he was sure that where there was flowing water they could go. If there were falls, they would climb around them. So as soon as reasonably warm weather came, they set out.

They had no boats nor did they want any for it was easier and simpler to ride driftwood logs, plentiful all along the banks where receding floodwaters had left them lodged on rocks or gravel bars. Vaca was expert at log riding and under his tutelage, Jim soon became reasonably proficient. Well seasoned cottonwood is surprisingly bouyant. Such a log fifteen feet long and eight inches in diameter will support a man adequately. Sitting astride it, he can steer with his legs in smooth flowing water, and in cross currents he can lie chest down and with kicking legs and stroking arms gain both speed and control. Log riding was a favorite sport among us kids on the San Miguel.

UNTIL they reached the mouth of the Dolores, Jim and his companion did little log riding, preferring to walk or

The Blake family at their adobe home on the San Miguel River in Colorado where the author as a boy (far right) first heard Juan Vaca relate his story. Others are, from left, the author's brother, Charles; his father; his nephew, Edwin; brother John, sisters Lupie and Edith, and his mother.

climb along the canyon walls because the water was mostly too shallow and too full of protruding rocks to make log riding attractive.

At first Jim suffered intensely from the coldness of the water. He had tried through the winter to condition himself to cold and had made considerable progress but had achieved nowhere near the tolerance which even teen-age Apache children showed (for their conditioning was routinely started in babyhood).

A story my father loved to tell was of the remarkable resistance the Apache braves had to cold. A white pioneer out hunting one day met an Apache wearing only a loincloth and giving no sign of discomfort. The white man was shivering beneath his heavy buckskin coat over heavy undergarments.

To the question, "Aren't you cold?" the Apache touched his face, "White man cold here?"

"No, that's my face."

"'Pache all face!"

Jim realized they would have to live off the country and was worried and fearful. But Vaca's, "We eat. Plenty game, fish, berries, nuts," made him feel better and proved true until they reached the great canyon itself.

The San Miguel and Dolores Rivers and other clear running tributaries of the great river were filled with small native trout. Wrapped in large leaves and roasted in the coals, they make just about the most delicious eating there is. Then along these streams are wild raspberries, blackberries, currants and tart little buffalo berries. After these came the seedy but nourishing fruit of the prickly pear followed by the rich piñon nuts. Deer and rabbits were plentiful also so they ate well at first. They did not forsee that it would be different in the great canyon itself. Another food was plentiful most of the way and highly valued by the Apaches: Snakes, rattlers preferably, and the great bull snake of the Southwest are good eating.

Jim was fascinated by the scenery, particularly the cliff-bordered vistas up some of the side canyons, and on several occasions they halted their downriver way to explore them. On one such side trip, Jim was the near victim of an unusually large rattlesnake. Seated on a flat rock about chair height looking down across a panorama of erosion-sculptured pinnacles and cliffs of reds, yellows and browns, his legs were spread well apart. He caught a flash of motion between his feet and looked down to see a coiled rattler poised to strike. He jerked his feet up and out just as the snake struck. His feet moved just enough so that the fangs caught in the sole of his moccasin without reaching flesh. That quick move of Jim's made it the rattler's death instead of his. He stamped it to death in perhaps the most original dance of death ever.

Vaca was perhaps fifty feet away when he saw Jim's violent actions and guessed the cause. Bounding up over the rocks as only he could, he slammed Jim down on his back and jerked the moccasin off looking for the wound, knife ready to gash it for a liberal flow of blood. Finding no wound, he examined the moccasin. Then he sat back and looked at Jim, saying, "Jim's God not want him yet."

Jim and Vaca feasted on mushrooms many times through the summer but there was none in the great canyon. Vaca knew the poisonous ones and had shown Jim, but evidently he hadn't paid close enough attention for one morning when he came in with a double-handful, Vaca picked up the largest, looked it over carefully and said, "Jim want to die?"

"Of course not. Why do you ask?"

"Jim eat that, Jim die."

THE TWO MEN were probably in the upper reaches of Marble Canyon when Jim had his next close look at death. He was working his way along a slope a few feet above a sheer drop of perhaps fifty feet when he stepped on a stretch of soapstone which extended clear down to the cliff's edge. Jim's foot went out from under him and down he slid. Had it not been for his extremely fast reflexes he would have crashed to his death on the boulders below. Instead, Jim twisted around as he slid, brought his feet down on the cliff edge and hurled himself forward, landing head first in deep water. He was a powerful swimmer and succeeded in reaching the bank some distance downstream.

Vaca, working his way along the water's edge some distance back and keeping an eye on Jim as best he could, saw his friend slip. He struggled to catch up and give help. However, when Vaca got abreast of the place where Jim had hit the water, all he saw was a pack floating high enough to conceal Jim's head but assumed Jim was unconscious and under water. Then Vaca came upon a driftwood log. He yanked off his harness and pack, rushed the log into the water and paddled desperately toward where he had last seen the floating pack. He could not find it and assumed that Jim's waterlogged body had pulled it under. But Vaca kept searching downstream. Then he heard a yell and looked shoreward to see Jim waving at him. The

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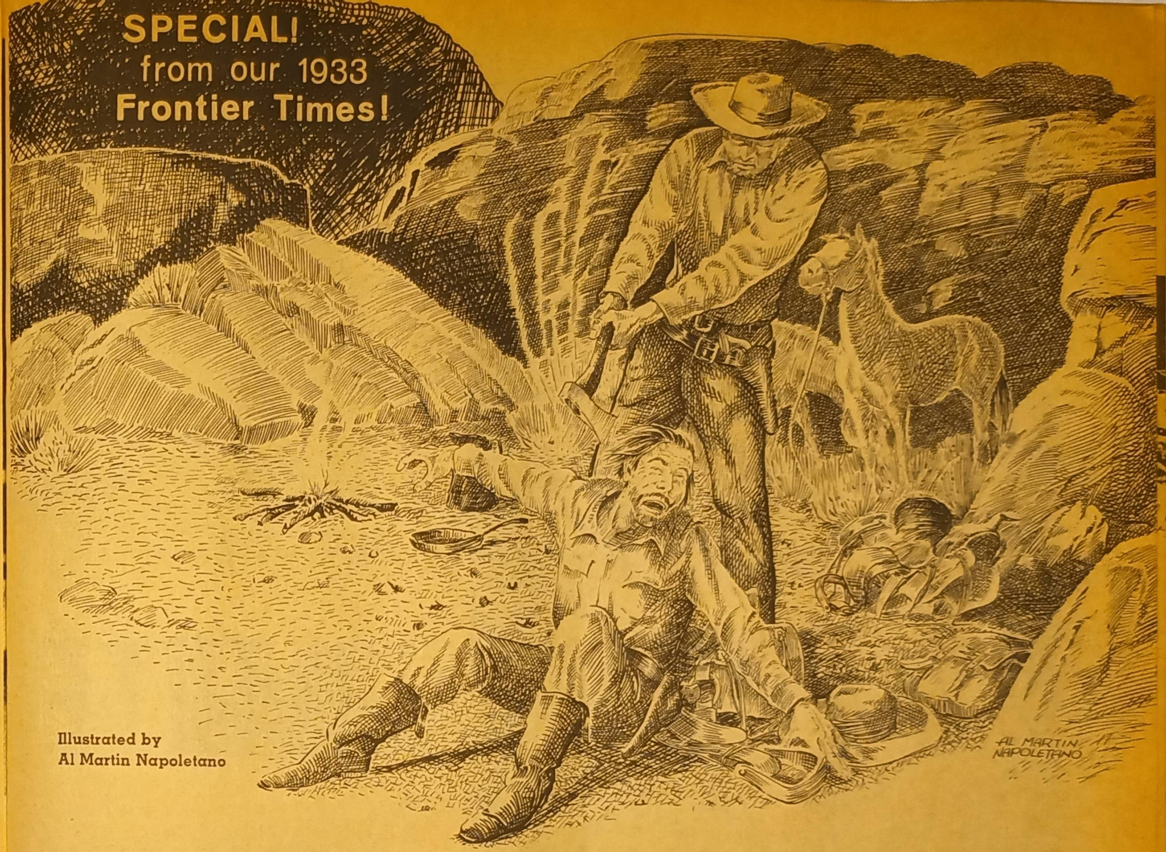
SPECIAL!
from our 1933
Frontier Times!



Illustrated by
Al Martin Napoletano

LITTLE DAVE, BIG DAVE AND DUTCH JOHN

ONE DAY in the early '80s a cowboy rode into Lordsburg, New Mexico and reported finding a dead man in Granite Gap, twenty miles to the southwest. A coroner's jury was quickly impaneled, loaded into buckboards and on horseback, and was soon on its way to the Gap. Upon arrival there the dead body was quickly identified as that of a well-known character known only as Dutch John, who had come to Arizona from Colorado with the Walker expedition in 1861, posed around the country as a cowboy or prospector, but in reality was a member of an outlaw gang.

He had apparently been sitting on the ground, leaning against his saddle, and someone had struck him with an axe from one side, as his face was sliced off and hanging by shreds of flesh only. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that this man had come to his death by having been struck with the sharp edge of the axe, wielded by hands of party unknown. The axe being a mute witness to the crime, the body was buried and the incident closed.

Many years later, a stranger appeared in Lordsburg and asked to be directed to some old-timer. He was referred to B. B. Owenby, who had lived in Lordsburg since about 1880 and who had been a peace officer nearly all the time of his residence there. The man introduced himself to Mr. Owenby and informed him that he was from Oklahoma and that, years before, a man known as Little Dave, with whom he had been acquainted since boyhood days, had come to his home in Oklahoma and taken up residence with him. Little Dave was then suffering from the ravages of tuberculosis and not able to do any hard work, so he did small jobs around the place until he died several years later. Before he died he had made a written and signed statement, which the stranger handed to Mr. Owenby to read.

An abstract of the statement was to the effect that Little Dave, Dutch John and six more members of an outlaw gang not named in the statement had held up and robbed the Tombstone-Benson stage of eight bars of gold. The members of the gang, each taking one bar of gold as his share, paired off, and each pair rode in a different direction. Little Dave and Dutch John chanced to be paired together and started toward Lordsburg. They had been two days and nights without sleep and Dutch John repeatedly told Little Dave that the first man who fell asleep would lose his bar of gold and his life too.

Little Dave stated that he was well enough acquainted with Dutch John to know that he was fully capable of carrying out his threat. When they stopped at Granite Gap to make coffee and rest their horses, Dutch John removed the saddle from his horse, threw it on the ground and then sat down and leaned his back against it. Little Dave volunteered to rustle wood, build a fire and get the

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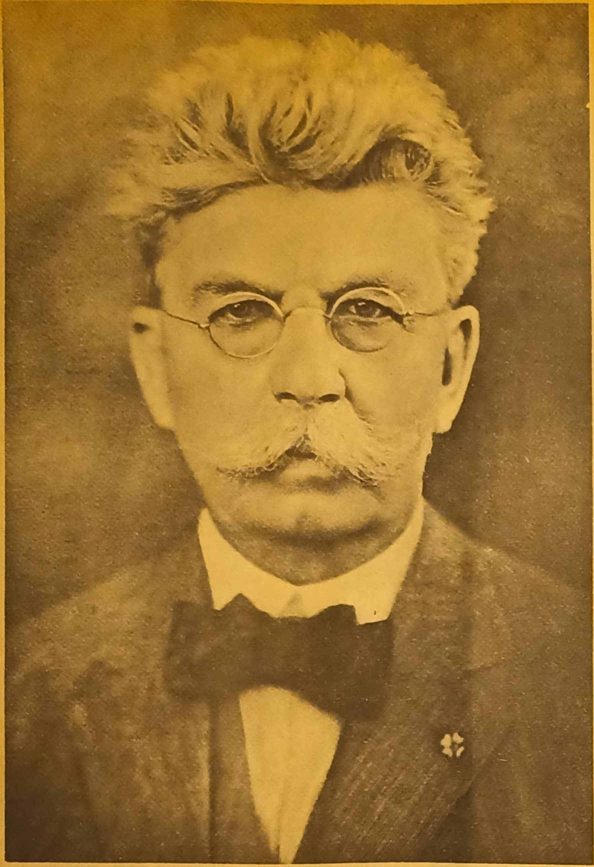
WHITE TREASURE of the DESERT

By FRANK W. GRAY

U.S. Borax and Chemical Corporation
Photos Courtesy Author



Francis Marion "Borax" Smith about 1900.

LUST FOR GOLD, which brought extensive wagontrain migrations across the plains and deserts of the West during the middle years of the last century, caused most of the pioneers to overlook other sources of wealth along the way.

Early travelers crossing arid wastes of southern Nevada and eastern California often saw valleys floored with alkali which gleamed dazzling white in the glare of the sun. These so-called salt flats resembled lakes in the distance. No doubt they were the origin of many a thirst-induced mirage. They are visible in the same areas today.

Winter and spring rains sometimes turned the salt flats into shallow lakes until the water was lost by evaporation. Early-day trail blazers were often disappointed to find the water brackish and unpotable. Members of the ill-fated Death Valley party of 1849 thought their troubles were over when they sighted the shimmering expanse of Searle's Lake, but they were soon disillusioned.

What those gold-seeking pioneers failed to recognize was that some of the brackish lakes and desert sinks contained fortunes in minerals, the commonest of which was borax.

Mining of borax began in Nevada during the early 1870s. The man most responsible for developing of the borax industry was Francis Marion Smith, a native of Wisconsin who came west with so many other fortune hunters of that period. He became known as "Borax Smith," world-famous prospector, exploiter, promoter, capitalist, and founder of two immense fortunes.

Smith was employed as a woodchopper helping to supply firewood for huge vats in which a mineral known as ulexite was converted to borax by a boiling process. After being heated into solution, the borax crystallized on steel rods in the vats and was then scraped off and loaded for shipment. This primitive extraction plant was located near the salt deposits of the Columbus Marsh in southwestern Nevada.

Fortune smiled when Smith took a hike one Sunday and came upon an immense salt flat near what was known as Teel's Marsh. He took samples of the glistening white mineral to an assay office in Columbus and learned he had come upon a rich deposit of borax. News of the find spread quickly. Some of the gold and silver miners in that region left their claims to search for similar bonanzas.

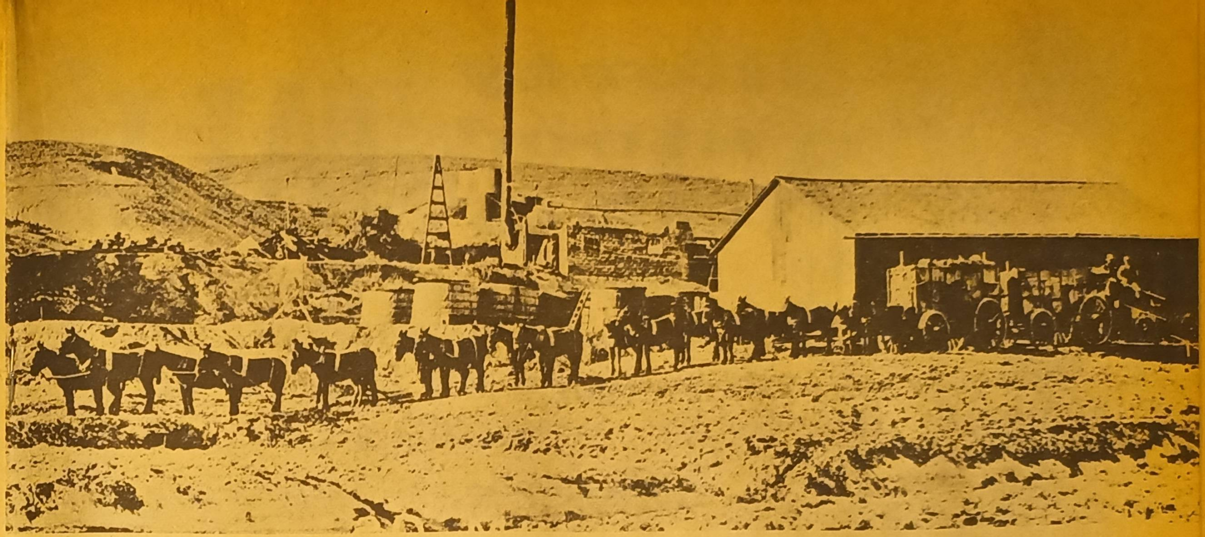
Many of the great fortunes of the early days were the result of coincidental luck and uncanny intuition on the part of certain individuals. Like some of the other trail blazers, Smith was a player of hunches. When his find had been confirmed in the assayer's office, this resourceful prospector surmised that his rights might be usurped in some way. And so, weary as he was from a day's travel through rough country, he decided to push on through the night back toward Teel's Marsh.

It was well for him that he did. When he arrived at his former camp, he found a stranger waiting. Smith recognized him as a friend of the assayer. The man asked about the location of Teel's Marsh, and Smith accommodated him by sending him off in the wrong direction. Then he proceeded to stake out the choicest claims for himself. If a hunch had not sent Smith riding on through the night, and if the other man had located the deposit ahead on his arrival, the Pacific Coast Borax Company of twenty-mule team fame might have been under different ownership.

IN THE eighties Smith's company was producing half the world's supply of borax. This was the era when twenty-mule team caravans plodded 165 miles to the nearest railroad point at Mojave. The teams were actually made up of eighteen mules and two lead horses. They pulled two huge freight wagons, each carrying about 9,000 pounds of borax, followed by a water wagon. Built to travel over rugged terrain, the wagons had wheels seven feet in diameter with metal tires seven inches wide. A mule-

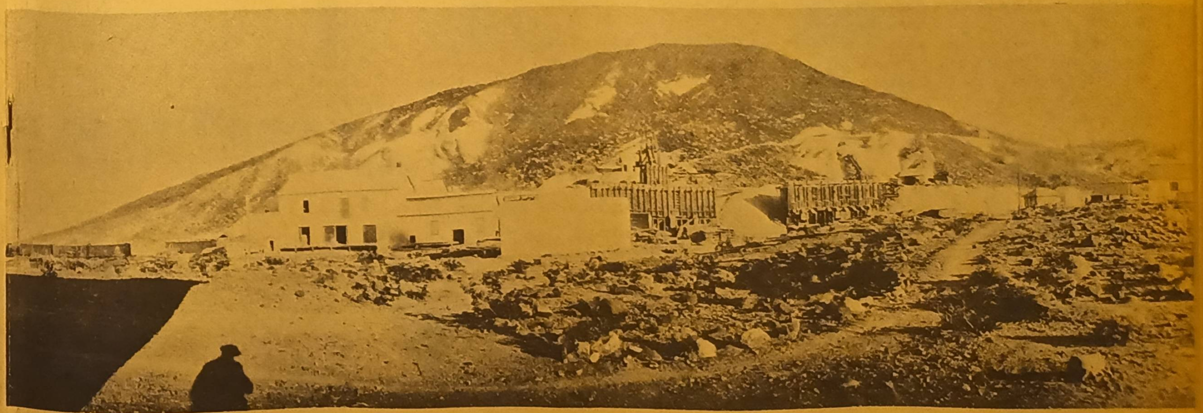
(Continued on page 78)

Smith became a millionaire by exploiting the hated "salt flats" which other prospectors had passed without a backward glance . . .



A twenty-mule team at the Harmony Borax works about 1885.

The Lila C. mine and mill as seen from the west.



Shorty stood mighty TALL!

A lot of men have added a few inches to their height with the barrel of a gun

By JOE W. WATSON

Photos Courtesy Mrs. P. A. Reed

WHEN you stand just five feet tall—and that's as high as Andrew "Shorty" Ainsworth ever grew—you might expect folks to call you "Shorty." Not everybody called him that, though. He didn't cotton to just everybody and for the few of us who really knew him, he allowed us to call him "Shorty" only after a long period of soul-searching and acceptance as a real friend. You didn't make fun of him without being ready to pay a pretty durn high price for such levity.

Some folks used to say that if he'd cut notches on his gun like they do in the movies, the chips might have been fuel for a mighty big fire. If he ever killed anybody he never said so, but the story was around for years that he had been marshal at Leadville, Colorado before he moved about 1908 to Uvalde, Texas. Even the old-timers couldn't remember when, although some of them said he was reported to have left Colorado awful sudden.

One thing was dead certain—Shorty Ainsworth could out-shoot anybody who ever lived. Ad Toepperwein and his wife used to come out our way and their shooting was something to see and talk about for a long time. Nobody who ever saw them on the stage in that old tin barn of a so-called theater behind Olson's Variety Store in Sabinal with the player piano running, will ever forget it, I reckon, for they did things even the best of shots couldn't duplicate. But Shorty could out-do them and he didn't need a stage or anybody to watch.

Andrew "Shorty" Ainsworth and some of his companions at home in Uvalde, Texas.

People who haven't actually seen him shooting don't believe it. They just say, "Nobody can do that" when you tell them about Shorty shooting the lead seal out of the bottom of one of those little old Pet Milk cans while it was spinning high over his head after I'd tossed it up. Not only did he do it, not once but hundreds of times, but he did it with a Colt's .25 caliber automatic. We'd sit on a log by the back door of that clapboard shack he called home sucking on mesquite beans and talking about hunting javelina down in the white brush thickets below town, or maybe just baking in the sun. Before long Shorty'd get up and go in the house and come back with something to shoot.

Sometimes he'd bring out a gun he had repaired for somebody and have me throw up a pebble for him to pick out of the air or he'd have me put a match, one of those regular old big kitchen matches, in a crack in the big red mesquite log at the back end of the lot and he'd shoot the head off it, clean as a whistle. On days when he was feeling good he'd just kiss it with the bullet and make it light like you were striking it on the seat of your pants. Try it sometime at seventy-five feet.

Shorty never did use the sights on a gun. He never closed one eye like most do. Those old eyes could really *see*, and he pointed the gun like you would your finger if you were pointing at something you wanted a fellow to see. He just jabbed that barrel out there and let 'er go. I never once saw him miss, not even once. He said the secret was total concentration on the target with the gun coming up quick, trigger coming back all the while you were coming up, and letting off just as she hit the line of sight. Remember, always coming up, never down.

If you come up under a rabbit or a deer and swing the way it's running, you've got him if you don't stop swinging just because the cannon's gone off. Shorty taught me that and it's brought an awful lot of venison to the pot. Shotgun or rifle or pistol, he shot them all the same and he never missed. Lots of us who saw his unbelievable shooting have spent a fortune on tickets to see all kinds of hot shots but none of them was in his class.

WHEN SHORTY was in his seventies he used to do "chin the bar" with one hand on a mesquite limb about ten feet off the ground and he'd jump up to it and do about thirty chins without any effort at all. His arm muscles were hard as steel even though his body had big old cancer sores which he wouldn't let no doctor treat.

Must be that the last thing that went bad was his eyes for he could surely shoot the head off a flying dove with a .22 up until he finally died. It was probably the store-bought food that really finished him off. I carried stuff out to his house to try to keep him going for a long time before he died, but he had thrived too long on cottontails and javelina and things like that.

In all the years Shorty lived in Uvalde he fixed guns for people and he did things these modern fellows can't do. He used to bore out an old gun and put new riflings in it and make it shoot better than it did before. Lord knows how many old Winchesters and thumb-busters went through his shop. Powerful few folks ever saw that shop and knew how he did it. Shorty just didn't allow nobody in there where he lived and worked.

He had been trying for many years to perfect a "perpetual motion" machine and that thing was in there running and he didn't want anyone to steal his idea. Always wondered what happened to it after he died. That thing had a bicycle wheel as the main part and he had cups with steel ball bearings in them on the part where the tire ought to go. The

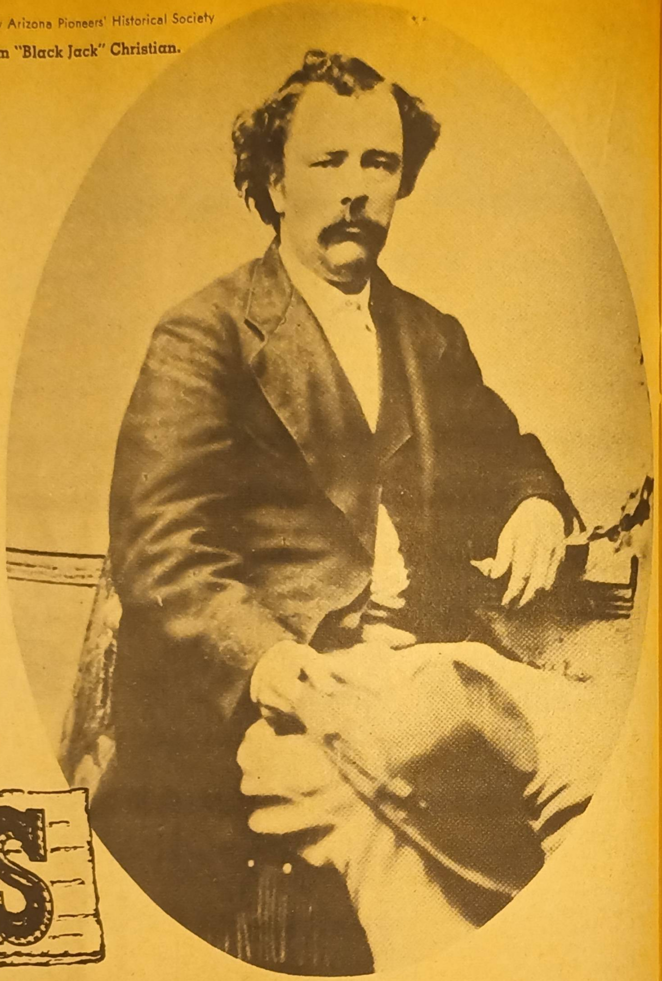
(Continued on page 88)

ALIAS "BLACK JACK" CHRISTIAN

He lived off the land in the purest sense—it could be a free meal at a rancher's table, the pilfered pockets of a hapless traveler, the stamp drawer of an isolated post office, or the safe of a westbound train

By DONALD N. BENTZ

Photos Courtesy Author



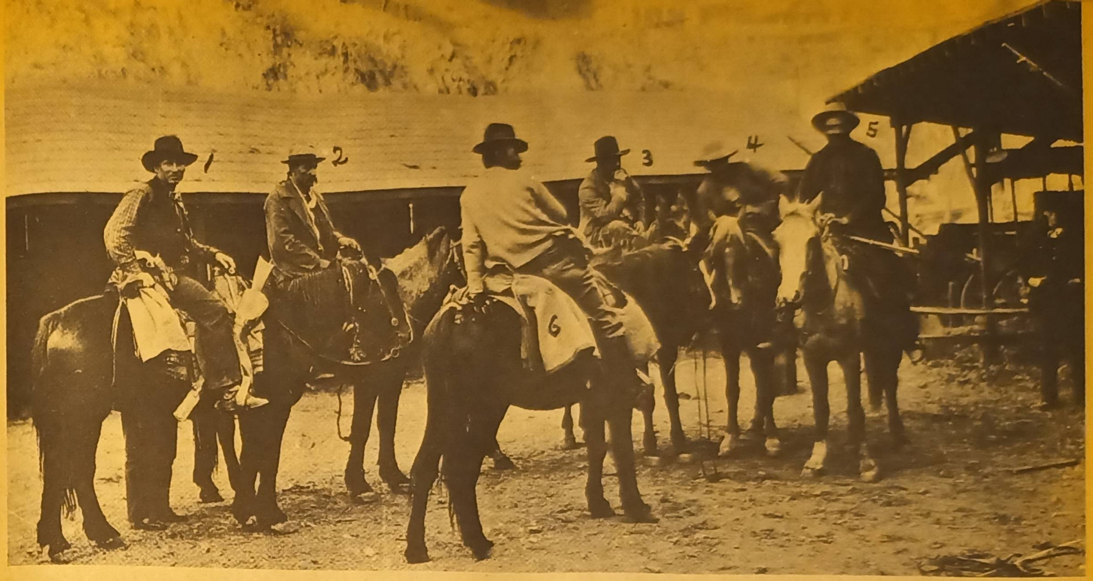
Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

William "Black Jack" Christian.

THE AMERICAN Southwest has seen many "Black Jacks." On the hero side, General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing got his nickname after commanding a troop of Negro soldiers for a brief period. On the opposite side there were at least three Black Jack gangs operating in the early and turbulent territorial days of Arizona and New Mexico. There was even a woman who possessed the sobriquet of "Black Jack"!

The original possessor of this appellation was William Christian, whose last name was somewhat of a contradiction when you think of his life. Born in Texas of an outlaw father, Bill was, at maturity, six-feet, two-inches tall, weighed 220 pounds, and had a hard face and steely eyes. He was an agile, striking looking fellow with coal black hair. He was pleasant and cheerful and made friends easily and quickly. His appearance suggested a career in business or politics rather than one in outlawry. At one time he professed he was too chicken-hearted to make a good outlaw, but this was somewhat belied by his extensive record of train, stage, and bank robberies.

William Christian's parents left their home on the Brazos River in Texas and moved north to Oklahoma Territory, where they settled first at Sacred Heart and then at Violet Springs. Bill grew up with his elder brother, Bob, but very little is known of the early life of the Christian boys. Some researchers and historians connect Bill Christian with the famous, or infamous, Belle Starr gang of the 1880s and 90s in Oklahoma Territory. It is said that he used the name of William or Willie Christie at that time.



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

The "Black Jacks" of the Southwest were always only a few hoofbeats ahead of a posse. The men above have returned from chasing "Black Jack" Tom Ketchum and his gang out of Arizona back into New Mexico. Posse members are (1) Steve Birchfield, (2) Baylor Shannon, (3) Charles Ballard, (4) J. L. Dow, (5) Fred Higgins, and (6) C. S. Fly.

Bill once told an acquaintance how he became an outlaw. He reported that he was at one time a deputy United States marshal in Indian Territory (Oklahoma) where many of the early marshals were tough customers. When business got dull they would "plant" a bottle of whiskey in some man's wagon, then arrest him for having it. The man could usually square himself for $25 to $50. Christian said he resigned as a deputy marshal because of his dislike for this racket. Shortly thereafter he himself was a victim, with dire results.

One day as he was coming out of a grocery store with some provisions, two deputies marched up to him and said, "You are under arrest."

"What for?" Bill Christian asked.

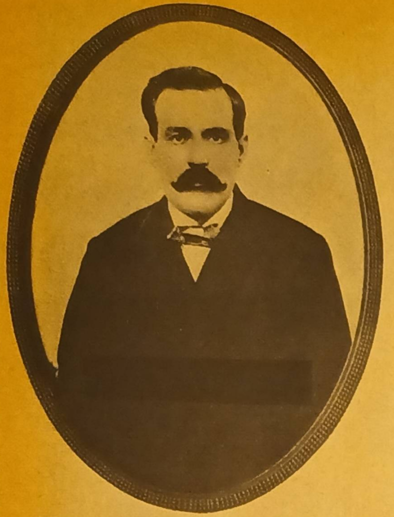
"For this," the deputies responded, and proceeded to pull a bottle of whiskey out of Black Jack's wagon. In the attempted arrest which followed, Bill and the deputies engaged in a scuffle in which he was hit over the head with a gun, and one of the lawmen, William Tunney, was accidentally shot and killed. This incident occurred in May 1895, and Bob Christian was with his brother at the time, along with a man named John H. Maxey.

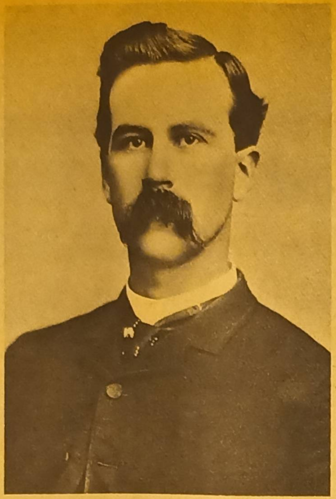
The law moved fast in those days, and less than a month later, in a trial at Tecumseh, Oklahoma Territory, all three were convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to long terms in prison. However, after spending less than thirty days in confinement, William and Bob Christian and a fellow inmate, Vic Casey, broke out of jail. Following a gunfight in which Casey and Chief of Police Milt Jones were killed and several others wounded, William and Bob Christian escaped to Oklahoma City.

IN THE months which followed, the Christian "gang" grew rapidly in numbers and operated wantonly throughout Oklahoma Territory. But persistent law enforcement tactics wore it down equally fast. Bob Christian's sweetheart and "Old Man" Christian, who was eventually shot to death, were arrested and jailed on charges of supplying and harboring outlaws. Bill and Bob Christian fled first to New Mexico Territory, then to Arizona Territory, never again to return to Oklahoma.

In their new environment the two brothers at first followed legitimate pursuits. Bill Christian gained his nickname of Black Jack while honestly engaged in hard labor. In the Chiricahua Mountains region of southern Arizona he hired himself out to ranchers. One of his tasks was the cutting of blackjack timber which abounded in that area. Others report he acquired his nickname because he was very dark and had the appearance of an Indian.

Nevertheless, the life of an honest working man was not to his liking. A new gang was formed, consisting mainly of brother Bob, Code Young, Tom Anderson, and Bob Hayes. They were known collectively as the "High Fives" or the "High Five Gang." This group was not a cohesive one, and members of it would come and go. (The gang's name came from a card game which was popular in those days.) At one time it did number as many as fifteen. Men such as Jim Shaw,





Photos Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

In Arizona, John H. Slaughter (below left) and Jefferson Davis Milton (above) tried and failed to capture Black Jack Christian. Tom Ketchum (above left) took up the title of "Black Jack" after Christian's death.

Bob Anderson, Tom Capehart, George Musgrave, Jess Williams, Red Saunders, and "Three-fingered" Jack Dunlap all served with Black Jack at one time or another and using various aliases as well.

The High Five gang operated in southern and central Arizona and along the New Mexico border. It specialized in robbing small isolated stores, post offices, stages, express trains, and in the semi-looting of big ranches. Ironically enough, it is because of this last endeavor that the High Fives acquired something of a halo.

One Arizona pioneer reminisced as follows: "The country was full of outlaws. If anyone tells you they bothered the ranchers they are wrong. They came and went freely at all of the ranches and we fed and bedded them as we would any other white men, and asked no questions. Mrs. Hunsaker used to say she had a darn sight rather feed an outlaw gang than a posse, and even felt safer with them. They were gentlemen. They left their guns outside. They appreciated what was given them and always helped with the chores—even sometimes washed the dishes. But the barroom rounders who usually formed parts of the posse would stomp in with their spurs and hats on and spit tobacco juice all over her floor. They'd start out with lots of whiskey and when it played out their courage went with it.

"Black Jack Christian's gang was much liked and Black Jack himself was a fine man. They would help with the roundups, shoe horses or do anything else there was to do at rodeo time. The ranchers liked to have them around. Once Black Jack stayed all night at Jake Shearer's and the next morning a posse came along and wanted to know if Jake had seen anything of him. No, Jake had not seen him for ages. Just then little George Shearer piped up, 'Why, yes, Papa, Black Jack was here last night. Don't you remember? He helped Mamma with the dishes this morning and put on my shoes and gave me two bits for being a good boy.' Jake's memory still failed him so he said nothing. The posse looked at one another, then rode off. There was scarcely a ranch in the country where the Black Jack Christian gang could not get a horse if they wanted to, or even provisions."

OTHER Arizona pioneers have told of the "good deeds and actions" of Black Jack Christian and have even likened him to Robin Hood and Jesse James. But once again his known record definitely belies these beliefs.

On August 6, 1896, at high noon, this Robin Hood of Arizona rode into Nogales, Arizona Territory and climbed off his horse in front of the old International Bank. He had four men with him—Jess Williams, Bob Hayes, "Three-fingered" Jack Dunlap, and George Musgrave. They had correctly heard of large amounts of "hard" money being in the bank. But what occurred on that day was pure tragicomedy.

Black Jack picked the wrong time for a robbery. A meeting of the bank directors was in progress when the High Fives arrived to pluck the joint. Jess Williams and Bob Hayes entered the bank while the others served as outside lookouts. The two inside men scooped up about $30,000 into two sacks. They then heard the voices of the directors discussing business in another room and also the sound of pistol shots outside the bank. The three lookouts had been observed and were being fired upon.

Jess Williams and Bob Hayes thought they were being trapped and headed for the front door. In their excitement they bumped into each other, fell down and scrambled up again, leaving the sacks of money on the floor. Once outside they joined their companions and all five headed out of Nogales as fast as their horses could gallop. Several different posses immediately took up the chase as the would-be bank robbers headed north. At one point in the pursuit the High Fives ambushed one of the posses and a lawman was killed. This demoralized the pursuers and the chase was called off.

Among the leaders of posses after Black Jack and his companions were Sheriff Bob Leatherwood of Tucson, Sheriff Fly (the photographer) of Tombstone, and two Arizona pioneers well-known to the history of the Southwest—John H. Slaughter, famous sheriff of Tombstone, 1887-1889 and rancher of Cochise County; and Jeff Milton, Texas Ranger, Wells Fargo express messenger, customs agent, former Tombstone lawman, and border agent for the Immigration Service.

None of these men ever had the pleasure of capturing the so-called Robin Hood of Arizona. In fact, they never even really got close to him.

BLACK JACK and his men eventually took refuge in a cave situated approximately twelve miles southeast of Clifton, Arizona Territory. The hideout was locat-

(Continued on page 79)

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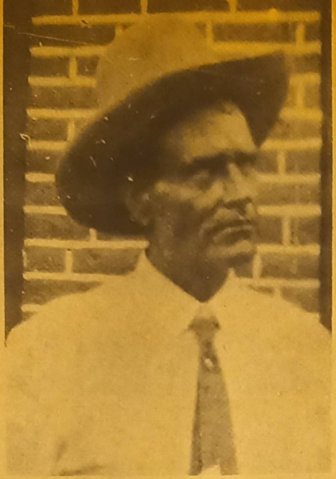
THREE REASONS to BELIEVE in DREAMS

One heckuva poker game!

By WILLIAM C. GLASSCOCK
as told in 1932 to
F. W. COPELAND

Photos Courtesy Mrs. J. E. Skinner



Tintype of William Glasscock in 1910.

I HAD just reached my teens when I started to work for my uncle Andy Long whose ranch was spread over five or six counties southeast of San Angelo, Texas. At that time—1876—it was ideal cow country, with plenty of good grass and water. There wasn't a fence for miles.

By the spring of 1882 I was still a young squirt but was pretty good with a rope and considered a top hand. Each spring at roundup time the neighboring ranchers would send two or three riders who would cut their own stock out of our herd. Sometimes there would be five or six small bunches which would be held until that range was worked and then would be driven back to their own ranges.

Each time we moved to a new location these riders would help us in another big roundup, when every critter on the range was throwed into another big herd and it was all to do over. Once in a while there would be a rider from as much as a hundred miles away who generally represented several ranches in his part of the country. It was a big get-together, and you would meet old friends that you hadn't seen in a year or more.

A cowboy's life in the open is long, hard days which start before sun-up, and you're in the saddle from sun to sun, but we enjoyed every one of them. Most of the crew were young fellows, and I was the youngest. Uncle Edd Dee, as we called him, was the oldest, with Uncle Andy running a close second; the cook was also about their age.

Uncle Edd did all of the branding, marking, and cutting, or castrating, while Uncle Andy kept the branding fire going and kept tally on all the calves and at the end of the day could tell you how many heifers and how many bull calves got branded that day. There was an occasional yearling we had missed the year before, but most of the stuff was that year's crop.

A cowboy's breakfast was coffee, steak and bread with syrup or dried fruit, and sometimes we had flapjacks or eggs. The other meals included boiled beans, or stew, and about once a week we got sweet bread or pie.

That spring we had everything going good, every man was onto his job, things going about as smooth as clockwork. Good food and hard work makes even a young fellow ready to hit his bedroll soon after supper and a bedtime cigarette.

THAT NIGHT I had my first dream. I don't think that I had been asleep more than two hours at the most when I had what they called a nightmare and it told me of the future. I don't believe in fortune telling, but there is something to dreams, you can bet on that. This was my very first one (it's been over fifty years ago), and is still just as plain as if it was last night. The time and place wasn't revealed, but a crowd of men were there at night, and someone threw something into a fire. There was a flash of light, and something from my left eye was running through my fingers that felt like the white of an egg, and I was screaming to them, "It's out!"

Well, anyway, the first thing that I knew, my buddy, Dave (Slim) Yancy, was shaking the daylights out of me and saying, "Hey, Glassy, wake up! If you'd been riding that mare you could've been to Paint Rock and half-way back." Paint Rock was a small town about a morning's ride from us.

"What was after you, Glassy?" came from another one of the fellows, laying in his bedroll close by.

"Oh, shucks, I don't know," I lied, hoping that they would shut up and let me alone for the dream was still too fresh in my mind to talk about.

"Sounded like a redskin was lifting your scalp," came from Uncle Edd.

"Yeah, that so? Well, good night, all," I said, and made out like I was going back to sleep but I laid there for a long time wondering why I should have such a dream.

The next morning when we were eating breakfast, there was some good-humored jokes at my expense.

"Glassy, what was it that you was yelling about being 'out' last night?" Deats questioned me.

"Dang if I know," I lied.

"I thought he'd got a foot out from under the kiver," drawled Uncle Edd.

"Or one of the critters had broke herd," chimed in Jeff Bates.

"I guess that was it," I answered, but didn't tell a one of them, not even Slim, a thing about it, and in a day or so I had forgot all about it myself.

About a week later the crew was setting around the campfire after chow when someone threw a double-handful of trash and leaves on the fire. In a few seconds, bang! A .22 shell had been in that trash and the shell hit me in the eye.

Honestly, I guess it hasn't been such a handicap for I don't have to shut that eye to aim and shoot a gun, making it quicker and more accurate, I think.

THE SECOND dream came while visiting with my uncle Buddie (I. E.) Boren who was just two years older than me, and who married my wife's (Annie) older sister, Lizzie.

"I'll take you out for a mess of young cottontails after awhile. They're thick as the hair on a dog's back, and shore make good hunting," I. E. told me. We were setting out on the front porch with the women.

"Looks like we could get in some good practice on Lizzie's young turkeys," I answered as we watched big gangs of them following the old turkey hens around in the yard.

Lizzie grinned. "I've had awful good luck with young turkeys this spring, but old Sister Sue has stole her nest somewhere and I can't find it. I hope I find her before the coyotes do."

"Some name for a turkey hen, ain't it?" I. E. chuckled.

"Well, that's what the children call her. You guys look for her for me while you're out hunting, will you?" We both nodded our heads.

I remember looking for her some but I must admit not much and we didn't find her. Yet that night I dreamed I saw that turkey, Sister Sue, just as plain as could be, and the next morning I walked as

William Glasscock in 1917 with his horse Cheyenne and his favorite hound, Old Frank.

William Glasscock in 1918 atop his stallion Fleato is at far right. Other riders are from left Emmett, a son; E. W. Copeland, a brother-in-law; Exa Glasscock (Mrs. J. E.) Skinner, a daughter; and kneeling, W. M. Copeland, his father-in-law.

straight to her as if I knew where she was. In my dream she had looked up at me, cocking her head to one side, and so help me that's just what she done when I walked up to the old log that she was setting under.

I'VE HAD several dreams in my life that came true, but the one that did me the most good was in 1910 in Childress, Texas. I had first come to this part of the country in 1900 and at one time had dealt monte in a gambling house in town.

Well, it was in the fall of the year and the farmers were bringing in their cotton while the ranchers were freighting their winter supplies out to their ranches, mostly cottonseed cake and cottonseed meal for winter feed.

The fall before I had bought a herd of cows and had held them through the winter. It was a hard winter and I had to buy more feed than I had expected, which ran me pretty short on cash. Then to make things worse, we had a late spring, and the spring grass just didn't get there quick enough to help much. To top it all off, we didn't get enough rain all summer to wet you in your shirt sleeves.

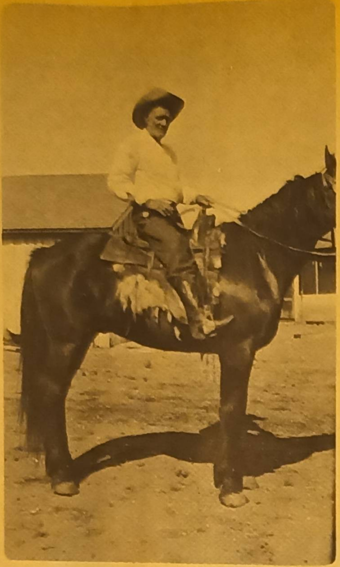
I had gone to the bank and borrowed every dollar that I could beg them out of. I'd got a good crop of calves, almost one hundred percent, and had borrowed on "cows with calves by their side."

"Glassy, I would not lend that much money to just anyone, but I know that you know cows from A to Z, so here's hoping," were the words that Crews, the banker, told me.

Grass pasture was at a premium, and I finally had to sell, as did dozens of other little men, and the price of cattle dropped so low that I really lost my shirt. I couldn't even pay all that I owed at the bank, and all that year I was scraping the bottom of the pot. I even thought of running competition with the tumblebugs—what I mean is that I was really flat and had to borrow from nearly every friend that I had until I could get back on my feet.

By the beginning of fall I had started to crawl out of the hole a little and finally got the bank paid off. But it seemed that every time I turned around there was another fellow that had loaned me money standing there. I didn't know I had so many friends! The banker had told me, "Well, Glassy, I backed a winner, even if you didn't win. Better luck next time. I'll back you with every dollar that I can." It makes you feel good, even if you ain't got a dime. Of course, I knew that he would have to have security for every cent that he let me have, and something for security was something that I was missing!

Even the Old Lady had been frowning on me for two weeks, but her daughter, Miss Fortune, was making a really big play for me. Every little game that I had got in, some mother's son would draw out on me, right on the very last! Then on a Tuesday night (I don't know why Tuesday because I hadn't been in a game since Saturday), I had another dream.


"Glassy" and Liz, his cutting horse, 1920.

THERE WAS a big crowd, and I knew all of them. There was more money than I had seen in a long time. I heard a train whistle and it was to the north of me (I was twenty miles from a railroad).

"Let's play stud," someone said. Then I had a pair of treys and another player had a pair of deuces and he was trying to run me out of the pot by betting big! And the dream told me that it was Saturday night, but what Saturday I didn't know. I went to town that Saturday morning early, hoping that this was the day.

I found a crowd already at the old Curd wagonyard on the south side of the F. W. & D. railroad tracks, a great hangout for farmers, ranchers and freighters. We all bought a jug and had a lot of fun playing "Smut" (a drink, or smell-of-the-cork type game). We were playing in the harness and feed room, and by dark there was enough players to fill three tables. I don't remember all of them, but we passed the hat for Grandpa Curd. But he wouldn't take the money until I said, "Feed all of the horses alfalfa and oats." He grinned as he took the money and left the room.

Some of the players included Scott, Morris, Turner, Tippett, Morgan, Bain, Jordan, Rucker, Sigelar, Fox, Tate, Nave, Smith, and others whose names I can't remember now.

At our table the stakes were set at $200. I didn't let them know that I didn't have that much, but I just made the pretense that I was sending G. B. (my brother-in-law) after some more "eye opener."

"Can you let me have seventy-five?" I whispered to him.

"Uh-huh," he said real low, and then so anyone could hear, "Just a minute, Glassy, I want to see that guy," and stepped into a vacant room for a moment and was back in a wink shoving a roll covered with his hand to me.

"How much?" I asked in an undertone.

"Eighty," he answered, in a half-apologetic way. "Glassy, that's all I've got," he told me.

"That's fine," I said in a far more confident way than I really felt. "Here, take five and get us a couple of bottles," I said as I handed him his five back.

"G. B., bring me one, too," Whitey Smith said.

Fourteen hundred dollars in front of the other players, and I was sure there was a lot more that didn't show, and I had all G. B. and I had in this world before me. I was shaky and needed a drink. I thought of my dream. The Old Lady had better be with me tonight!

By one o'clock I had picked up a comfortable margin and was feeling more secure.

About this time the players had dropped out until there was only one table. The players were Jordan, Tate, Turner, Scott, Fox, Rucker, Smith, and me. They were all good players, good sports, and all winners. Whitey Smith was the biggest winner I think, for he had more than a thousand in front of him. Jordan and Turner wasn't far behind. We all had another round of drinks and when the jug started running low we chipped in and sent G. B. after another one.

"G. B., here's that hundred and fifty I've owed you for so long. O. K?" I asked.

"Are you sure that you won't need it?" he asked.

"I've got enough in the old sock to back me up," I lied.

"Let's play stud, and the dealer ante a dollar, with the joker playing as aces in straights and flushes, table stakes, and no going to your pocket while a hand is being played! A player must play only what he has in front of him."

Those had been the exact words that I'd heard in my dream! I had half-way been expecting to hear them, but didn't know who would say them or when. I would not have taken the shakes any worse if someone had poured a bucket of ice water on me! I was all keyed up for the rest of my dream to come true.

ABOUT four o'clock in the morning Whitey won a big pot and Rucker folded, losing most of his winnings, and said, "This ain't my night, and you all ain't going to get it *all* back!"

In less than fifteen minutes, Jordan with three aces was trying to force Turner to turn over, but he made a flush and Jordan dropped out. I wasn't setting behind a log and waiting, for I had just run a whizzer, or bluff, and had taken a good pot from Whitey with a pair of sevens against his nines and fours. He thought I had bet on three sevens.

"Never you mind, I'll get even with you for that," he laughed.

"Why don't you learn and tell me when to stay in and when to get out of a pot?" Turner said to Whitey as he grinned.

A hand or so later, on the second card

(Continued on page 72)

Movie Horses

(Continued from page 21)

tually be named Fury. Others include King Cotton, who played an important role in *Pepe*. Domino, a black and white stallion that resembles Dice, has been used in television series and was ridden by Charlton Heston in *The Big Country*.

McCutcheon's training techniques are conventional. But once his horses have been trained, he dispenses with whips for cueing and uses his voice and hand signals almost exclusively. He likes to talk his horses into their acts and will do so if sound is not being recorded at the time of filming. Sometimes McCutcheon uses a loudspeaker if the shot is to be a very long one of the horse coming toward the camera.

Once, when McCutcheon called back a horse through the loudspeaker, the horse did not respond and just kept on going. McCutcheon finally discovered what had happened: the horse did not identify his voice through the loudspeaker. Now, all of the horses at McCutcheon's stable are conditioned to recognize his voice through a loudspeaker before being sent out for a long distance.

THE LATE Jack Lindell is considered the best and most successful trainer of movie horses. Stable owners and other trainers are unanimous in this opinion. He was born in Sweden and, as a boy, was infatuated with magazine stories of horses of the American West. While still in his early teens, he left Sweden and came to America and went directly to Texas. He started his horse career as a cowboy and later went into circus work, training horses for the Barnes Circus, which toured the western states. When the circus finished a showing in Los Angeles, Lindell decided to stay and work in motion pictures.

He was in his early twenties when he was hired by the Jones stable to learn about movie horses and motion pictures. Shortly after he started working, Chic Morrison, one of Jones's wranglers, wired Jones that he would need assistance in hauling a new horse back from Colorado. The horse was Rex. Jones sent Lindell to assist Morrison.

In spite of Rex's incorrigible personality, Lindell seemed to get along with the horse better than the other handlers. So Jones allowed him to work the horse and attempt to give Rex at least a smattering of training.

Rex was Lindell's first star horse and had much to do with developing Lindell's training ability, even though Rex accepted little training himself. Lindell's list of credits included some of the most expensive and most successful of horse films: *Silver Stallion; My Friend Flicka; Thunderhead, Son of Flicka; Smoky* (1933 and 1946); *Green Grass of Wyoming; Sand;* and *The Lion and the Horse.*

Just as certain directors imprint their particular style on a film, Lindell's style of horse handling was unique. It was marked, first of all, by the use of good horses. He had a keen eye for a horse that would perform, and he liked aggressive stallions. Although a trainer's control lessens in proportion to the amount of aggressiveness in the horse, Lindell developed this strong spirit to just the point where he would not lose control, which requires a marvelous amount of tact. Consequently, Lindell's wild-horse scenes were fast paced, particularly his fights.

Les Hilton has had the longest tenure as a trainer in Hollywood. He was a young cowboy when he first met Lindell and became his protege.

Hilton made *Red Canyon, Flame of Araby, Black Horse Canyon, Francis, the Talking Mule, Track of the Cat, The Reward, Misty of Chincoteague,* and television's *Mr. Ed*. Although he has worked with most of the better Hollywood horses, Hilton says, "All in all, I think Black Diamond is the most versatile actor and has done more work without doubles than any other horse."

One particular trait of Black Diamond's has had much to do with Hilton's high esteem of this stallion—his ability to track himself. Tracking shots, frequently seen in horse films, are filmed by mounting a camera on a vehicle that follows alongside the particular action. This is not an easy shot to film because most horses will not run in a definite track. They tend to weave in and out of the line of the camera, changing the focus from sharp to blurry. But Diamond never deviated from his path for a tracking shot.

Hilton would first walk Diamond over the path for about a quarter of a mile. Diamond then would be led back to the starting point. The camera truck would start rolling and Hilton would turn Diamond loose. And he would always gallop on the same route he had followed while being walked over the path.

Diamond wasn't trained for this work; it was a natural habit, one which is very valuable in a motion picture horse. Misty would track himself also, but only for short distances.

Rex and Misty also rate high with Hilton, Rex just edging out Misty because he was a better fighting horse. Rex is also favored because he would never *quit* his handler. Quitting a trainer is the worst sin of a movie horse. A trainer can be working a horse in an actual take of the scene when suddenly the horse whirls and runs away. All shooting must stop until the horse is found, and considerable time and money are wasted. Rex would stand there, hoof to toe with the trainer, and get angry and fight. But he would never leave. Misty, while a better-than-average horse for dependability, would quit Hilton if shooting a scene lasted longer than Misty could tolerate. Like all trainers, Hilton can sense when a horse has worked enough and will have the director stop the shooting just before a horse is about to quit.

Hilton's most successful horse is Mr. Ed, television's talking horse, seen by about forty million viewers each week. But even before Mr. Ed, Hilton trained Francis, the wise-cracking, talking mule, for a series of pictures made during the 1950s.

MR. ED is a golden palomino. His sire was Chief Tonganoxie, a son of The Harvester, who in his day was the best known of all palominos and led many Tournament of Roses parades in Pasadena. Ed's dam was an Arabian named Zetna who was sired by Antez, an Arabian imported from Poland. Ed was born in Puente, California.

Ed has had to learn to pick up telephones and open and close his stable door. He will hold a large pencil in his mouth to write notes or use it to dial a telephone number. As most television viewers know, Ed's repertoire of tricks is extensive. This is because the scripts are entirely centered on his antics.

Most of Ed's work is done with his mouth, and his tricks include picking up a hat, waving a flag, picking up coins,

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and untying simple knots.

Training for such tricks starts out simply and is made even easier if a horse has a natural tendency to use his mouth in an inquisitive way. A trainer might start him with a hat. He slips the hat brim into the horse's mouth and lightly taps the horse under the jaw to make him clamp tightly on the brim. If the horse drops the hat, the trainer taps the jaw harder and the horse quickly learns that he is supposed to hold the object in his mouth.

The next step requires that the horse pick up an object by himself. Using the hat again, the trainer will throw it on the ground and talk the horse into picking it up. Since the horse already knows he is to take the hat in his mouth, the trainer merely indicates this by leading the horse's head close to the hat and saying, "Pick it up!" while tapping the horse on the jaw. Soon the trainer needs only to indicate the object and the horse will respond.

On one occasion Ed was required to walk to a table, look at a box of carrots, walk around the table to the wall, pull the light plug from the wall and then return and munch his carrots in darkness. For all of Ed's sequences, Hilton walks and talks Ed through the routine before filming. In this light-plug sequence. Hilton had Ed follow him around the table and to the wall. At the plug, Hilton cued Ed to take the plug in his mouth, which is a trained routine for Ed. However, Ed had to pull the plug from the outlet. Using the halter rope, Hilton swung Ed's head away from the wall, which in turn, pulled the plug. This part of the routine was rehearsed a few times until Ed understood that in addition to holding the plug in his mouth, he had to pull it away.

When Hilton felt Ed was ready, the director prepared to shoot the scene. Hilton placed Ed at the starting point and Ed followed the routine as he had been shown and did not make an error or hesitate for a moment. The scene was filmed in one take.

Now, after five years of trick work, Ed is completely conditioned to do what is expected of him on the set. But Ed has a temper, as all the cast and crew are aware. Occasionally he displays it when he is tired, or having an off day. He just stands like a statue, wheezes, and refuses to work. But rather than force him, the crew will call it a day a few hours earlier and let Ed go home to his private stable behind Hilton's home.

The inevitable question is—"How is Mr. Ed made to talk?" People have often tried to guess and there is much speculation about how Mr. Ed's lips are made to move. Some have said that the lip movements are drawn on the film; others claim that Ed is trained to wiggle his lips on cue. But the technique is simpler than this. You may have noted that at any time when Ed is shown talking, he is wearing a halter. Hilton uses a nylon fish line which is tied to one side of the halter, and then passed through Ed's mouth. Depending upon where Hilton will be standing, the other end of the line either goes over Ed's back or down through his front legs. Hilton holds the end of the line and each time Ed is required to move his mouth, Hilton merely pulls the line very slightly. Ed responds by moving his lips. This is not a trained effect, but a natural reaction when something moves in a horse's mouth.

Sometimes the voice of the actor is recorded as Ed is moving his lips; at other times the voice is dubbed in later, when the film is being processed. The procedure used depends on the particular scene arrangement.

Ten years ago, Hollywood would never divulge any of their special effects, for it was believed then that if the public knew how certain effects were achieved, the illusion of reality would be lost and the entertainment value of the movie destroyed. But attitudes change. Numerous books about film-making have made the public aware of Hollywood's methods in producing special effects, and today, there is no longer any fear that knowing how a film is made will reduce its popularity.

Ed, Black Diamond, Fury, Boots, and some of the other star horses of the movies are valuable assets to the studio and represent a costly investment in time and training by the owner. These horses are stars because they have developed the faculty of knowing that when they are before the cameras they must perform, and they act with an uncanny sense of understanding. To their owners, they are as valuable as James Stewart and Doris Day are to their studios.

Glamour Horses—The Co-Stars

COWBOY STAR Roy Rogers is the first to admit that he is as much a co-star to his horse Trigger, as Trigger is to him.

"I have no illusions about popularity," he says. "Just as many fans are interested in seeing Trigger as they are in seeing me."

The cowboy and his horse are one of the great American traditions. During the days when a cowboy traveled widely to find work, the horse was often the only companion he had. In the movies of 1930-40 vintage, the horse was not just a simple horse, but was a humanized partner to the cowboy and did everything but talk. If the cowboy was subdued and tied by the villains, the horse would rescue him by untying the knots binding his hands. If his master was in need of help, the horse would run to the ranch, and of course the ranch hands always got the message, followed him and saved the hero. Frequently, the horse would fight the villains when his master was attacked.

William S. Hart was the first great western movie star. He was also the first to make a co-star of his horse, Fritz. Fritz was a standard pinto gelding, purchased from the Jones stable in the early 1920s. But Hart did not show Fritz in fancy saddle and bridles, or have him perform tricks. Hart's westerns were not of this sort; they were starkly realistic and are now considered classics. Hart used Fritz to demonstrate the cowboy's devotion to his horse.

Pinto Ben and *The Narrow Trail* were the two films made by Hart as particular tributes to Fritz. He and Fritz did their own stunting. For *Pinto Ben*, Fritz and Hart galloped across a barroom and jumped through a large window. The glass was actually clear candy. Nonetheless, the stunt was sensational.

More often, Hart enjoyed jumping cliffs with Fritz, or diving into a river. Then there was the galloping sequence in Hart's classic of the silent screen, *Tumbleweeds*, which culminated with a spectacular leap by Hart and Fritz across an overturned wagon.

The affection Hart displayed for Fritz was as real off screen as on. When Fritz died at Hart's Horseshoe Ranch in southern California, Hart buried him beneath a large oak tree behind the stable. A cobblestone monument with a bronze plaque in memory of Fritz marks the grave.

When Tom Mix started in the movies, about 1909, Hollywood was a sleepy village on the West Coast. Most movies were then made in New York, New Jersey, or the Middle West. Tom filmed his first picture on a ranch in Missouri. At that time, he was riding a horse named Old Blue. Old Blue was just an ordinary range horse that Tom had trained and ridden when he was a sheriff; he kept him on when he began riding in Wild West shows.

By 1913, when Tom was becoming a popular actor, Old Blue was too old to continue in films. As a replacement, Tom purchased a handsome sorrel for $600 and named him Tony. It was no secret that Tom searched for a name that would harmonize with his own on theater marquees and advertising posters. Tom taught Tony about twenty tricks and stunts and had parts written into his script that made use of them. Tony became a "thinking" horse. He'd run for help when Tom was in danger, untie Tom's hands, which had been bound by "bad guys," and fight any man or wild animal that threatened Tom.

It wasn't all make-believe, however, and when one considers the stunts Tom and Tony performed, one also wonders how their famous partnership lasted for eighteen years without serious mishap. Tom would never use a double—for himself or for Tony. Often studios attempted to talk Tom out of performing a risky stunt, but since he was also producing his own films, his decision was final. Most of the time the stunts were performed without injury.

During the filming of *Eyes of the Forest*, however, they were not so lucky. Tom and Tony were on location at Santa Cruz. The script required them to ride along a narrow mountain trail where the villain had planted dynamite to catch Tom as he rode by. A special effects man sat on top of the mountain ready to detonate the dynamite after Tom and Tony had passed the planted charge. Somehow there was a mix-up in signals and the effects man pushed the plunger down just as Tom and Tony rode past the dynamite. The earth went flying up and came down with a smothering impact upon them. Both were unconscious and almost buried under the earth. Tony recovered first and staggered to his feet, bleeding badly from an open wound in his side. Tom was hurt too, but not seriously. Within a few days they both recovered to finish the picture.

Tom and Tony made scores of films. One titled *Just Tony* was Tom's tribute to the horse which had carried him in so many film adventures. When not performing in front of cameras, they were often on the road making personal appearances in circuses and Wild West shows. They went to towns in Europe and even made a visit to President Harding. Their status as celebrities finally warranted that Tom and Tony should both leave their prints in cement in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood.

TOM MIX started the trend of the cowboy who prefers to ride off into the sunset on his horse rather than marry the rancher's daughter. Tom rarely kissed the heroine. But if he gave the slightest hint that he was about to, the audience knew that Tony would muzzle his way between them and remind Tom that it was time to ride off to more adventures. The film invariably would end with Tom and Tony galloping away as Tom looked back and waved his hand in farewell to the heroine who had lost out to a horse.

In 1934, after appearing in films for twenty years, Tony began to show signs of wear. In their last picture together Tom leaped Tony across a narrow stream; the horse stumbled and fell. Tom examined Tony's legs and retired him to pasture. He was never ridden again.

For the next six years, Tom rode a horse with a remarkable likeness to Tony. As you can imagine, he was named Tony, Junior. Tom made only a few pictures with Tony Jr., as Tom was appearing more frequently in shows and circuses touring throughout the United States.

Then, in 1940, on a lonely stretch of desert road near Florence, Arizona, Tom was killed in an automobile accident. On that spot there stands a stone monument with a statue of a horse, bridled and saddled, with his head hanging low.

Four years later, at age thirty-four, the original Tony followed his partner. Today their names sound more mythical than real. But at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, which was kept financially solvent in its early days by their films, a large sound stage bears a bronze plaque dedicating it to Tom Mix and Tony. It is a memorial to their special brand of "horse operas" and the days when thousands of kids went to the Saturday matinee to see Tom Mix and Tony.

In the late 1930s, a new type of movie cowboy appeared. He was the singing cowboy, a guitar-strumming troubador who was impeccably dressed, drank sarsaparilla, never smoked, never was the first to draw his gun and, like his predecessors, rode a beautiful and intelligent horse.

There were many of these singing cowboys, but the most famous of them all were Gene Autry and Roy Rogers. While in retrospect it is easy to smile at their particular approaches to their movie roles, there also is no doubt that Autry and Rogers had a profound effect on the children who saw their films. Their westerns always held to these morals: honesty was best; clean fighting was the only way to fight. Both Rogers and Autry were soberly aware of this influence on their young audiences and never compromised these standards.

The names Gene Autry and Roy Rogers do not sound complete without the names of their horses, Champion and Trigger. Their horses were an integral part of their movies, personal appearances, and storybooks.

CHAMPION and Trigger are probably the best-known horses in the world. During the height of Autry's and Rogers' fame, there was a gentle feud between the men as to who had the smartest horse. Both horses were well trained and had more fame and public exposure than any other horses before them.

Trigger and Champion logged hundreds of thousands of miles making personal appearances throughout the United States and England. Each traveled in a luxurious horse van with running water installed so that he could have water whenever he wished. The vans had a special room for the attendant who stayed with the horses at fairs and shows to guard against souvenir hunters. Another small room was for tack and trophy displays showing the horse's many awards and numerous saddles. Visitors were allowed to see the horses in their box and view the awards.

Autry was in pictures earlier than Rogers and has had several Champions co-star with him. The Champion that has probably done most as a star horse was a Tennessee Walking Horse, a breed popular in the southern United States. This horse was the second Champion to appear with Autry. Like his predecessor, Champion II was trained to perform tricks: kneel; bow; do dance steps like the waltz, hula, and rhumba; untie knots; smile; kiss; and, most spectacularly, to leap through a large paper poster. This act was used on the many occasions that Autry and Champ appeared as the special attraction at the rodeo in Madison Square Garden in New York. Champ performed most of his trick work on public appearance tours.

Frequently, Champion appeared as a solo attraction with his trainer, the late John Agee, and drew great crowds by his own name. Motion pictures and television series were made that starred Champion alone.

While Autry used a few Champions, Rogers was fortunate in having the same Trigger he purchased in 1938 for most of his pictures and public appearances. Several doubles have come and gone but the original Trigger had an exceptionally long career. He had much to do with creating the popularity of the palomino breed, which was not well known.

Trigger was sired by a Thoroughbred stallion out of a Quarterhorse mare. Rogers purchased Trigger for $2,500 from the Hudkins Brothers' Stables which supply horses for movies. At the time of the purchase, both Rogers and Trigger were novices in the movies. But Trigger's striking gold color and white mane and tail brought much attention to Rogers.

In those early days of Rogers' career, he trained Trigger to perform simple tricks, but he soon realized that a top movie horse required the help of a good trainer. When Rogers met Glenn Randall, who was then training show horses, it was, according to Rogers, "a lucky day for all three of us." At the start of Rogers' movie work, he used Trigger in all shots. As the horse's value grew, doubles were obtained to do the difficult and dangerous work. Also, following the tradition of Hart, Mix, and Autry, Rogers has had Trigger star in his own films, most notably in *My Pal Trigger*.

Trigger died in June 1965. He was over thirty years old and had more than a hundred pictures to his credit.

The brand of western motion pictures that Autry and Rogers promoted has faded out of Hollywood production. Now it is the era of "adult westerns," sober and often grim reflections of western frontier life. Whether this type of western will last or whether the singing cowboy film will return, is hard to predict. But many people say that the adult westerns are not as much fun to watch as those of Gene Autry and Champion, and Roy Rogers and Trigger.

Mixed Animal Scenes, Special Effects

ACCORDING to an old saying in Hollywood, no star stands alone, either in the heavens or in movie making. True, the stars are constantly photographed and in the news. But the lesser known actors, the supporting cast, are vitally necessary to round out the production of a motion picture story.

The supporting cast acts, so it is said, in order for the star to react. While this is not always true of human performers,

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it accurately describes horse stars. Horses, when cast with dogs, lions, porcupines, snakes, birds, and monkeys, create on the screen a story filled with action, conflict, and humor. Sometimes supporting animals are employed in light comedies, a skunk or a monkey, for example. A lion, snake, bear, or wolf may be cast as a heavy to heighten the excitement and danger facing a horse.

Whenever studios are deluged with mail protesting what appears on the screen as cruelty to animals, these letters are mainly concerned with mixed-animal scenes. Audiences know that the horse and cougar are incompatible, in either their wild or their domesticated environments. Yet motion pictures show them together. When a horse encounters a rattlesnake and kills it with crushing blows from its hoofs, horse lovers protest because the horse was put into grave danger, and reptile admirers write to studios protesting the killing of the snake. But the audience may be sure that the AHA has protected the safety of the animals.

In addition to stables and kennels in Hollywood, there are animal agencies that provide the exotic and wild animals needed for movie assignments. These animal handlers specialize in various type of wildlife. One trainer works with birds: eagles, hawks, ravens, vultures, and tropical birds. Another trainer handles jungle beasts and maintains a compound from which lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, camels, or large snakes are available. Still another agency works only with small varmints such as chipmunks, squirrels, porcupines, or even a swarm of bees.

The handling of such animals is considerably different from the techniques required for the horse and dog. Wild animals, even the big cats, tend to be shy on a movie set with the noise and strange apparatus. They need gentle and patient treatment.

Some of the animals can be easily trained, while less intelligent ones must be tricked into performing by working with their natural instincts. Skunks and other small creatures can be coaxed to follow a predetermined path by luring them with food. Some trainers condition these animals (and house cats, too) to find their food at a point where they hear a bell ringing. This way, the trainer can position himself and cause the animal to come in a direction needed for the scene by ringing the bell. Birds must be fooled by working on their instinct to fly to their mates.

For a Walt Disney television production called *El Blanco*, a movie about a legendary Mexican horse, one scene called for a young horse to walk through the Mexican jungle, then, suddenly, to be frightened by a macaw—a colorful tropical bird. Two macaws were used in the film, although only one was shown on the screen. The acting bird was held in the thick underbrush by his handler while the macaw's mate was perched on a tree fifty feet to the right of the camera.

The horse trainer sent the colt walking down the jungle trail. As he approached the point where the bird handler was hidden, the macaw was released with a whirring, fluttering of wings which momentarily startled the colt. The macaw, as was planned, flew directly in a line over the colt to where its mate waited for it in the tree.

A rather gruesome scene was enacted for the tragic ending of John Steinbeck's classic story, *The Red Pony*. In this sequence the pony Gabilan dies and a group of vultures begin to feed on his body. A dummy pony was used for the entire episode. Strips of raw meat, colored with a vegetable dye to match Gabilan's coat, were tied to the dummy. The vultures were hungry because they had been denied food before the scene. When released, the vulture immediately lighted on the pony and began ripping off strips of meat. While audiences squirmed in their seats, the boy in the film rushed to the pony and chased away the vultures. One vulture attacked the boy. This particular vulture, a gentle bird that preferred corn rather than meat for its meals, had been taught to flap its wings when resting on its trainer's arm. The boy held the vulture in that position and by rapidly moving the bird close to his face and then away, the attack was simulated. Make-up blood trickling on the boy's face and arms and close-up shots of the bird pecking, heightened the realism of the attack.

THE MOVIE HORSE is seen most frequently with dogs. There are usually no problems involved in working these two animals together if they are allowed time to become acquainted with each other. But when the horse encounters a pack of wolves and a fight ensues, a combination of training and special effects is required to give the illusion of a fierce battle.

Real wolves are not used in these mixed-animal scenes. Large German shepherds and, once in a while, malamutes (Eskimo dogs) double for wolves. German shepherds are best, although malamutes look more like wolves to an audience because they are not recognized as easily as German shepherds. Malamutes as wolves are unrealistic because their tails curl—a wolf's is held straight out while running.

In *Silver Stallion*, one sequence called for a wild mare and her foal to be chased and attacked by wolves. Malamutes were cast as the wolves, although the director was aware that some technique had to be devised to straighten their tails during the chase. Finally, a dog handler suggested tying six-inch bolts to the underside of the tails, which would hold the tails horizontal to the ground. The director wanted a shot of the dogs running down a slope where the mare and colt had been filmed running previously. The screen sequence would show the mare and colt followed closely by the dogs.

When the director was ready he signaled for the handler for the dogs to be released. They ran about ten yards and, almost in unison, suddenly stopped, yipped, and sat on their haunches trying to bite the bolts that were tied to their tails.

The director canceled the entire scene for the day and decided to use German shepherds even though the audiences would recognize them more easily. Still, some directors prefer malamutes—even with their curled tails.

BLAZING THE TRAIL

"I think these westerns could be more realistic . . . whoever heard of kissing your horse at the end of the movie?"

Close-up scenes of a dog kicked by a horse and sent reeling are made with a dummy. The kicking horse can be one of two types: a real horse taught to kick, a not too difficult stunt, as a horse with kicking tendencies is merely encouraged to lash out with his hind legs; or a mechanical set of legs and hoofs which will kick when a lever is pulled. Using this special device, the scene is usually shot in close-up. A propman hurls the stuffed dog which is kicked by the mechanical legs. The next shot, following closely, shows a dog tumbling and rolling. This dog is real and has been trained to come to its trainer and fall and roll when commanded. The shots are edited together with sounds of howling and yipping.

Scenes of the big cats and horses usually draw more complaints from viewers than any other mixed-animal scene. But often these scenes are easiest to handle. Lions and tigers are timid around movie sets and look for an opportunity to return to the quiet and security of their cages. Consequently, in a studio-filmed sequence showing a lion running in a bold charge the lion is really running down a lane of chicken wire camouflaged with underbrush. At the end of the lane is its cage. Since some lions run to their cages and other approach in a prowling or stalking motion, the director can hire one to fit the particular scene. Big cats are also classified by natural mannerisms. Some are leapers, others are wrestlers, runners, or growlers. Almost all these types are used in jungle pictures. Therefore, four different cats may be needed to play a single role, as was the case in the film, *The Lion*.

When a director wants to show a rider being attacked by a cat, the shot is rehearsed a few times with the cat and a dummy horse mounted on a stand. The cat's cage is placed just beyond the dummy horse, and the cat uses the dummy as a stepping stone to the cage. When the director is ready for the take, the cat handler, doubling for the star, sits on the dummy horse. Just as the lion leaps on hearing his cage door being opened, the trainer throws himself from the saddle—the result is a highly realistic attack by the cat.

Other cat and horse scenes call for individual shots, as in the film, *The Lion and the Horse*. This is about a wild horse that meets a lion escaped from a carnival. The climax of the movie is a fight. The lion scenes employed two different cats. One, a growler and leaper, fought his trainer for the close-up shots of the cat fighting. After these lion scenes were filmed, the horse trainer encouraged the horse to rear and paw with his front hoofs for that series of close-ups. This was phase one of the sequence.

The scenes which showed the lion and the horse *together* were made with a very gentle lion named Jackie (the lion that growls in the MGM monogram). Jackie and the star horse were stabled together until the horse grew completely accustomed to his unusual neighbor.

Later, Jackie and the horse were taken to the locations where the first sequences were filmed. They were filmed together in one scene. This sequence was edited into the shots of the horse fighting and the lion growling and leaping.

Jackie, by the way, and Clarence, the cross-eyed lion who played in a picture of the same name, are among the few big cats that can be trusted to work with stars in close-up scenes. When any other cat is used, a long shot is filmed, with the cat trainer doubling for the star. Jackie is a valuable property and has even traveled to Africa for jungle movies.

Special effects have already been mentioned as necessary for many types of animal scenes. From the special-effects department of the movie studios comes all the visual magic of scenes otherwise impossible or too dangerous to film. Some of the techniques used are secret—the parting of the Red Sea in *The Ten Commandments*, for example.

Special-effects experts design miniature sets and use camera tricks and unusual film processing for an episode where a tidal wave engulfs New York City, or in movies such as *Invisible Man* or *King Kong*. Since the processes are complicated, only those concerned with horses will be mentioned here.

SNAKES cause as much concern among movie audiences as do the big cats when they are shown with horses. Snakes are not trained, nor are they used in two-shot scenes. Horses avoid snakes if at all possible. Real snakes are photographed for the close-up shots. In the two-shot scenes, a rubber snake, built to move and strike, is used. What makes the snake seem very real is its tongue, operated by a clock mechanism, which darts realistically in and out of its mouth. When the horse is shown crushing a snake under its hoofs, you will notice that only the horse's legs appear with the mechanical snake. These legs are props and, like the kicking-legs machine, are seen only in close-ups.

Do you remember in *Solomon and Sheba* a scene which showed thousands of Egyptian horsemen falling from a high cliff? Actually the set and the horses were in miniature, a painstakingly detailed prop. The very convincing use of sound effects and close-ups of actual stuntmen leaping on their horses down sharp embankments gave the sequence total reality. But not all frightening scenes are contrived in miniature, and since the AHA's restrictions, special-effects people have developed techniques for obtaining visual effects without complete faking.

In *My Friend Flicka*, the chestnut filly charged dramatically into a barbed-wire fence. The sound of the taut wire snapping and the shots of Flicka kicking frantically at the entangling wires as the barbs cut into her were a combination of six separate efforts: Flicka did charge into a fence, in an attempt to join her stablemate who was held beyond camera range. However, Flicka knew, through prior acquaintance with the fence, that it did not hurt her when she pressed against it. The fence was made of long strands of narrow-gauge rubber with pieces of cork shaped to look like barbs. After Flicka went through the fence the scene was stopped. She was brought back, and cued to lie down while the rubber wire was wrapped around her legs and pieces of real barbed wire were held across her by studio men. Make-up men smeared red-wash imitation blood on her coat. The cameras started again, in a medium shot, while Flicka kicked at the rubber wire as the actors cut the real barbed wire, which was held just above her legs. Afterward, at the studio, the shots were spliced together. With the added sound effects of the wire snapping and the horse grunting, this important scene in the picture was so realistic that the AHA answered letters from a concerned public for nearly two years.

When a horse is shown fighting another animal in a scene which cannot be faked, split-screen effects are used. In the *Red Stallion* series, the lead horse had to fight a bear and an elk. The encounter between bear and horse was achieved by using a real bear and man dressed in bear's hide. Whenever the bear leaped upon the horse, it was of course, the stuntman. In the scenes where the horse and bear exchanged swipes of paws and hoofs, and in similar scenes where the elk charged the horse, split-screen filming was used. First a horse was photographed fighting and striking with its hoofs. The film was rewound and then a trained bear was positioned to perform his fighting routine.

The film was exposed twice, giving the impression that both animals were in the same scene. Split-screen filming is time-consuming and exacting. The animals must be placed at correct relative positions to each other, and the cameraman must have an accurate count of the number of film frames exposed to ensure that both animals match up when the shooting is started for the second sequence.

Positioning the camera in relation to the action is a simple but effective method used in scenes where special effects are not practical. In *Green Grass of Wyoming*, *Home in Indiana*, and *The Great Dan Patch*—stories about trotting race horses—the sulkies, or racing carts, weave in and out and a few of the horses crash through the track railing. At the place where the accidents were to happen, studio carpenters replaced thirty feet of the track fence with soft balsa wood. An expert harness-horse driver crashed the fence with his sulky wheel and immediately turned the horse through the fence. The camera angles gave the viewer the impression that the horse went through the fence first.

STUDIOS go to considerable expense to film scenes which, while less costly on location, are safer for the animals on studio sets. *Thunderhead, Son of Flicka*, was made nearly twenty years ago. But because it is frequently seen on television, the AHA still receives letters of protest about a violent piece of action: the scene showing a colt mired in a deep gully during a violent rainstorm. The colt struggles desperately to scale the bank, only to slip back, whinnying pathetically. All the while, the gully fills with water.

The audience is given the impression this scene takes place outdoors, under dark stormy clouds, but actually it was filmed in the studio on an elaborate set duplicating the outdoor location in southern Utah. The steep bank was a plaster composition moulded to look like a gully, and garlanded with shrubs and trees. A thick padding covered the composition, and over that a soft layer of dirt about five inches thick was scattered. The rain was provided by overhead pipes. Dark interior lighting, "insert shots" of lightning, and sound effects of rumbling thunder, demonstrate how convincingly Hollywood can artificially stage real-life animal dramas.

Similar, but more complicated, is the scene in *The Hallelujah Trail* where wagons and horses get bogged down in quicksand. It was also an expensive scene. Special-effects people dug a pit twenty feet long, ten feet wide, and three feet deep. A wooden platform was fitted into the pit and hooked with cables to winches beyond camera range. Water and dirt were mixed and poured into the pit over the platform and then covered with peat moss. The horses and wagons

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were driven onto the platform.

The winches very gradually lowered the platform to produce the impression that the horses and wagons were sinking in quicksand. The drivers, shown whipping the horses to encourage them to pull out, actually wielded cloth whips that would chase only a fly. When actress Lee Remick jabs a horse with her hatpin, she uses a piece of dry spaghetti.

For the dust storm scenes in *The Hallelujah Trail*, where wildly blowing sand bogs down the wagon train, a camera trick was used. Giant wind machines, as large as airplane engines, blow dust toward an area *between* the camera and the wagon train. On the screen, the horses and people appear caught in the midst of the raging storm. As an added precaution, real sand or dirt is not used since it could be harmful to the eyes of the actors and animals. Instead, bentonite, a nonabrasive substance like talcum powder, is thrown in front of the giant fans by prop men.

Often the climax to horse films is a fight to the death between two stallions. In early movies horse fights were real and the horses were sometimes seriously injured. Fights in today's movies are also real; but again, special camera effects and precautions safely create what appears on the screen as a ferocious encounter.

If two stallions are left together they are bound to start scrapping. But this will not necessarily ensure a good fight. Les Hilton, who has staged a number of stallion fights, says, "Chicken-hearted stallions just won't put up a good fight. They'll banter about, but on the screen they look like two colts playing in the pasture."

EVEN THOUGH the cameras can assist in exaggerating a fight, it needs aggressive stallions. Like boxing fans who reminisce about great boxers and their bouts, Hollywood horse trainers speak of the great fighting horses—Rex and a pinto stallion named Marky were the best fighters ever seen on the screen. "They were good because the stallions actually hated each other," says Hilton. "Let them loose and they'd charge each other like two bull elephants."

The Hal Roach Studios filmed the first fight between Rex and Marky and for years after, the studio was able to sell film of the fight for six dollars a foot to other studios who needed a good fight sequence for horse pictures they were making.

While the Rex-Marky bout was real, they didn't injure each other. In their fights and the fights in *Thunderhead* and *Sand*, the mouths of the horses were held shut by a special non-pulling tape. Their hoofs were covered with a special rubber protector which fit like a slipper and minimized the danger from hoof kicks. Any time movie fights become too serious, the horses are separated. What gives the fight a fast-paced realism on the screen is the result of careful camera work. It is usually called trick photography, but the particular process referred to here is known as *undercranking*. Fight scenes between horses, horses and a pack of dogs, or between dogs, are filmed at a slower speed—about sixteen or twenty frames per second instead of the normal speed of twenty-four frames per second. When the finished film is shown at normal speed, the fight appears very quick-paced.

What really makes animal motion pictures so realistic are the combined efforts of various Hollywood technicians. Trainers, special-effects personnel, cameramen, film editors, and directors experienced in making animal pictures merge their talents to shoot and edit together thousands of feet of film which achieve realism without exposing the animals to dangerous situations.

Daring Stunts

THE ACTION MOVIE came to full life when the stuntman became part of movie making. In western movies stuntmen provide the thrills by tumbling off galloping horses, falling with them at a run, leaping their horses across cliffs or getting dragged alongside a runaway horse. None of these horse stunts is faked by trick photography. The stunts are real—and dangerous—a daredevil ingredient which has lent excitement to many otherwise routine western films.

Before 1913, stuntmen were almost unknown. While studios hired real cowboys for chase scenes, professional stunting was not required of them. An offer of five dollars did encourage cowboys to do a few stunts, but this did not happen too often. One reason there were no stuntmen was that the star system had not yet developed. Actors were expected to handle the physical requirements of the script, and screen writers rarely wrote into a picture stunts the actor couldn't do.

Early movie stunts don't give the illusion of reality; a cowboy or Indian brings his horse to a virtual halt before falling from the saddle; or a stagecoach driver, pursued by road agents and shot during the chase, completely stops his horses before tumbling from the driver's box. Early movies were crudely made, at times crudely acted, and filmed in two or three days. The lack of reality did not concern early audiences, though. In fact, had an actor jumped from his fast-moving stagecoach as stuntmen do today, the movie viewer would probably have thought him a complete fool.

Around 1913, when individual actors became favorites with audiences—the beginning of the star system—producers hesitated to risk them in horse stunts or fight scenes that might bring injuries. Doubles for the stars took on the more dangerous assignments—they could be easily replaced if they injured themselves. Since stuntmen were expendable, writers and directors gave their imaginations free rein in devising actions that enlivened their films and showed their stars to best advantage. This period was both good and bad for stuntmen. It did allow athletic people or players to become skilled at stunt work, but because there was no stuntman organization to exercise control, many unqualified people did stunts simply because they accepted a lower price. Some were foolish even to attempt some of the stunts directors wanted. Nonetheless, foolishness and boldness were the order of the day in this period; consequently stuntmen were killed and many were crippled in attempts to execute stunts.

When the Stuntman's Association was formed, the organization was made up of a small, dedicated group of athletes, men who would plan their stunts to minimize the dangers without lessening excitement.

After the AHA halted tripping and other stunts in which the horse was forced, stuntmen who specialized in horse work had to devise other ways to obtain horse falls. Fortunately, another method was available and had been used in cavalry warfare as far back as the time of Alexander the Great. A horse can be trained to fall on its side by pulling its head to the right and back. The effect is not so spectacular as when horses are tripped because it appears less natural. In fact, not one horse has been killed while performing a trained fall. However, the risks have increased for the stuntman.

When a stuntman rode a horse tripped by wire, he had no control over the fall. He simply knew the spot where the wires would suddenly pull the horse's legs from under him and was ready to propel himself forward at the proper moment. Now, stuntmen ride the horse to the ground during the fall, and risk broken limbs or head injuries.

Chuck Hayward, one of the best-known stuntmen and a trainer of falling horses, says, "The right horse can make you look like a champ. A bad horse can make you look like a dude." That is true. The stuntman can have more than enough talent, but it will never be seen unless he has a willing stunt horse.

Almost all of the horse stuntmen have their own horses. Stunt horses are no particular breed, since temperament is more important than breeding and a potential stunt horse might be found anywhere. A horse named Cocaine, owned and ridden by Chuck Roberson, was purchased by Roberson just before he was to be sent to a slaughterhouse because of a severe leg wound. Roberson liked the looks of the horse, bought him, doctored him, and today Cocaine is one of the best horses in the business.

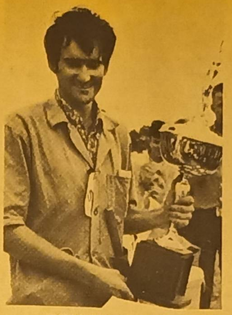
Best horse in the business is an expression often used by stuntmen. It isn't just an empty phrase, either, since a good stunt horse is highly valued. Like the star horses, stunt horses have to show themselves adaptable and dependable in taking directions from their riders in front of the cameras. Good stunt horses are willing to gallop full force and not hesitate or balk in anticipation of the stunt. They take their cue and fall dramatically.

TRAINING a horse to fall begins when the horse is about four years old. At this age the horse's bones are strong and his temperament is established. The trainer or stuntman looks for a horse that is aggressive and willing to "move out" when the rider demands a strong gallop. Also, a horse must be limber in the neck, not stiff or rigid, since the turning of the neck is most important to the effectiveness of the fall.

Training is started after the corral has been dug up to soften the dirt and all rocks and debris have been removed. About ten inches of sawdust is spread over the area as a cushion because a most important preventative measure is never letting the horse hurt himself during a fall. If the horse does hurt himself his fear will slow his progress and perhaps make him unwilling to fall.

The first step in training a falling horse is to teach it to lie down. The trainer begins by tying up the horse's left leg. Then, standing at the horse's left side, the trainer pulls the right rein over the saddle, bending the horse's head and neck back. Unbalanced, the horse slides to its left knee and, with more pull of the rein, falls on its side. Two important points are stressed by repetition of this procedure: the fear of falling is steadily eliminated; and the pulling back of the right rein comes to be recognized by the horse as its cue to fall.

Once the horse has learned the cue, the rider mounts and goes through the same procedure. Eventually the trainer works the horse in the fall at a walk, trot, lope, and finally run.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Not all horses fall in the same style. When the rein is pulled, some horses lift their foreheads high off the ground and change from their running form. It is important for the stuntman to know the individual manner in which a horse falls. A horse that lifts high when falling will also have a tendency to roll over immediately after the fall. Stuntmen encourage this by an extra pull of the rein, because the roll adds to the excitement of the scene, but the stuntman has to roll away quickly or he will get caught under the horse.

One scene of this sort will be remembered by audiences who saw *How the West Was Won*. A stuntman dressed as an Indian jumped his horse over a low barrier built on a slight incline of ground. Immediately upon jumping the barrier, the Indian was shot by Gregory Peck. The horse fell and rolled on its back where it stayed suspended in perfect balance for about four seconds. The stuntman was lying next to the horse as the horse tottered, first to the left, then to the right. The audience sat gaping and wondering which way the horse would finally roll: left and away from the stuntman, or right and on top of the stuntman. The stuntman did not move because he did not want to ruin the scene until the director called, "Cut." But he sensed that his horse was in some precarious position. Finally the horse wiggled its legs and rolled over the stuntman, as the audience gave a common sigh. Fortunately, the stuntman wasn't hurt, although the wind was knocked out of him.

Putting a horse into a fall while galloping requires absolute timing and judgment on the part of the stuntman as the horse must fall where the director has indicated. When the drop area is established by the director, the ground is dug and made soft. A marker—a piece of paper, or brush vegetation—is placed on the spot. The stuntman gauges when and how strongly to pull the rein, depending on the stride of his horse. For example, the average length of a horse's stride is fifteen feet. At a run of about fifteen or twenty miles per hour, the strides are covered quickly. The stuntman must pull the rein a stride or two before reaching the fall area or (as has happened) horse and rider will land practically on top of the camera and cameraman. Some cameramen comment dryly that maybe they should draw stunt pay, too, considering some of the hazards to which they are exposed.

STUNTMEN take risks each time they fall with a horse running at full speed. They minimize the uncertainties by knowing the horse's behavior patterns and how it runs and falls. A specially designed saddle is also used to lessen the dangers of the conventional western saddle. The left stirrup (the horse hits the ground on his left side) is not the usual full stirrup, but has the outer side of it cut away. If the stuntman should not be able to remove his foot from the stirrup just before the horse hits the ground, this three-quarter stirrup at least prevents the foot from being caught. Other stuntmen use rubber hose or a section of tire shaped into a stirrup. The pliability of this sort of stirrup ensures that neither horse nor rider will be jabbed after hitting the ground—as might happen with the usual stirrup. The horn of the saddle is always taken off the saddle before a fall.

One of the uncertainties about falling horses is how long they will last as willing performers. Many horses sour and balk. The stuntman won't actually know of this change of behavior in the horse until, in that split second when he has pulled the rein for the cue, the horse plants his feet, stiff as telephone poles, and braces his neck. At about this time the rider has already shifted his weight to the side of the fall and has pulled the horse's head somewhat back. The horse will swing its head forward, and if the rider doesn't let go in that split second, he will be pulled over the horse's right side. When the stuntman gets up from the ground he will probably be annoyed and disgusted. His horse has just played a trick that ends his usefulness as a stunt horse.

Not all horses quit so suddenly. Some have fallen more than a hundred times for almost as many pictures. With the present fee of about $250 for a fall, it is easy to understand why a good falling horse is a stuntman's pride—and livelihood.

Thousands of falls have been recorded on film since the birth of stunting. The saddle fall, the oldest and most-used stunt in westerns and Indian-cavalry epics, is performed in a variety of ways.

The stuntman might throw himself forward on the horse, do a somersault and land on his back. The frequently seen backward fall looks more natural. The rider either falls backwards off the horse and lands on his back, or he turns during the fall and hits the ground on his front side. Each style offers variety to a director; all the types will be seen in mass battle scenes. A director doesn't want the same type fall every time a stuntman is shot from his horse.

Stuntmen have devised variations on the basic falls, the most spectacular being the stirrup drag. The rider's foot is caught in the stirrup and he is dragged over the ground by a running horse. The animal used for this stunt is called a drag horse and he is specially trained not to kick at the stuntman being dragged alongside him.

In real life, being caught in a stirrup is the most frightening of accidents. It is dangerous even as a planned stunt. The stuntman begins a stirrup drag as a continuation of a backward fall off his horse. Of course, he does not actually have his foot in the stirrup. A length of wire is run through the stirrup and the rider's pants leg and into his hand. The stuntman holds the release mechanism. The drag continues until the stuntman releases the catch on the mechanism and the wire is released from the stirrup, freeing him.

A safety man rides close to the drag horse while the rider is being dragged along to take immediate action if the stuntman, during his fall, accidentally hits his head and is knocked unconscious, or is too groggy to release the mechanism. But most stuntmen use an extra-long rein which helps them to avoid hitting the ground too violently. And, just in case the release mechanism should jam, another wire device releases the cinch (the band which holds the saddle to the horse) from the cinch ring and the entire saddle is pulled off the horse by the rider's dragging weight on the stirrup.

Each stuntman knows in advance how a stunt scene is to be conducted. If several stuntmen are to fall simultaneously in the same area, the distances are gauged so the stuntman will not be run over by another horse after the saddle fall. If explosives are to be used, they are timed so that the charges do not go off under the horse.

EVEN THOUGH meticulously planned and executed as far as timing and location are concerned, stunts must not appear rehearsed or skillfully performed. This is an added difficulty for the stuntmen. The stunts must look completely spontaneous. Jumping a horse off a cliff and into a lake or river was actually done in the 1930s, for instance. But this stunt is not seen too frequently today. When it is shot, the leap is made to look steep by use of camera angles. Cliff Lyons holds a record for the longest dive with a horse. His leap was a chilling seventy-five-foot drop while on location for a western in Missouri, but the horse was not hurt. Lyons, a respected horseman, would not have attempted the stunt if there had been too much risk for the horse.

When the AHA barred such leaping stunts, stuntmen attempted to jump from heights riding a dummy horse. But this was not successful—dummies are dead weights and easily tumble in mid-air, while a live horse tries to hold its balance when falling. The dummies also looked unreal on the screen.

Jumping onto the back of a horse from a substantial height is another dangerous stunt. In the days of the white-hatted, two-gun cowboy heroes, this stunt was indispensable for showing off the cowboy. The scene follows a set routine: the hero is pursued until the chase ends on, say, a saloon roof. The only way for the hero to escape is to jump from the roof, or a balcony, and onto the back of his horse, which is standing at the hitching rail. Not just any horse would be used in this stunt, since obviously not every horse would stand motionless as a body came careening down onto him. A move by the horse, even of a few inches, could cripple a stuntman if he landed on a western saddle out of position.

Specialty horses—the drag horse, the leaping horse, and the horse trained to stand when a stuntman drops onto its back—may have only one particular talent and may not work for a year or two. But eventually there will be a studio call for them.

One specialty horse, called a transfer horse, is very hard to find. This is the horse that will gallop alongside a moving train as his rider leaps from the saddle onto one of the cars. Sunny Jim, a small bay horse, did most of this work for many years. Unafraid of trains and galloping beside train tracks, he would hold his position until the stuntman made his transfer. Sunny Jim did this stunt dozens of times and knew his routine perfectly. One rider apparently had little confidence in the horse holding his position and he must have checked Sunny Jim with his reins before making his transfer. Sunny Jim became confused, turned his head into one of the cars, and was killed.

Stuntwork is a calculated risk. Experience, keeping physically fit, and planning an act down to the smallest detail have accounted for many great movie scenes without injury to the performer. Still, movie acrobats are aware that advancing age, a second lost in timing, or some freakish mistake by the horse can have serious consequences.

The Hollywood horse today has a much better chance of performing stunts safely because the stuntman himself is a more cautious and able performer than his counterpart in the earlier days of movie making. But if today's stuntman is a more cautious planner of stunts than his counterpart of the twenties and thirties, this does not mean that all of the earlier stuntmen were reckless. A few of these past stunters set the standards for today's organization of Hollywood stuntmen. After they had retired, some became second-unit directors, and it is they who stage the big battle scenes in films such as *The Alamo, Major Dundee*, and *The Comancheros*. Second-unit directors, like stuntmen, are hardly known outside of Hollywood. Any film which requires the mass use of horses would be less exciting if it were not for the second-unit director. These directors do not ask for overly difficult or dangerous stunts, as an inexperienced director might. On the other hand, the second director is not satisfied with a dull stunt. Their special ability lies in bringing out the greatest excitement in a scene without undue risk.

SECOND-UNIT directors are under the supervision of the picture's main director but, ironically, in pictures such as *Ben Hur, Spartacus*, or *The Alamo*, it is the work of the second-unit director that makes the greatest impression on the audiences.

In any expensive production requiring large battle scenes, a second-unit director is hired. Often, while the main director is working with the actors at the studio and concentrating on the main story lines, the second-unit director is on location directing the special scenes.

In filming *The Misfits*, in which wild horses are captured by use of planes and trucks, the main director, John Huston, worked with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and others at a Reno, Nevada, location. The second-unit director, Tom Shaw, was miles away on the desert shooting the wild-horse scenes, the running and capture of the horses—using doubles in long shots. With him were the horse wranglers, stuntmen, and doubles for the actors.

Later, when the entire crew was assembled on the desert location, close-ups of the actors working tamer horses were filmed. One scene, filmed in the long shot, showed Gable's double being dragged by a rope around the neck of a running stallion. For the close-up of Gable being dragged, the camera was mounted on the bed of a pick-up truck. Gable grabbed the rope tied to the bumper and was dragged by the truck until the director had enough footage to splice into the long shot. Dozens of close-ups of the various actors subduing the horses were filmed and edited into the finished picture.

The most acclaimed second-unit director was once a stuntman. His name is Yakima Canutt. Ranch-born, Canutt was riding bronco horses in rodeo contests while still a teenager and was a champion cowboy contestant four times. In 1920 he went into movie work as an actor. But when the talkies came, Canutt turned to stunting and doubling because his voice wasn't right for talkies. He doubled for John Wayne in his early career and for Clark Gable, Roy Rogers, and most other western stars during the thirties and forties.

Proficient in any type of horse stunt, Canutt is best known for what is still considered the most spectacular stunt yet devised. The action started when a team of horses ran away. Canutt galloped his horse alongside the runaway coach and transferred to it. Next, Canutt would leap from the stagecoach and onto the wheel horses closest to the coach, then he would jump to the middle horses and finally onto the leaders to stop the runaways—all the while the horses were galloping full speed!

Just when the lead horses were being brought under control. Canutt would lose his balance and fall between the horses, but hang onto the wagon tongue and be dragged along as the horses' hoofs thundered past him. Next, he would let go of the wagon tongue and hit the ground as all the horses went by him and the wagon rolled over him. As the end of the wagon passed over him, he would grab a bar on the wagon tail, be dragged, lift himself back onto the coach and leap again onto the horses, this time successfully stopping them.

Canutt was a careful planner of all his stunts. In the one above, he easily could have been trampled by the horses or crushed by a wagon wheel without split-second timing. His advice to novices has been: "Before you try any stunt in front of a camera, walk it, talk it, time it, and work a few impossible-looking tricks into it. Take time to rehearse your stunt; it will help you to prevent injury."

Canutt's stunting performances eventually brought him to directing assignments. His recent major credits include the battle scene in *Ivanhoe, El Cid, Spartacus, Khartoum*, and what may be his most impressive work, the chariot-race scenes in *Ben Hur*. His brilliant staging of this sequence is the most vividly remembered part of the three-hour-long motion picture.

Six months before cameras began to work on the film, Canutt hired horse experts to scout through southern Europe for particular horse types. The search centered in Yugoslavia, where seventy horses were purchased. Eight others were bought in Sicily.

WHEN the horses arrived in Rome, where the film was to be made, stables had already been erected and veterinarians, farriers, and stable boys hired full time to keep a watchful eye on the troupe. After a few days rest and adjustment to their new environment, training began. The first step was to match the horses for similarity of temperament since they would be driven in sets of fours. They also had to match in color. The white Lippizaners were to be driven by Charlton Heston, who played Ben Hur, and a single set of blacks were matched for Steven Boyd in the role of Messala. The other teams were arranged in sets of browns, bays, and grays.

The horses were first taught to drive individually, then as pairs, sets of three, and finally as a quartet. Of the seventy horses trained, only thirty-six, or nine chariot teams, were used in the picture. Weeks were required to finally assemble teams that worked well together. The other horses stood by as replacements.

The horses in Ben Hur's chariot team were given extra training so that they would rear together and jump as a team. When Messala attempts to force Ben Hur into the wreckage of two chariots, instead of stopping his horses to avoid the wreckage—and lose the race—Ben Hur whips his team on; the four white horses jump the broken chariots, lift Ben Hur's chariot high into the air and race to a spectacular finish.

Training the horses was only half the problem. Canutt had to hire and train drivers who could handle the teams at the dangerous galloping pace. American stuntmen—mostly horse experts—and Italian counterparts drove the chariots in the quick turns and initiated the crashes. If you recall, the horses raced around the Spina, a huge, long edifice. Crack-ups and collisions occurred at each end of the Spina as the charioteers maneuvered their horses for position. The script required five chariots to collide and throw their drivers, all of which demanded excellent driving and split-second timing.

On those chariots that crashed and turned over, Canutt had hydraulic brakes installed. The stuntmen were able to flip the chariots suddenly by applying the brakes a split second before they released the horses from the chariot.

Dynamite was also used to disintegrate the wheels as the chariots wove in and out and smashed into each other. Camera angles, special effects, and dummy horses were used to show the horses falling and lying "dead" on the raceway.

What a contrast to the filming of another version of Ben Hur back in 1925! Francis X. Bushman, then a leading movie idol, played the role of Messala. Bushman is said to have commented, "We killed many, many horses, about 150. There were wrecks every day in the chariot races; when the horses were hurt, they were not treated by a veterinarian, but simply shot."

Naturally, Canutt would never allow anything like this to happen. "The wrecks and turnovers were real," he commented after the filming of the scenes was finished, "but were so well prepared that not one horse was crippled and not one man was hurt, with the exception of my oldest son, who as a driver, cut his chin when the script called for him to be tossed over his chariot. He was patched up and worked the next day."

ANOTHER second-unit director who can stage fast moving action scenes without hurting horses is Cliff Lyons.

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His specialty is directing horses and riders to fall en masse. A former stuntman himself, Lyons directed the fights in *The Conqueror*, *The Comancheros*, and *The Alamo*. John Wayne appreciates Lyons' brand of action and often hires him for his pictures. Lyons holds the record for staging the fall of the largest number of horses in a single scene, in *The Alamo*. This scene takes place near the climax when Mexican cavalry finally charge into the Alamo. Lyons planned for fourteen horses to jump a barricade seventy-five feet long and to be immediately met by a barrage of gunfire from the Alamo's defenders. All horses were to fall a stride or two after the jump.

For days the stuntmen prepared for the scene, practicing and training jumping horses. Meanwhile, Lyons worked over the pattern of the falls on the actual site. He finally decided to use twelve instead of fourteen horses for the mass scene; with a barricade seventy-five feet long, the minimum safety interval between horses during the fall would be too tight and dangerous for the crew of stuntmen. The particular arrangement was influenced by the horses to be used. Some horses were more timid jumpers than others; they were placed slightly behind the bolder jumpers so that they would follow on continuously.

In front of the barricade the earth was dug up and all stones were removed. On the day of the shot, Lyons made last-minute checks: cameras all set, men on the Alamo parapet briefed to fire as the horses jumped the barricade. Out in front of the barricade, the twelve stuntmen sat on their horses, waiting for the cue from Lyons. Lyons gave the signal to the special-effects people to start the bombardment of cannon shell exploding in the fields. Then the cue went to the stuntmen. Yelling and charging in formation, they leaped the barricade and were fired upon almost simultaneously from the Alamo. In a second, horses were hitting the ground, with stuntmen scrambling to avoid flying hoofs and the crushing weight of their horses. A second later the horses got up and moved off while the stuntmen lay still until Lyons called "cut." Then the stuntmen got up—all of them—to a sigh of relief from the spectators. Only one man suffered an injury, a big bump on his head from a horse's hoof. This scene lasted only five seconds on the screen but it had taken weeks of training horses and days of preparation and planning by Cliff Lyons.

A Home For Movie Horses

HOME for most of the film horses is the Fat Jones Stable in North Hollywood. That eleven acres, comprised of barns, corrals, saddlesheds, and a blacksmith shop, is a glimpse back to an era when horses, buggies, and wagons were as familiar as the motor car and pick-up trucks are today.

About a hundred stable horses fill the corrals. These horses are used by the extras to pull wagons and to form posses and cavalry troops. In other corrals are mules, burros, and oxen. A particular pride of the stable is the small herd of Spanish Longhorn cattle. Now rarely seen, they were driven up the trails by the thousands from Texas to Kansas after the Civil War.

Along the shed rows are almost 400 animal-drawn vehicles of every type: Oxcarts—like the ones used by Genghis Khan—Roman chariots, elegant European coaches—the Cadillacs of their day—Mexican *carretas*, Conestoga wagons, horse-drawn sleighs, racing sulkies, stagecoaches—some of which actually rumbled across western America—highly polished black hearses, and gaudily painted medicine-show wagons. The Jones collection of wagons is one of the most extensive in America and is rented to studios for all types of period pictures.

In the stables are the star horses, the specialty performers, and the individual mounts of some western stars. Each horse has his own private stall. The name plates tacked onto the stall doors form a kind of *Who's Who* of Hollywood horses. Besides being the largest supplier of horses and wagons to the studios, the Fat Jones Stable is also the oldest. When Hollywood was still an inconspicuous name on the map and studios were called camps or colonies and operated out of some abandoned barn or shed, Jones rented his first horses. This was about 1912, when a company called Pathé was filming two-reeler westerns in Edendale. Edendale was an open section of country on the outskirts of Los Angeles; today it is the central part of that metropolis.

Jones continued to rent horses and a few wagons as he was able to buy them. He also made a salary as a rider, doubling for some stars such as Fatty Arbuckle. Jones was a natural double for Arbuckle since he also weighed over 250 pounds.

A man of foresight, Jones built his own stable. He was sure that this type of service to studios would grow, just as he felt that movies would develop into a major industry in southern California. When he purchased his land in north Hollywood, it was an agricultural region surrounded by dirt roads and fruit groves. Today, the stable is a glaring contrast to the modern industry and the homes that have grown up around it.

Jones's first big assignment almost bankrupted him. He contracted to supply the horses and wagons for the filming of the Oklahoma land rush sequence in the first version of *Cimarron* in the late twenties. Eleven hundred horses and four hundred wagons were wanted by the studio for what was to be then—and still is—one of the biggest and best western productions.

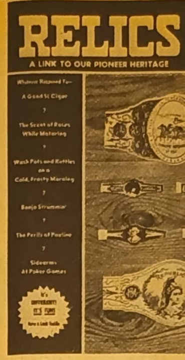
Jones soon realized that in southern California there were barely half the number of wagon horses required, let alone the wagons themselves. He and his assistants roamed the Southwest buying all types of wagons which hadn't been used in years. They rusted in junk yards or rotted in meadows on ranches and farms. Most needed repairs and some parts had to be specially manufactured to make them serviceable. Horses had to be broken to work as wagon teams, harnesses had to be purchased or made, and men trained to drive the teams.

When Jones was able to tell the studio that the horses and wagons were ready, he never indicated that, to honor his contract, he was bordering on bankruptcy. Even the rental fees from the filming would not give him any profit.

The movie company moved to Delano, in California's rainless central valley where the spectacle of the land rush was to be filmed. Almost as soon as they arrived on location, the filming company was met by rain. It rained for almost a week, and Jones drew half rental for the horses and wagons. While the studio cringed before the soaring costs, Jones gloated—the delay gave him financial solvency.

Fat Jones has known all the famous western actors—William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Ken Maynard, Robert Taylor, Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott, and John Wayne—they have all come to him for horses.

This is just a sampling of what you will find in the December 1969 Issue.



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Like MGM Studios, which once could boast of "more stars than the heavens," the Jones stable has been the home of the popular movie horses. Rex had a stall there, as did Flicka, Thunderhead, Smoky, Misty, Black Diamond, Sunny Jim, Steel and, currently, horses of the TV series. Some of these horses have been at the stable for fifteen years, particularly the extra or chase horses which are consistent moneymakers. Since the popularity of television westerns, these horses work on average of 200 days a year and rent for about ten dollars a day. The star horses command from fifty to one hundred dollars a day, but work comparatively fewer days of the year.

Jones's biggest moneymaker was Steel, "the horse the stars loved to ride." Joel McCrea first rode Steel in *Buffalo Bill* (he even tried to buy the horse) and so did John Wayne in *The Conquerors*. Ben Johnson, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, Robert Mitchum, and Randolph Scott have also favored Steel for their western roles.

A TYPICAL DAY at the stable starts at about five in the morning. Wranglers arrive and check the booking sheet of the day's rentals and their locations. Horses are fed, cleaned, and saddled. Others are harnessed, if the call sheet requires a stagecoach or other wagons for the day.

Horses and wagons are hauled in long Pullman trucks. Frequently, three such trucks leave the stable for separate locations: one to a studio for interior shooting; another to one of the movie ranches north of Hollywood where most of the TV westerns are filmed; still another for an extended trip to Utah, Arizona, Mexico, or as far east as the Dakotas.

By eight o'clock in the morning, the stable is quiet, with most of the men and horses gone for the day. Work goes on, however; training is a continual process of breaking wagon horses or working a new star horse. In the blacksmith shop, the roar of the forge can be heard and the striking of hammer to metal as wagons are repaired and rebuilt. Saddles, harness, and other tack have to be cleaned and oiled. Not infrequently, a star will drive into the stable for a morning's instructions on how to ride a horse.

Teaching stars to ride is an important function of the stables. With so many westerns being produced for theaters and television, the ability to ride is almost as important for an actor or actress as the ability to deliver lines. Studios will use doubles for the actors whenever possible, but frequently actors have to be shown handling horses themselves in galloping and chase scenes.

Actors are taught on gentle horses until they develop confidence. It is amazing how many actors are afraid of horses, with just reason. During the filming of *The Unforgiven*, in Mexico, Audrey Hepburn was thrown from her Arabian stallion as it galloped past the camera. Her back was severely injured. The entire picture had to be stopped until Miss Hepburn was able to resume work. In France, while filming *The Eye of the Devil*, Kim Novak was injured in a riding sequence. The mishap occurred at the beginning of the filming, and since Miss Novak would be unable to work for some time, she had to be replaced by another actress.

Until an actor develops the ability to handle a gentle horse, he is not allowed to work with the more spirited animal assigned to him for a picture.

Occasionally, an actor has to learn to ride a barrel. This is a less dangerous version of riding a bucking horse. In scenes which show an actor riding a bucking bronco, the actor is actually mounted on a fifty-gallon drum with a saddle attached. The drum is suspended by four ropes and tied hard to posts. By manipulating the ropes, the barrel can be made to pitch up and down and will resemble the rhythm of a bucking horse. Only close-up scenes of the actor on the barrel are filmed, and then edited into shots of a cowboy double riding a bucking horse.

When westerns first became popular on television, wranglers had a problem with the many extras playing cowboy roles who did not know how to ride. Frequently claiming experience just to get a job, a lot of them were thrown or fell off the moment their horses started to run. Finally the stables kept a group of gentle horses for the inexperienced extras.

It wasn't always this way, wranglers will say. Twenty years ago there were a lot of good horsemen passing through Hollywood. But there are not enough western movies or TV series to keep them all busy.

Twenty years ago, the Jones stable was a social center for drifting cowboys who came to Hollywood to work in pictures during the slack season in the ranch country. Many of them didn't stay long; just time enough to break and train a few horses for their keep and work in a picture or two. Then they drifted away, some to claim fame in other fields. The late cowboy artist and writer, Will James, left the Nevada range country in the winter of 1916 and came to Jones's. "A cow town it was; and right there at the edge of the tall stone and brick buildings of Los Angeles . . ." was James's description of the stable area. James worked in pictures doubling, and broke a few horses for Jones during the winter months. He departed the next spring and went on to write the classic story, *Smoky*. Some stayed, like Jack Lindell or Ben Johnson, who became top stuntman and western actor.

Fat Jones died in 1963, but the stable continues under his name. Jones was one of the last of the old-time horsemen who grew up in a world of horses and understood them. He was also one of the last of those who had seen the birth and phenomenal rise of the motion picture industry.

The Hudkins Brothers' Stable—Clyde Ace, and Ode—is the largest after the Jones outfit. It was a riding academy at the time Jones was scouting horses and wagons for *Cimarron*. The brothers assisted Jones and later started their own renting agency.

Major film studios have been Hudkins Brothers' steady renters. When *They Died With Their Boots On* and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* were made, Hudkins supplied about one thousand horses for each of the films. Many stuntmen used the Hudkins stable as a headquarters, for it is known for its stunt horses just as the Jones stable is for its star horses.

The Ralph McCutcheon and Glenn Randall Stables specialize in star and specialty horses. McCutcheon rents wagons, too, but concentrates on horses like Fury, King Cotton, and Domino—unique animals trained for unique work. Both McCutcheon and Randall have shown their horses at exhibitions, rodeos, and stock shows throughout the United States, giving much of the public its first look at famous movie horses and the techniques by which they are trained for their unusual roles.

In fact, it is the hard work of men like McCutcheon and Randall, carrying on the tradition begun by Fat Jones and aided by men of the AHA, which has elevated the horse to its position as a top-ranking performer. And without these performers, Hollywood would not have become the giant it is today.

First Trip Through Grand Canyon?

(Continued from page 46)

Apache fell off his log in surprised relief.

The swift current carried Vaca another half-mile downstream before he could gain the riverbank. Then he had a slow and difficult climb back to where Jim was waiting. When they continued upstream to get Vaca's harness and pack, they could not find it. They finally decided that it had slipped off the rock and sunk.

This was a serious loss, reducing their food supply to only a few days' rations. Worse still, it left them with only one hatchet, one knife, and one bow. Thereafter, the two men took turns wearing the harness and thus carrying the full load. The only exception was that when after small game or snakes, Vaca took the knife for he was very accurate in throwing at their prey.

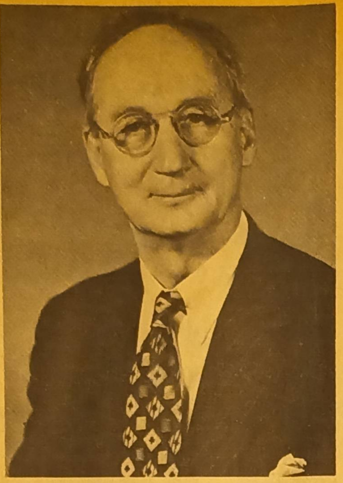
There was little food of any kind in the great gorge so they were in a hurry to get through it. Eventually this came startlingly near to ending things for both of them. In the canyon stretches were rapids ending in whirlpools, some so strong they would upend a floating log, keep it whirling in the vortex a bit or even suck it under to reappear in the boilup a considerable distance away. They had encountered whirlpools upriver but none as vicious as these proved to be.

On the day of their near catastrophe, Jim was wearing the harness. Vaca was ahead, riding his log with the usual carefree skill when he entered a deceptive rapid which started tamely enough but quickened steadily and ended in a great whirlpool with strong side eddies and rough waves. Vaca rode the rapids well enough but failed to keep his log away from the whirlpool and was sucked under, still clinging to the log.

Jim saw Vaca disappear and succeeded in steering his log along the edge of the whirlpool and on past the vortex, escaping only by inches. He soon located the boilup and paddled as fast as he could toward it, arriving in time to see the log come to the surface with Vaca still hugging it. Jim yelled but Vaca seemed to be unconscious, frozen to the log with the desperate embrace of a drowning man.

Suddenly a great wave at the foot of the rapids shook Vaca loose and he disappeared. Jim followed and dived where he thought Vaca might be, came up for air, dived again and again and again but without result. All hope gone, Jim was treading water to regain his breath when Vaca's head appeared beside him. He got an arm under the inert body, clamped a hand on one wrist and struggled to catch up with his log floating some distance ahead. They were dragged under twice but each time Jim fought his way back to air. Finally, almost completely exhausted, he reached the log, got an arm over it, rested a moment gasping for breath and then with a desperate heave, pushed the seemingly lifeless body up and across it.

They were now past the rapids and the current was flowing smoothly, enabling Jim to regain strength as he floated along with an arm over the almost submerged log. Soon he started kicking and steering toward shore. Progress was slow but at last, with the help of a favorable current, they grounded in shallow water near the riverbank. Jim rested for a moment, then gathering his last bit of strength, dragged Vaca's limp body up out of the water, dropped it face down across a large driftwood log, and collapsed beside it.



Roland P. Blake on his eightieth birthday four years ago.

When, after some time, Jim regained consciousness, he assumed Vaca was dead. Nevertheless, he turned the body over, put an ear to Vaca's chest, held his breath and listened. He thought he detected a faint heartbeat. Unbelieving, he tried again. No doubt about it this time. Vaca soon regained consciousness, sat up, stared vacantly around for a moment, coughed up some water and saying, "Vaca tired, very tired," calmly lay down and went to sleep. Wearily, Jim dragged his harness off, looked over the equipment to see if anything had been lost and, using the pack for a pillow, followed Vaca in sleep.

THE TWO had been on short rations for several days and had had nothing at all to eat the day before. They slept the night through and awoke the next morning with their stomachs demanding food and their bodies stiff and aching. Despite protesting muscles, they started out searching for something edible, anything at all—small game, nuts, berries, snakes, even insects. Almost at once, Jim found a great bull snake and eagerly pounced on it, grabbing it by the neck and dragging it jubilantly to Vaca for butchering and roasting. Jim quickly got a fire going and soon they were feasting deliciously on undercooked snake meat. Soon gorged, they stretched out for more rest.

Vaca became very uneasy after their near-drowning. It caused him to remember an old legend that evil spirits dwelt in the deep canyon and were quick to take offense at any unauthorized entry. Under the teaching of the mission Fathers, the taboo had sunk into the back of his mind but now it came out of hiding. He decided that such a spirit had pushed Jim off the cliff and also had drawn his own log into the great whirlpool. He was sure that the evil beings would try again and again until they finally succeeded. Jim argued that there were no such things as evil spirits but even if there were, the God of the mission Fathers would protect them. Vaca was filled with doubt and wanted to leave the canyon but Jim was so adamant in his refusal that the Indian gave in. He expected to die but he had become so devoted to Jim that he would risk dying with him.

A few days later an extremely violent thunderstorm broke over the canyon. Possibly storms as violent as these occur elsewhere in this country but it would be difficult to convince anyone who has been through such a canyon storm that any do. They are noisy beyond description. Nor is that all. In such a storm heavy winds are carrying the rapidly condensing raindrops around and around and over and over at length to pour them down in a deluge which is almost like a waterfall.

Jim and Vaca were able to take refuge under an overhanging ledge, an excellent vantage point from which to watch the play of the lightning and the rush of water pouring down over the cliffs and washing even sizeable chunks down into the river. Jim took full advantage of it, closely watching everything which took place but Vaca sat with bowed head in tightly hugging arms, expecting momentarily to be struck by the lightning he considered a weapon of the evil spirits inhabiting the canyon. When the storm was over he still sat there and Jim had to shake him to rouse him to the fact of survival. Only then did Vaca begin to doubt the power of the evil spirits.

They now came to the most difficult stretch of the great canyon. Wanting no more adventures with whirlpools or rough water they reconnoitered every rapid carefully, choosing even the most difficult of detours in preference to running any which looked at all dangerous. In this, Vaca, despite his great skill with a log, was the more timid of the two. Possibly his near-drowning had undermined his self-confidence. Such caution made their progress slow—that, and the scarcity of anything edible. Food was now practically limited to the small elusive rock lizards and an occasional snake.

It was during this period that Jim had a most frustrating experience. He was hunting for snakes in a jumble of huge rocks in a rather wide area between the river's edge and the base of the cliff when suddenly came the unmistakable chatter of a rock squirrel. Jim wanted that squirrel desperately. It would make a decent meal for the two of them. Cautiously he worked his way along until he located the chatterer sitting on a spire some thirty feet above the surrounding rocks. Jim crawled into easy range, fitted an arrow to the bow, took careful aim and let go. The arrow flew true and pierced the squirrel's body. Jim started forward with a happy yell which died to a croak as a hawk neatly picked the falling prize out of the air and soared off down the canyon with it, arrow and all.

The farther the two progressed down the canyon, the scarcer wild life became because of the extreme scantiness of vegetation. It was a wilderness of rock, the dust of decayed and weathered stone—which even with adequate water would grow little vegetation. The canyon was simply a barren waste, beautiful in its grandeur but terrible in its awful nakedness.

GRADUALLY Jim and the Apache reached near starvation. They had been seriously undernourished for many, many days and entirely without food for two. They were nearing the end of the great canyon but, of course, had no hint of it. That night when they stretched out on a bank of soft sand to get some needed rest, they were almost without hope. Jim knelt and prayed. Vaca hesitated, then joined in timidly. Afterward Jim lay looking up into the star-rich sky between the canyon walls, and was just sinking into sleep when he was aroused by the shrill yelping of a coyote. Vaca woke too and listened intently. Jim thought it might be an Indian giving some kind of a signal but Vaca said, "That no Indian, that coyote." Hope swept over them, for where there were coyotes, there was small game. Juan Vaca was at last convinced that the God of the mission Fathers was really all-good and all-powerful.

The next morning Jim woke just at daylight, happened to look diagonally upward along the cliff and stared a moment in disbelief. A nice, fat coyote was crouched comfortably on a ledge, apparently looking down at him. He expected it to slip away instantly but it didn't, so moving slowly and cautiously, Jim reached for the bow kept conveniently at his side, fitted one of the only two remaining arrows to it, brought it up slowly, took deliberate aim and let go. The arrow flew straight and the coyote collapsed off its narrow perch. Jim jumped up with a wild whoop and struggled up over the tangle of rocks as rapidly as his weakened condition would permit. Vaca, wakened by the yell, struggled after Jim, calling, "What, what?"

They blunted the keen edge of their hunger with raw coyote flesh, later finishing their meal on coyote steak roasted in the coals, strong and still tough but to them delicious. The next two days were spent resting and eating and turning the remaining coyote meat into jerky. Then on they traveled, happy in the hope that they were nearing the end of the canyon.

By then Jim had become so confident of his skill at log riding that he gave most of his attention to the scenery and little to the river. Vaca noticed and at a stop to eat, voiced a warning but Jim passed it off with, "I'm careful enough; anyway God is watching over me."

"Maybe Great White God want Jim now."

Even with his overconfidence, Jim might have escaped his final adventure had he not been admiring a particularly interesting rock formation and failed to notice a vicious rapid until he was well into it and helpless in its grasp. It ended with a steep rush into a great swirling pool. The front end of Jim's log nosed deep and carried its passenger under a huge wave.

Vaca, following not far behind, saw Jim disappear. He rode the rapid and saw the riderless log reappear a little distance downstream. The Indian steered his log toward it and bobbed along with the prevailing current watching intently for a swimming Jim but there was none. Vaca knew diving would be useless for the water was too muddy. He rode that pool and a stretch of the smoothly flowing stream below it for hours, searching for Jim's body, giving up only when darkness made further efforts useless.

When morning came, Vaca made a last search around the pool before continuing his way downstream. He came out of the canyon the next day, stopped at a favorable place to get some food, and then went on. When he reached the mouth of the Gila, he noticed a flock of vultures feeding on something the receding water had evidently lodged on some boulders near the riverbank. It proved to be the half-devoured body of a man—Jim.

Vaca reverently gathered up the pitiful remains, carried them to a level spot against the foot of a nearby cliff, stretched them out as best he could, feet together. arms across the half-eaten ab-

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domen, empty eye sockets staring upward, stood a moment recalling a prayer he had learned at the mission, and knelt and said it. Vaca then laboriously gathered rocks and boulders and built a long mound adequate to protect his friend's bones from predators. At last he turned away, saying, "Jim's God has him now."

Jim Patton undoubtedly was the first white man to make a passage of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. But in no way does his accomplishment detract from the splendid feat of the Major and his men, for Patton did not live to tell about it.

Reasons to Believe in Dreams

(Continued from page 58)

up, Whitey kidded, "O. K., Turner, you asked me to tell you when to get out. Well, this is the time."

"Oh yeah, and me with aces wired back to back and you with a nine and a four? You can't straighten that!" was Turner's answer.

"But they're all puppie toes (clubs) and I've got one in the hole," Whitey told him.

"Well, in a case like this, it's gonna cost you two bales of cotton to draw to that flush," Turner replied as he counted out five twenty-dollar bills and put them into the pot.

"Yes, but suppose I doubt you've got aces wired; in fact I doubt if you've got a pair, and my pair will beat what I see. Now if we both help, my two pair or three of a kind would beat anything you've got," Whitey reasoned.

"Oh, so you ain't got a club in the hole, huh?" Turner laughed feeling very confident for he did have an ace in the hole, and it would take three of a kind or another pair to beat his aces.

"I'll call you anyhow. Just one more card to go," Whitey said.

I was dealing.

"I want to cut the cards—just a hunch I've got," Turner told me, after he had cut them.

"O. K., now burn two cards, one for each player," Whitey said.

"Shall we see what we got beat out of?" Turner asked Whitey.

"I don't care," Whitey shrugged his shoulders as he answered.

Whitey was on my left, and the first card was a nine of diamonds, making him a pair of nines up.

"Damn, beat out of three nines!" Whitey muttered under his breath.

Turner's card would have been the king of hearts and he would have had kings showing, making him the two highest pairs if he had aces wired, and I was sure that he had.

"Now let's see what I've got to beat. Deal the pasteboard," Turner told me.

"By gosh! I think I made my flush," Whitey said as I turned the jack of clubs for him. I coudn't figure then if he had his flush or not; he was a smooth player and hard to out-guess, but I was sure that he was going to play it as if he had a flush, whether he had it or not.

"And you told me to get out! Well I'll check and let you bust your thumb. I'm forcing you to a club in the hole to beat me, and you know that you ain't got it," Turner said.

"I warned you to get out and you wouldn't listen to me, so now it's going to cost you a bundle to see if I did or didn't." Whitey started counting twenties one by one dropping them into the pot. "—One hundred and twenty, one hundred and forty, one hundred a—," he was interrupted by Turner.

"Whitey, you can't take any of that back that you've dropped into the pot; that's all mine," Turner said nervously.

Was I ever glad that I didn't have to make the decision on whether to call him or not, I thought.

"The pot ain't yours. It depends if you —," Whitey swallowed hard and cleared up his throat and corrected himself, "—who wins," he finished.

"I ain't quit counting. I can make it more if I want to, can't I?" He didn't wait for Turner to answer but quickly dropped three more twenties on the stack, as if he thought it was very important that he complete his bluff.

"I'd bet more, but you'd be a fool to call even this much. Two hundred is a lot of jack, and you know that I could have a club in the hole."

I will confess I was confused at the way he had bet, and guess I would have done just what Turner did.

"I've got to call you," was all that Turner said as he matched Whitey's bet. "Win, lose or draw, this is my last hand for tonight," Turner stated.

"Well, you can't say that I didn't warn you right from the jump," was Whitey's jubilant remark as he turned over the queen of clubs!

"You can give a fellow luck and anything will do for brains," Turner said as the door closed behind him.

"O. K., GLASSY, it's too late to go to bed now. I'll butt heads with you for a while," Whitey offered.

"Friend, you should know you can't beat me at anything you can name, and especially playing me heads up," I told him.

"Well, this is the best time in the world to find out about that," he said.

It was five in the morning and I was dog tired. It didn't seem like my eye opener was helping one bit. I think I dreaded to play after watching that last hand, and I was as nervous as an old chicken hen with a brood of goslings at a waterhole. I kept thinking, "Don't press your luck too far, Glassy." It was more money than I had had in a long time, and that long hard sledding that I'd had all year warned me to let well enough alone, while the luck that Whitey had had, gave him a shot in the arm. His flame was burning high, and mine was all but out!

I think the only thing that kept me going was his razzing, and I didn't want to be called a coward. And then down deep was still the thought of my dream. But in it there had been a crowd of men, as I remembered, and now there was just the two of us.

"Ain't there a new deck of cards here somewhere?" Whitey asked.

"I think so. Want to use them?"

"Sure, why not? I like the feel of a new deck; they're easier to shuffle," he said. While I was stripping and shuffling the new pack, Whitey was counting his winnings.

"How much are you ahead?" I asked after he had finished counting.

"Eighteen hundred and seven dollars winner. How much are you ahead, Glassy?"

"I thumbed through mine while you and Turner was playing that last hand and I'm twelve hundred and ninety-five ahead, not counting what I paid G. B."

"Glassy," Whitey said suddenly, "I'll match your stack and the winner take all!"

"Are you crazy? Your luck and my skill, I'd be a fool to do that, but I'll tell you what I will do—you keep your nest egg and I'll keep mine, just play our winnings."

"No soap. I want to send you home singing the blues, and if you've got any guts I'll prove that I can do it. Whole hog or nothing. What do you say?"

"Let's go to Dad Merrick's and have breakfast first," I suggested, still wishing that we could quit.

"I've got my breakfast right here in this jug! What are you trying to do—crawfish?" He looked at me with red-rimmed eyes.

"You're sure you're not too drunk to play, Whitey?" I needled him.

"Don't take pity on me, for I sure don't intend to show you any mercy," was his quick reply, and I knew that I had kidded him enough, at least for a while.

"O. K., deal the cards."

"Cut for the deal, and the dealer antes a dollar. Let's make this short and sweet," he said.

WHITEY won the deal. G. B. had just woke up and was stretching, and I asked him if he would go get some coffee.

"Sure, Glassy, I was just going to get breakfast and I'll bring you back a cup. How about you, Whitey, you want me to bring you one?" G. B. asked.

"O. K." was his gruff reply.

The first few hands were played kinda cautious, and the pots were small. Then Whitey caught me trying to run a whizzer and got a forty-dollar pot.

"I've got your number now, Glassy," he grinned.

He was a good player but if you could get him rattled just a little bit you could read him like a book. He had been real lucky in drawing out on me with the last card. More than once I'd have the best hand until that last card. At that, I was slowly gaining on him but I was afraid to press because of his dang luck.

Next to the last hand I got a pair of fives and had him beat but on the last he made a pair of tens, the last card! And I was dealing!

That last hand, I'll never forget it! He was dealing; my first card up was a trey and his was a deuce. I bet three dollars and he raised me two. My second card paired my trey, and he paired his duece. The cards of my dream! I knew that I was going to win this hand, and with him dealing.

"It's going to cost you to draw out on

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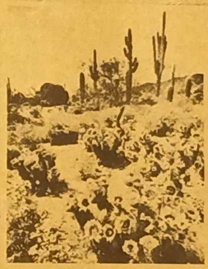
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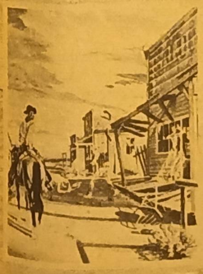
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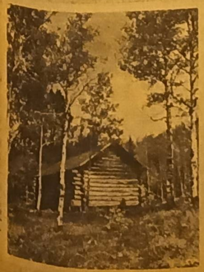
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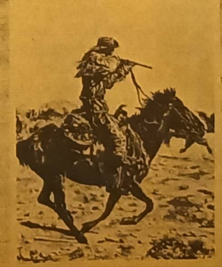
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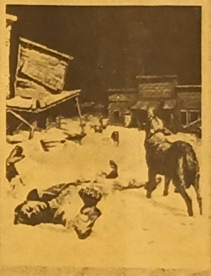
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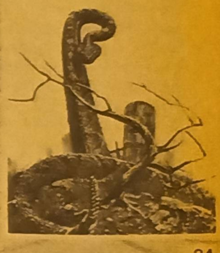
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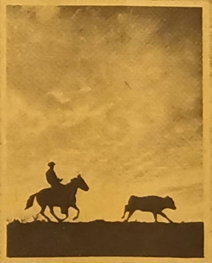
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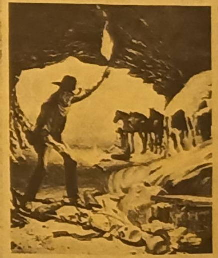
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me this time," I said as I fingered the stack of bills in front of me, and then hesitated as if I had got cold feet, but I dropped a twenty into the pot.

"I've already got your treys beat," he lied, and added, "and to prove it I'll raise you two bills." He slowly counted out two hundred and twenty dollars and put it on top of the stack.

"Something tells me that you're lying to an old poker buddy and to find out I'll just call that," I said as I matched his bet and put it on top of the fast-growing stack in the center of the table. And then I had the funniest feeling—it sent a chill over me—I was risking all of this money on a dream! He could very easily have three deuces or could, as he had been doing all night, draw out on me! The other two dreams had come true. Was I a fool to believe in the third?

"If I ketch anything crooked going on I'll stomp a young mud hole in somebody's fanny as big as a wagon wheel." I tried to act as if it was a forced grin, as I said that, and he was eating it all up, happy as could be.

As he was dealing the third card up, G. B. kicked on the door and someone let him in, after checking to see who it was. I made a small bet as G. B. set a cup of coffee by each of us and when Whitey called and said, "I'll raise you the size of the pot."

G. B. whistled and said, "Poker's gone up since I've been gone."

"Oh, Glassy thinks I'm lying to him. I told him that I've got him beat, but he won't listen. He's throwing his money around like a drunk man," Whitey replied.

Well, I had gone too far to back out now, so I had to raise again to give him a chance to raise my bet. I didn't want to scare him out, so I said, "Whitey, are you pulling my leg? I'll just see if you are. I'll raise you twenty more."

"Another twenty?" he bellowed. "Are you afraid to lose your money? I'll—"

Before he could finish, I butted in. "There's still another card to show and anything can happen."

"I don't need any more to beat you," he lied.

"Are you going to talk or play? You haven't called my last twenty-dollar bet yet," I badgered him.

"I'll call your miserable twenty and raise you all of this!" He was grandstanding now for our audience (several of the fellows who had been asleep in the back room were up now and watching), and he was trying to force me out. He started to push his entire stack into the center of the table.

"Hold on! How much are you betting?" I tried to act mad. "I just might want to call you! I want to know how much you got in that wad. I don't want you to say, 'There was so much,' and then be taking back a bunch. You know I ain't got enough to cover all you got."

"I'm bettin' all you've got!" It was plain now that he was trying to force me out and was using his big roll to do it and was getting madder than hell at me. "How much you got?" he asked.

"Seven hundred and forty dollars?" he asked after he had watched me count it and then put that amount into the pot.

"Yes," I said with a lump in my throat, and kinda wishing he wouldn't raise anymore.

"Kiss your money goodbye and shove it into the pot. I've been wanting all night to send you home talking to yourself," he sneered.

"How much would the pot be worth if I called?" I asked.

"Put your money in and when I win it I'll count it and let you know," he answered.

"There would be $3,487 counting the ante," a bystander answered.

"Deal, Whitey, I'll call you. The betting is all over," I told him as I pushed all I had into the stack.

He didn't pick up the deck, just took the few silver dollars that was on top of the pack, dropped them on the pile of bills, then took the top card and turned it face up on my hand. No help. Still just a pair of treys.

But his card didn't show any help, either! "Glassy, I can't beat your treys." Whitey got up and left the room without another word, leaving his coffee untouched, and my fantastic third dream had come true!

Lost Whitehorse Hills Mine

(Continued from page 29)

The next morning in bright sunlight Lindel inspected the ground for tracks. Not finding any bristled his hackles. For that matter he had not seen the tracks of any horse in the hills; only those of wild game. From then on Lindel was spooked. He grew nervous and on edge trying to figure out the spectre. The idea occurred that some demented man had become a hermit in the Whitehorse Hills and had trained a gentle horse. Yet Lindel remained there and was visited twice more by the apparition. As before, no tracks were left on the ground.

"Yesterday I was in the hole," Lindel stated as he neared the end of his astonishing account. "Suddenly it caved in on me! Rock breaking apart gave warning for me to get out and I barely made it, crawling out through the sheared-off rubble before the top collapsed! When I got outside in the open, there was the white horse and rider!"

Lindel tried to say more but began shaking uncontrollably. It required some time to bring him out of his fit. He tried to speak a few words more, telling how he heard an eerie cackle of laughter from the old man before he turned the horse once more with his knees and rode down the slope into oblivion.

Beeson and his neighbors glanced sadly at each other. Lindel had apparently lost his mind. Indeed, he suddenly went berserk screaming, "Old Redfield has come back a spook to protect his mine from everybody!" Blubbering incoherently, Lindel had to be secured to keep him from running amuck and endangering himself.

Beeson and two of the other homesteaders hauled him to town in a wagon. The sheriff's office took charge, summoning a doctor. The man was deranged, the medico decided, but not dangerous enough to be confined if he had any close relatives to care for him.

The ragged clothing was searched after Lindel had been given a sedative. A letter was found from a brother in California which had reached him in Flagstaff. The sheriff also found a tobacco pocket tin filled with fine gold recently recovered from crushed quartz.

After a few days Lindel was calmer, but was totally out of his mind. A message from the sheriff summoned the brother who took Lindel back to California. Before the year ended it was learned that Lindel had died in an insane asylum.

BEESON, Roy Hall and George McCormick had talked to Whipple, as had Sandy Donohue, a saloon owner who had seen Redfield many times. Listening to the description of Lindel's "ghost" they were not the least amused. It fitted Redfield exactly.

Meanwhile, homesteaders had gone into the hills and found Lindel's cabin. The supplies were intact and undisturbed. His horse and pack mule were found dead at the base of a vertical cliff. Ground sign showed that at least one rider had been running them when they went over the level rim. They had been choused to it from some distance. Investigation was made but no one was discovered who might have been in the Whitehorse Hills at the time, let alone guilty of the sorry deed of running Lindel's stock over the rim.

Lindel's having raw gold obviously recovered from a mine in the hills sent in searchers with renewed hope. After considerable hunting they failed to find anything resembling a caved-in tunnel.

Only two other searches of importance were made for Redfield's lost mine. George McCormick and his son Melvin, both experienced prospectors, spent various periods searching between 1915 and 1930. In their opinion Slate Mountain was the sole non-volcanic mountain anywhere in the region and most of their prospecting was done there. No evidence of digging was located by them, although they had some indication that it was really there that George Hochderffer had found the ore containing gold and silver.

It is quite certain that the Hochderffer mine, whatever it consisted of, had been disguised and cunningly concealed.

In 1920 George Elliott went partners with a prospecting friend. Repairing the old Redfield cabin on Whitehorse Mountain they lived in it one summer while searching for the lost mine. Considerable quartz was found containing traces of gold and silver, just as Hochderffer had reported many years before. The two veins were about one mile apart.

Two recent incidents have caused interest in the lost mine to blaze up anew. A treasure hunter brought ore out of the hills assaying $8,000 in gold to the ton. Investigation disclosed that it had either been carried down by man or eroded from some high place into a draw between two hills. Secondly, Ray Gaskon, a homesteader in the area a good many years ago, returned to the Whitehorse Hills for a last look. While living in another state he got to thinking over what he knew about the lost mine. On one of his deer hunting trips onto Whitehorse Mountain he once had found an outcropping. Curiously, the top had broken into huge slabs and fallen outward in one place. At the time of discovery he had not wondered whether the cause was natural or the rocks blasted down.

Thinking it over after the passage of years, Gaskon could not resist the urge to return and ascertain the cause. When he did, what appeared to be a drill hole in one block convinced him the mass had been blasted.

Did the big slabs conceal a tunnel into the mountain slope? Although Gaskon believed so, he was past eighty years old then and gave no thought to removal of the rock to see what might be in the tunnel. He rode back to Flagstaff and returned to California.

The Whitehorse Hills today are easily reached from U. S. Highway 180, the Grand Canyon route from Flagstaff. The turnoff is twenty-six miles north, in Kendrick Park onto a national forest road where a marker points toward Saddle Mountain and Deadman Flat.

On entering Kendrick Park, Whitehorse Mountain and the surrounding hills are visible to the right, with the San Francisco Peaks in the background. Whitehorse Mountain is instantly recognizable because of the white streak, or blotch, on the summit.

Whitehorse Hills and Whitehorse Mountain do not appear on the most detailed maps. The Whitehorse Springs shown on National Forest maps is far south of the original one. Many years ago the one concerned in the lost mine account quit running and has disappeared entirely. At no time has the place been found where the crushed quartz was panned at a waterhole or small lake. But some day it will be, and the discoverer will have a direct lead to the lost mine.

Thresher Men!

(Continued from page 43)

Lane and here. They have a new church bell on the Congregational Church in Lane. It can be heard over the entire surrounding area in the evening, and on a clear, moonlit night it's an inspiring sound, yet it makes me homesick for the family.

Sunday, May 9, 1909

I was offered, and have accepted, the job of Russian representative for International Harvester Company. Will be leaving the U. S. next month to assume my new duties. I'll miss these wide-open spaces of central South Dakota, my comrades, and the bronze grain fields. Maybe someday I will return.

EPILOGUE

And he did return—twenty years later—to find only ghosts of the business firms and most of the towns mentioned in his diaries. The people he had known were gone, as was the Old Carlton House—and the Willard Hotel, he wrote in later years, was a "sagging, windowless skeleton of a once cozy hostelry."

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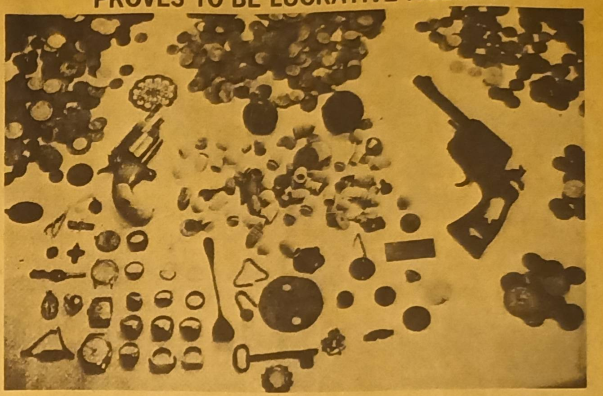

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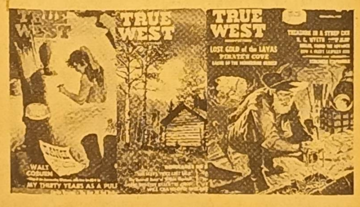

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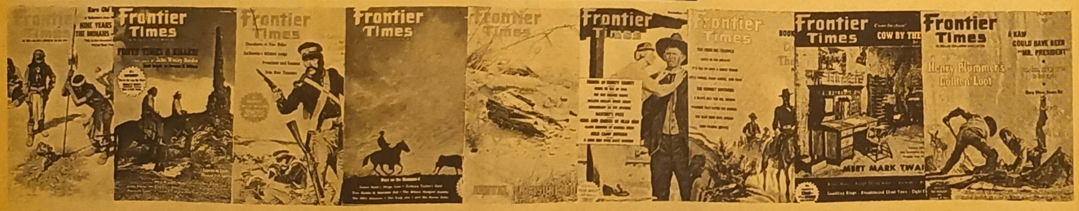

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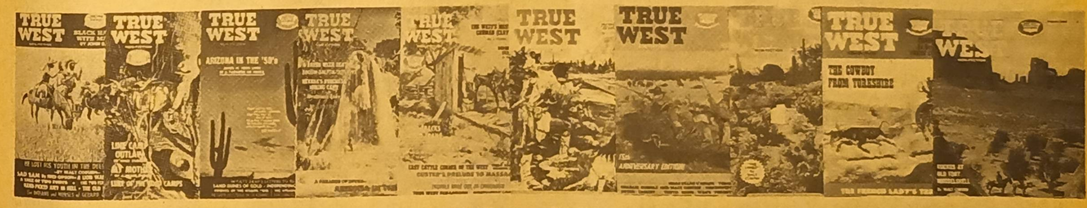

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White Treasure of the Desert

(Continued from page 49)

skinner and swamper guided the procession of horses, mules, and wagons over the rough trail, using a long bull whip supplemented by pebbles thrown at lagging animals. The trip took four days and was broken by nightly stops at way stations where food was available for the men and water and hay for the horses and mules. In addition to the handicaps of the weather—cold, rains, flash floods in winter months and blistering heat in summer—the caravans were often menaced by renegade Indians.

A great deal has been told and written about the hardships of life in Death Valley before modern highways provided easy access. There is the old story of borax miners having to sleep in running water with their heads on stones to survive the intense heat. Most of these reports were exaggerated. It is true that summer temperatures in this desert region climb as high as 120-130 degrees and that workers and travelers sometimes suffer heat prostration. On the other hand, prospectors who roam the desert and people who are acclimated to living and working there become accustomed to conditions. They learn to protect themselves against the greatest risk—dehydration. The climate, even in the summer season, is healthful for those who become used to it. During fall, winter, and early spring the weather is brisk, clear, invigorating.

THE FIRST DEPOSIT of importance in Death Valley was near Ash Meadows and was acquired in the early 1880s by Smith and his associate, W. T. Coleman. That became the location of the famous Harmony Borax Works. As was true in the earlier operation near Teel's Marsh, the process was more a kind of mineral farming than mining. The calcium borate was drawn by capillary attraction to the surface of dry lake beds where it crystallized into extrusions of interlaced silky crystals resembling cotton balls and commonly called by that name. The "cotton balls" were simply raked into piles, loaded into wagons, and taken to the plant where they were dissolved by boiling in vats. The borax crystallized on rods was scraped off and was then ready for shipment. New cotton balls blossomed out, particularly following winter rains, and the work of raking, loading, transporting, boiling and scraping went on continuously.

The Harmony Borax Works became widely known because of the twenty-mule team trademark of the Pacific Coast Borax Company, but this operation was not as great a financial success as the development at Teel's Marsh. After eight years, Harmony was abandoned in favor of a richer discovery of borate ore in the Calico Mountains, 100 miles to the south. This deposit was found by a wandering silver prospector who picked up and brought in for assay a piece of white rock which proved to be almost pure calcium borate. The miner had heard of Borax Smith and immediately approached him about buying the claim. A deal was made and the ore was named Colemanite after Smith's partner, W. T. Coleman, who suffered financial reverses in the panic of 1887 and died shortly afterward.

Smith acquired the borax interests of his deceased partner, together with full rights to the rich deposit of calcium borate in the Calicos. In 1899, he joined up with British interests in forming a holding company consolidating borax properties all over the world, including mines in such remote regions as Tibet, Turkey, and Peru. Controlling this industrial empire was Smith's Pacific Coast Borax Company, which exploited the Calico deposit by opening the first underground borax mine.

When this mine began running low on ore, Smith turned back to the Death Valley regions and opened the Lila C. Mine. Later on three large borax mines were developed near Ryan called Grandview, Widow, and Biddy McCarthy. Shortly after the turn of the century, a railroad was built to transport the ore. It was called the Tonopah and Tidewater and connected with the Santa Fe at Ludlow, California. The twenty-mule team caravan then became an obsolete method of transportation.

IN THE early years of this century, Borax Smith became a multi-millionaire. His holdings were appraised at over twenty million dollars. He was a man of tremendous physical and mental vitality, with the natural inclinations of a promoter and plunger, and constantly looking for ways to diversify his interests. One of these ventures nearly proved his undoing. He invested a large part of his fortune in a real estate development on the east side of San Francisco Bay in the Oakland and Berkeley areas. In order to promote these land holdings by linking San Francisco with the east bay he borrowed heavily to build and operate the Key Route System of ferry boats and interurban lines. Progress was slow and costly. Eventually, Smith lost all his borax holdings in the forced liquidation that followed. In 1913, at the age of sixty-seven, he was on the verge of bankruptcy.

A man with less vision and self-confidence might have surrendered after this reversal, but Smith was fired with optimism and resourcefulness. He made a lucky strike in a silver mine and used the capital to form a new firm known as the West End Chemical Company. In this operation, borax was obtained from the underground brine of Searle's Lake—the same salt flat which had disappointed so many thirsty pioneers in their travels across Death Valley. West End Chemical was a small enterprise as compared with Borax Smith's former holdings, and he was always on the lookout for a chance to increase his stake.

The opportunity came in 1921 when two grizzled desert rats uncovered a huge deposit of calcium borate at Muddy Mountain about thirty miles south of Las Vegas. They knew of Smith by reputation and telegraphed him about buying their claims. Although he was then in his seventy-fifth year, Smith lost no time in going into action. He caught the next train to Las Vegas and chartered a small airplane to take him to the site of the discovery. Once more in his career, prompt action paid off in a big way. He arrived at the camp just ahead of his former associate, Clarence Rasor, who was still with Pacific Coast Borax Company and who was also hurrying to bid on the claims. Smith wrote out a contract on the back of an old envelope, agreeing to pay the prospectors $250,000 for their interests. He then called in geologists and engineers to appraise the value of the deposit. Their estimate was around twenty million dollars.

SMITH was again on the road to wealth. In the late twenties, he was rated a millionaire. During later years, deposits of calcium borate were abandoned for other borates easier and less expensive to process. Operations at Searle's Lake expanded and another huge deposit of borax mineral was found on the Mojave Desert only a few miles from the railroad.

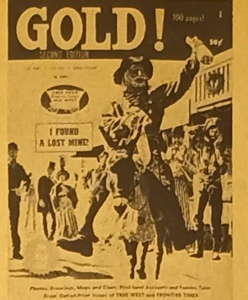
Uses of borax have developed far beyond its earlier functions as a food preservative, weed killer, cleansing agent, and in the making of glass and pottery glazes. Its use as a food preservative was curtailed when experiments by the Department of Agriculture disclosed it might not be too good for people. Further research has also caused manufacturers of pharmaceuticals to cut down on amounts of boric acid in dusting powders and other such products. In concentration, borax is deadly to plant life but, paradoxically, it encourages growth of vegetation when used in diluted form and is employed to some extent as a fertilizing agent.

Boron was first produced in crystal form in 1941. The crystals are of a dull metallic color and are nearly as hard as diamonds. When ground to a fine powder, this substance is jet black, contrasting with the white salts in which it is found. Metallurgists have found uses for boron in the making of special steels. It is far cheaper than manganese and is equally effective in some applications. In the form of boron carbide it is one of the hardest materials ever compounded by man, impervious to acids, alkalies, and other corrosives. It is extremely brittle and is used only in specialized equipment such as blast nozzles and measuring gauges.

Of all the new uses of boron, the most interesting and dramatic is in fuels. When added to gasoline, it has a cooling effect on carbon deposits in motors. This decreases pre-ignition, which causes engine knocking. A more spectacular development is the incorporation of boron into fuels used for jet propulsion. Efficiency in jet fuels comes from efficient combustion of hydrogen. Borane fuels yield more B.T.U.s per pound and are easier to handle and less costly to produce. This is why borane fuels are now used as propellants of rockets and missiles.

The name of Borax Smith will always be linked with those who contributed to building the great region beyond the Rockies. His motives were selfish like most of the other master builders, but he was unquestionably a man of exceptional vision, natural ability, initiative and determination. Many pioneers plodded across the salt flats which contained the white treasure of the desert, but Borax Smith was one of the very few who saw the possibilities of borax production and overcame all obstacles in making his dreams come true.

The rattle and creak of twenty-mule team caravans will never again be heard on deserted trails, still rutted in places by the heavily laden wagons. Instead there is the whirr of high speed engines on highways and the whoosh of jet planes far overhead. Yet many of the so-called miracles of our supersonic age found their beginnings in the slower and more tortuous developments of the past, when men like Borax Smith could see the forest in spite of the trees, and could visualize diamonds in sand.



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Alias "Black Jack" Christian

(Continued from page 54)

ed in a wild gorge still known as Black Jack Canyon, with Black Jack Spring running nearby. A quarter of a mile away and just below the cave was Charlie Williams' goat ranch. Williams was a friendly man who played on both sides of the fence—he got along equally well with outlaws and lawmen.

Black Jack and his cohorts remained under cover during the next few months, but they did rob several isolated stores in the outlying districts. Matters, more or less, came to a head on April 27, 1897.

On that date Deputy Sheriff Ben Clark of Clifton was notified that a man from a goat ranch in the vicinity of Harper's sawmill had purchased cartridges at a store in Clifton. Deputy Clark made an investigation which disclosed the fact that Black Jack Christian was the owner of the only gun in that part of the country that shot the size cartridge purchased (.50-95 Winchester Express).

Clark had strongly suspected that the goat ranch was a hideout for Black Jack and his gang and had watched it for some time. That night at 8:30 he was notified that the gang that day had been in the vicinity of the goat ranch. He at once informed W. T. Johnson ("Crookneck" or "Crickneck" Johnson), deputy sheriff at nearby Morenci, who came to Clifton immediately.

William Hart and Charles Paxton were deputized, and the four deputy sheriffs, in company with Deputy U. S. Marshal Fred Higgins, started for the goat ranch. They arrived at 8:30 a.m. on the 28th and lay in waiting in a rough canyon 200 yards above the ranch house and about the same distance from where the gang was known to be sleeping. It was expected that the outlaws would come down the canyon to breakfast about daylight.

At dawn the posse decided to move down the canyon toward the house. The men had not ridden more than one hundred yards when Black Jack and two companions appeared behind the posse, not over seventy yards to the rear and passing within twelve feet of where Deputies Clark and Johnson had first taken their stand.

"There they are!" shouted Paxton, who was the first to see them.

The outlaws drew their guns. Deputy U. S. Marshal Higgins threw himself on the ground and fired while the outlaws were still advancing. As Higgins shot, Black Jack and his companions turned to run and each of the other deputy sheriffs fired. Outlaw William Christian was shot in the side above the right hip, the ball coming out about two inches higher on the opposite side. He took about twenty steps and fell in the brush where he afterwards was found dead.

The possemen for a while did not know whether their fire had been effective or not, as the outlaws disappeared in the thick brush and rocks and it was not deemed prudent to follow them and risk being ambushed. A party from the goat ranch discovered Christian's corpse later and notified the posse.

The posse arrived in Clifton with Black Jack's body on the evening of April 29, 1897 and an inquest was conducted the next day.

There have been many versions of how Black Jack Christian met his death, but the one that has just been presented seems to be the most accepted.

The inquest aroused doubt that the dead outlaw was William Christian. There were those who said the body which was returned to Clifton was that of one Black Jack Barrett, another minor criminal of the time. But one Arizona pioneer has stated: "A positive mark to identify Black Jack (Christian) by was the little finger on his right hand. He had been shot on the end of the little finger and the bullet had followed the bone, stripping the flesh clear. From lack of medical aid it never grew back, leaving the finger half bent and stiff and it had the appearance of being flat and thin. The picture taken of him, after he was dead, hung in the Solomonville jail. It was as natural as could be of Black Jack."

Express companies and postal authorities sent men to Clifton to conduct an investigation. But rewards amounting to thousands of dollars were never paid, for it was not definitely proven that the outlaw who was killed on that day in April 1897 was indeed William "Black Jack" Christian.

(The body in question was buried in the Clifton cemetery on April 30, 1897. If it still remains there it must repose in an unmarked grave, as I could find no trace of it on my visit there.)

Mr. Matt Danenhauer, Clerk of the County of Greenlee Board of Supervisors, Clifton, Arizona, has stated, "Unfortunately, there are no official records available in Greenlee County to verify his [William Christian's] death and burial. A number of years ago several old-timers, now deceased, informed me that death and burial records were not officially kept during this period of time and there are no records available prior to the year 1900."

WHETHER or not Black Jack Christian died and was buried in April 1897, his name lived on. This was due to an outlaw who drifted into Arizona in September 1897 from Tom Green County, Texas via San Diego, Texas and Kingston, New Mexico. One day Tom Ketchum rode into the little mining town of Bisbee. (Other reports give the town as Pearce.) He looked a little like Black Jack Christian, both men being large and dark, and was engaged in the same occupation. Being informed that William Christian was now presumably dead, Tom Ketchum declared that from then on he would be known as "Black Jack."

According to pioneer reminiscences the new Black Jack gang consisted of Tom Ketchum, the leader, dark and large; Sam Ketchum, his brother, blue-eyed and light-haired; Will Carver, who had worked for the Erie Cattle Company before turning outlaw; and Dave Atkins. They were quite different from the Christian gang. They did not mix. They did not have anything to say. All they wanted was to be left alone. Cowboys called them "The Snaky Four" because they were like a snake. If they got riled up they would not run from anybody, but would strike and strike hard. It was most unwise to interfere with them, but they kept to themselves and did not bother the ranchers and the ranchers did not bother them.

It was only a matter of a few years before Tom Ketchum and the rest of the Snaky Four were fast in the steel jaws of the law. Ketchum was hanged at Clayton, New Mexico Territory, on April 1, 1901. The days of the western outlaw, with pistols blazing and riding fiercely ahead of the determined posse, were becoming a thing of the past.

The Middle Years of Bob Meldrum

(Continued from page 38)

than once used his .44 to convince some cowboy he'd had enough to drink. But he didn't kill anyone until he and young Chick Bowen tangled. Bowen, a twenty-eight-year-old, good-looking cowboy was working at the Lower Figure 4 Ranch. Some say he was acquainted with Meldrum's woman and Bob resented it. One informant thought she was Chick's sister, but that's doubtful.

For some reason Bob resigned as marshal and was preparing to leave the country. Chick picked that day to come into Baggs with two cowhands, Slats Humphrey and George Salisbury, from the Figure 4. The boys had dinner and a few drinks at the Inn Hotel. As they left, walking up the middle of the dusty street, they shattered the stillness with some lusty cowboy yells. Mayor Penland asked Bob to quiet the boys and, although he was no longer the law in Baggs, Meldrum pocketed a .32 calibre revolver and headed uptown.

He accosted the three unarmed men and demanded to know who was making all the racket. Bowen said he was and Meldrum placed him under arrest. When he grabbed at Chick, the cowboy's big hat fell off; as Bowen bent to retrieve it, Meldrum fired twice.

Bowen was carried into Dr. Condit's drugstore. Meldrum followed, and it is said he told the dying man, "You s-o-b, I told you I would get you!"

Wyoming was familiar with wanton killing but the cold-blooded murder of this harmless and unarmed puncher was just about the limit. Probably the only thing which kept the hotheads from stringing up Meldrum was their great respect for Deputy Jim Davis' gun.

Justice of the Peace Pierson presided over the preliminary hearings. One story states a half-breed Indian, a friend or relative of the part-Cherokee Bowen, sat in the courtroom, gun handy, just in case justice got derailed. But Meldrum was bound over to District Court and released on $18,000 bond, which was subscribed by a dozen or so prominent cattlemen.

While Bob was in custody his woman skipped the country. She confided that she was deathly afraid of the pint-sized killer and had only stayed with him for that reason. A few years later she was seen in Salt Lake City, disclaiming any further desire to link up with her "husband," a man she had learned to fear and hate.

Meldrum left the country for a while but returned in 1916 to face the music. A change of venue to Cheyenne was granted and Bob was found guilty of manslaughter. Five years had dimmed many memories and Meldrum was sentenced on June 28, 1916 to serve not less than five nor more than seven years in the state penitentiary at Rawlins.

Meldrum was paroled almost immediately to William Daley, a prominent rancher of Carbon County. Meldrum worked at Daley's Ranch as harness maker and it was rumored that he even did a little bootlegging on the side.

After he was released from parole, Meldrum set up shop in Walcott, a busy shipping point a few miles east of Rawlins on the Union Pacific. In a building belonging to Rube Vivian he opened his own saddle and harness shop but he did not do well. His explosive temper was too well known. Besides, he seemed to be having periods when he was actually—dangerously—insane.

During the spring of 1929 his harness shop burned to the ground and Meldrum disappeared. Some thought he had been horsewhipped and killed north of Walcott but his body was never found and the rumor remains unsubstantiated.

In 1929 a young fellow named Robert Oak Stroup went to work for the California Fruit Growers' Supply Company in Susanville, California. He dug ditches, replacing cedar pipe with cast iron. On the job he met an irascible old man employed as a steamfitter who lived alone in a cabin by the Susan River. He told young Stroup that he was from Cripple Creek and Telluride. Stroup had only recently been given a copy of Big Bill Haywood's autobiography and he casually mentioned that he had read about Telluride in that book. The old man began to curse ferociously, saying he wished he had killed Haywood and Moyer when he had the chance. When he calmed down, he told the young man that his name was Meldrum. But there is no further trace of him.

Mr. W. L. Beavers, Housing and Employment Manager of Fruit Growers' Supply Company at Susanville, searched company records and was unable to locate any record of Robert Meldrum. The State of California has no record of his death. Neither does Colorado.

Where did he come from? Where did he go? No one seems to know. Bob Meldrum remains "Wyoming's Mysterious Badman."

Captain Black Beaver

(Continued from page 25)

York and New Orleans?" Beaver nodded.

"Well, we have a wire connecting these two cities, which are a thousand miles apart, and would take a man thirty days to ride it on a good horse. Now a man stands at one end of this wire in New York, and by touching it a few times inquires of his friend in New Orleans what he had for breakfast. His friend in New Orleans touches the other end of the wire, and in ten minutes the answer comes—'Ham and eggs.' Tell him that, Beaver."

The Delaware stared at him several moments with a very serious but incredulous countenance. Finally he remarked: "Injun not very smart, but he holler pretty loud; you hear him maybe half a mile. You say 'Merican man talk thousand miles? No, sir, I not tell him that, for I don't believe it myself."

Beaver had his revenge a few days later.

On June 19 they encamped upon a small creek between two mountains, named by the Comanches "Big and Little Tucumcarie" (near present Tucumcari, New Mexico). The expedition had received good treatment in passing through the Comanche country, and a body of these Indians rode in to trade with the emigrants and soldiers.

The colorful spectacle made a lively impression on topographer Lieutenant J. H. Simpson, who reported: "They were all mounted either on full sized American horses, mustangs, mules or ponies. Their dress generally consisted of leggings and moccasins, with a buffalo robe or hand-woven blanket about their loins, and very large rings on their arms and in their ears. Some of the more foppish young men were gorgeously decked in leggings of bright red strouding and blankets extravagantly worked with beads, and wore a cue made of buffalo hair hanging from the back of the head to the ground, garnished consecutively with circular plates beaten out from dollars. A bow clung over the shoulder, and a quiver of arrows attached to their saddle, constituted their only weapons. . . ."

The old chief, Is-sa-ki-ep, professed much love for whites and testified to it by seizing Marcy in his brawny arms and giving him a bruin-like squeeze. Marcy, "for the good of the service," forced himself to submit to it. He was mistaken, however, in thinking the salutation had been completed:

"Again the savage flung his arms around my shoulders, rubbing his greasy face against mine. All of which, Beaver informed me (grinning inwardly) was a signal mark of affection and his utmost expression of friendship and good will."

The Indians followed them into camp, where Marcy repeated the President's desire to be at peace with all his red children. They assured him they loved the emigrants so much it almost broke their hearts. Marcy "gave them some pipes and tobacco, and they went off well pleased."

But the fun had only begun.

Is-sa-ki-ep and about fifty braves returned to the camp next morning, with several women and children. Comanche women were, as in many other wild tribes, the slaves of their lords, and it was common practice for their husbands to lend or sell them to a visitor for two or three days at a time. The women never failed to submit. In case of disobedience, their husbands did not hesitate to punish them by cutting off an ear or nose. Judging the specimens before him, covered with filth and dirt, their hair cut close to the head and features ugly to the extreme, Marcy thought them "the most repulsive-looking objects of the female kind on earth."

The Indians renewed their promises of friendship, which Marcy received with a "semblance of confidence." Nevertheless, he was no less vigilant in the care of the livestock. He gave them an ox, which they slaughtered at once with an arrow.

The council concluded, Marcy mixed a glass of brandy toddy which he offered to the chief. Is-sa-ki-ep tasted the beverage, puckered his lips, then passed it around the entire circle. Again he assured the colonel that the emigrants would not be molested.

Shortly after, Marcy observed Black Beaver in "quite an animated conversation" with the old chief and summoned him to inquire what they were discussing. Almost all the 500 emigrants and soldiers were collected around the circle, all ears for everything that transpired.

"He say," Beaver replied, pointing to two squaws seated nearby, "he bring you two wife."

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Marcy flushed, and a titter swept through the assembly.

"Tell him," the colonel said, recovering from his embarrassment, "that this is not in accordance with the customs of the white people; that they only have one wife at home, and are not at all disposed to marry others abroad."

Beaver interpreted this to Is-sa-ki-ep. After another brief consultation, Beaver told Marcy, "He say, sir, you the strangest man he ever see; every man he seen before, when he been travelin' long time, the fust thing he want, *wife*."

MARCY was deeply interested in Black Beaver. Leaving the emigrant train at Santa Fe, he explored south along the Rio Grande to Dona Ana and returned northeastward, across the Pecos and lower Llano Estacado, to Indian Territory and Arkansas. While bivouacked one night with Beaver, he asked him if he were married.

After a long pause, the Delaware looked up and, giving his forefinger a twirl to imitate the throwing of a lasso, replied, "One time me catch 'um wife. I pay one hoss—one saddle—one bridle—two plug tobacco, and plenty goods. I take him to my house—got plenty meat—plenty corn—plenty everything. One time me take a walk, maybe so two-three hours. When I come home, that womans he say, 'Black Beaver, what for you go way long time?' I say, 'I not go nowhere; I just take little walk.' Then that womans he get heap mad, and say, 'No, Black Beaver, you not take no little walk. I know what for you go way—*see nodder one womans*.' I say, 'Maybe not.' Then that womans he cry long time, and all e'time now he mad. You never see 'Merican womans that way?"

Marcy sympathized deeply with his friend in distress and told him white women were no different.

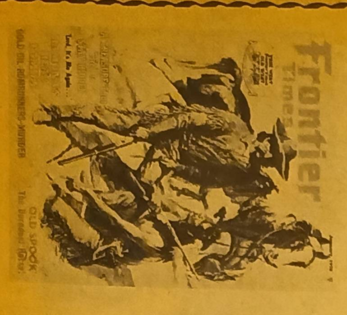
"What you do for cure him?" Beaver asked. "Whip him?"

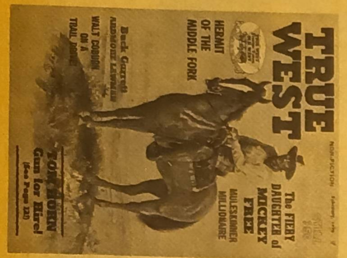
Marcy said he did not think these chronic and vexatious complaints could be benefited by such treatment, even when administered in homoeopathic doses. "I believe it is now admitted by all sensible men that it is better to let nature take its course and trust to merciful Providence."

Beaver looked dejected. Finally, he brightened up again and remarked triumphantly: "I tell you, my friend, what I do; when I go home, I ketch 'um nodder wife."

He remained with Marcy, however, until the colonel had established Fort Arbuckle near Wild Horse Creek, a few miles west of Washita—most Chickasaws had moved out into their "district" and shooting soldiers were needed where the Plains tribes were pestering their newer settlements. After that he assisted the army in exploring the country lying upon the headwaters of the Canadian, Trinity, Brazos and Colorado Rivers of Texas, heretofore a *terra incognita*.

In 1852, when Major George Anderson and his troops of the 7th Infantry assumed command at Arbuckle, and Marcy went to Fort Washita to prepare





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for his expedition up the Arkansas, Beaver decided to quit roaming the West. He took a permanent wife and chose a tract of land near Arbuckle, where other Delawares were then living.

When Lieutenant A. W. Whipple visited the fort in 1853, hoping to employ him for an exploring party seeking a railroad route westward from Fort Smith, he found Beaver in his cabin, sitting cross-legged, smoking his pipe, in perfect tranquility.

"He was a meager-looking man of middle size," Whipple reported. "His long black hair framed a face that was clever, but which bore a melancholy expression of sickness and sorrow, though more than forty winters could not have passed over it."

Beaver refused the lieutenant's proposal, but admitted it was more money than he had ever been offered.

Three days of pleading were in vain. "I have accompanied 'Mericans in great war—I have brought home more scalps from hunting trips than you can lift—I have seen Pacific Ocean seven times and should like to see salt water once more; but I am ill and might die and be buried away from my people," Beaver said.

Whipple finally discovered the real reason was that his wife opposed his leaving her and their young son for so long a time. All he received was advice from the canny guide.

It was different when Lieutenant Arthur D. Free of the 2nd Dragoons, with a detachment of twenty men, arrived at Arbuckle March 13, 1854, on a hunt for Indians who had murdered Colonel Jesse Stern, Indian agent, on the Brazos. Black Beaver was sent for and soon learned from some Kickapoos that a member of their tribe, Sa-kok-wah, and a half-breed had committed the murder. The savages were captured and slain by their own people.

AS BEAVER'S reputation spread, more explorers and travelers sought him out. He didn't mind interpreting and giving advice, but long journeys were taboo. Besides a wife and son, he had two daughters. He had learned to farm and was developing a fine herd of cattle. He also had enlarged his log house and added a front porch and two fireplaces.

The Delawares now regarded him as their leader, and upon him fell the honor of keeping the Great Treaty parchment given them by William Penn and handed down for generations from one leader to another.

The forts across Indian Territory grew. Their detachments ranged far and wide, and the wild Plains tribes were less and less hostile. The "Leased District" had been obtained for them from the Chickasaws, and Beaver, like many other settlers, looked forward to a period of peace and prosperity. Then came rumbles of the Civil War far away in the East. Indian Territory became more and more a powder keg and Beaver grew concerned.

Late in April 1861, he went to consult with Colonel William H. Emory, a cavalry officer whom he had known during the Mexican War, now in command of all troops in the Territory with headquarters at Fort Washita. There he learned that the Southern states had seceded from the Union. As the Chickasaws and Choctaws were slave owners, the garrison was completely surrounded by Southern sympathizers.

Emory had orders to concentrate all forces at Forts Cobb, Washita and Arbuckle at the latter and withdraw them en masse, but already 4,000 Rebels from Texas were marching directly on the garrison and 2,000 were moving to strike his flank from Arkansas. The only chance for his comparatively small command was to take to the open prairies northwest. Guides were essential, but none of the Indians "upon whom the government had lavished its bounty" would aid him. Beaver volunteered.

"I need not say how invaluable was his service and great his sacrifice," Emory wrote. "He was the first to give me the information by which I was enabled to capture the enemy's advance guard, the first prisoners captured in the war."

Without the loss of a man, horse or wagon, Black Beaver led his 750 soldiers and 150 non-combatants across the Cherokee Outlet and the site of present Wichita to the safety of Fort Leavenworth. So hasty had been the departure there had been no time to return to his family, his farm well stocked with horses and cattle, and fields of corn. He had even left behind his most precious possession—the Penn parchment.

Beaver started back to the Washita. En route he met bands of Wichitas and Delawares and his own family fleeing the Confederate invasion. The slave-holding Chickasaws and Choctaws and the Texans, they told him, were burning buildings and confiscating property of Indians loyal to the Union. His home had been reduced to ashes, including the Penn parchment.

Beaver turned back with his people to Kansas, where he and 170 Delaware warriors joined a militia company for the duration. Although Emory and several of his officers testified to the old Delaware's patriotism, the only compensation he received from the Federal government was a small per cent of his actual loss.

He was still in Kansas in 1866 when the Delaware tribe was informed that by remaining in the Sunflower State they would automatically become United States citizens. This would cost them their headrights.

Beaver suggested an alternative—move into the Cherokee Nation. At the close of the war, (the Union, considering the Cherokees sympathetic to the South, had imposed upon them the provision that they must admit "friendly and civilized tribes" into their boundaries. The Delawares quickly began negotiations.

A delegation representing both tribes went to Washington. Black Beaver accompanied the chiefs as spokesman. An agreement was reached whereby 985 registered Delawares became Cherokee citizens with equal rights and land totaling 157,600 acres.

Many other members of the tribe, under the informal title of "absentee" Delawares, chose to return to the Washita where they had lived before the war. They were moved to the Washita reserve near Anadarko. Beaver and his family went with them.

AT AGE SIXTY-ONE, Beaver made a new start. Agent William B. Hazen, writing the Indian Bureau in 1869, stated: "He has a large farm under cultivation, lives in a very comfortable manner, and has good, substantial frontier buildings. He is respected by all Indians who know him, and his influence with them is always good. He is a Christian [he had joined the Baptist Mission church], and tries to do what is right in the sight of God and toward his fellowmen."

Beaver did what he could to encourage belligerent tribes to accept reservation life. He interpreted for every agent and missionary in the Territory, made oral translations of the Bible, and was in demand as a speechmaker.

He had no time for regrets and resentments and did not believe in pacification. As a delegate to the International Indian Council at Okmulgee in 1870, where an inquiry was made into the conduct of the Kiowas and Comanches who had been making raids into Texas, Beaver criticized the speeches of the delegates from Five Civilized Tribes as being too mild. He proposed to talk "plainly and brutally" to the wild Indians.

At the International Council at Anadarko in August 1872, he pleaded with all tribes present to "make one road and travel it":

> **My red brethren just like wild ones [here pointing to the Kiowas and Comanches]. They say to United States, 'Here my war hatchet; no more war,' then break treaty. At that time Indians had mighty good chiefs [meaning Satank and Satanta]; they dead now, but young chiefs all here to carry out same provisions—'Keep war hatchet buried. . .' We all want peace among ourselves and with United States. We want our country; we love it all here together. Well now after we make friends, all of us, no more bad, then we are no more afraid to go anywhere; go all over United States; meet white man; he ask what tribe you from; we tell him; he say that is mighty good Indian. We like that. I hope we all united together, all chiefs that's what we want—peace. That much I talk to my brothers.**

He asked all thc Indians to help in getting the Kiowas and Comanches out of trouble and persuade them to make terms with the government. He told them:

> **Good many times I hungry. When I come home, I'm not satisfied. I travel all over western country. I have pretty hard troubles, sometimes have eat mule for month. I did not want to, but have to, to save my life. Then I travel south, settle down, make farm and raise corn. Now I never hungry. I know how to raise corn. I very sorry I didn't began raise corn when young man.**

In January, Black Beaver visited his Quaker agent friend, Lawrie Tatum, at the Kiowa-Comanche Agency. He made a personal appeal to the Indians to stop raiding, send their children to school, settle down and do as the Quakers wished them to do:

> **Quakers your friends; they made treaty with Delawares near 200 years ago, which both parties bound themselves and children after them, to be friends to each other, forever. This treaty never been broken.**

It was the Cheyennes, smarting under the change in their way of life and the extermination of the buffalo by hunters on the Texas plains, who finally broke off their reservation and launched the Indian War of 1874. Beaver was "greatly saddened" but felt some consolation to know that only part of the Kiowas and Comanches and none of the other tribes had joined them.

The war was disastrous to them, as Beaver had predicted. In 1878 thirty-four different tribes were represented at the Grand Council which met at Okmulgee in an effort to form an Indian state with representatives and a governor, a matter they had discussed for eight years. Black Beaver was in great demand as an interpreter.

On June 2, Agent P. B. Hunt of the office of the Kiowa-Comanche and Wichita Agency, Anadarko, wrote the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington: "On the 8th day of May, Black Beaver . . . the most prominent of all Indians belonging to the old Wichita Agency, died suddenly of heart disease . . . . His burial took place the day following his death, and more than 150 persons showed the esteem in which he was held by following his remains to their last resting place. The coffin was borne by Agency employes and other white residents, and the burial services were conducted by the Delawares led by their Seminole preacher."

Black Beaver was a man of stature. Even tribesmen who refused to follow his example of untiring industry and earnest desire to become a useful citizen respected him. He was exceedingly proud of his skin color. But he was first an American.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 23, 1962, SECTION 4369, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF OLD WEST, published quarterly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, 2405 Briargrove, Austin, Texas 78704. Editor: Pat Wagner, 706 Rio Grande, Austin, Texas 78701. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edegcliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 215,175; total copies printed last single issue: 223,000. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 111,016; sales for last single issue through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 115,155. Average paid circulation during last twelve months, mail subscriptions: 7,543; paid circulation, mail subscriptions last single issue: 7,316. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 118,559; total paid circulation last single issue: 122,471. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 1,000; free distribution last single issue: 1,000. Average total distribution during last twelve months: 119,559; total distribution last single issue: 123,471. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 95,616; total number last single issue unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 99,529. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 12, 1969.

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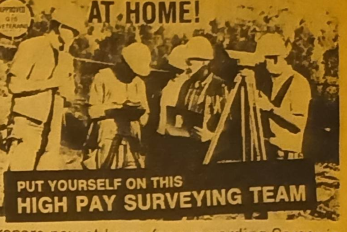

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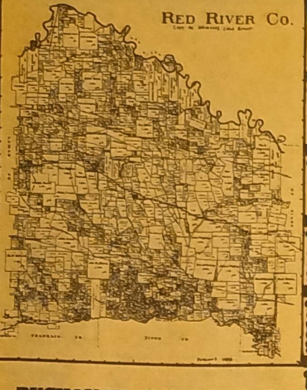

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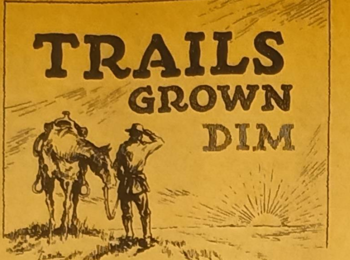

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Jesse Stahl

I am interested in corresponding with anyone knowing Jesse Stahl, the greatest rider I have ever seen. This young colored man rode bucking horses bareback and backwards at an exhibition at Stockton, California about 1914-15. I would appreciate knowledge of his birth, family and present whereabouts.— Stanley E. Halstead, 1204 Oakwood Drive, Arcadia, California 91006

June

I would very much like to hear from any of the June family who went west early and also the ones who went to Canada.—R. M. Carl, Rural Delivery #1, Box 91-A, Athens, New York 12015

Trimble-Norris

I am interested in contacting relatives of Liza Jane Trimble of the Somerset-Trimble area of Kentucky. Liza Jane married Elijah Norris in January 1887. The couple migrated to Texas sometime in the two years following and settled near Bonham. They were my maternal grandparents. Liza Jane had a brother named Ross Trimble.—Mrs. Oliver G. (Rebecca) Sturges, 513 Highlands Drive, DeSoto, Texas 75115

Bill (Doc) Myers-McCoys

I would like to hear from Bill (Doc) Myers, an old buddy of mine from around Kansas City. He had a sister and brother-in-law, Ernest and Goldie Chokey, who lived in South Gate and Huntington Park, California in 1934 and 1935. I met Doc in Texarkana, Arkansas in 1934 and we came to South Gate together.

I would also like to hear from any McCoys or acquaintances who lived around Sallisaw, Bunch or Stillwell, Oklahoma in 1932. I will answer all letters and send postage to anyone who will correspond with me.—Lloyd S. McCoy, 231 Sumner Street, Elsinore, California 92330

Joe Welsh

I would be interested in corresponding with anyone who may have information on Joe Welsh (or Walsh) who disappeared around the early 1900s. He was about to be married to a lady named Marguerite. Does anyone know the Tom Dempsey family, where they lived? Finigans, Donohues, Porters, Rosses and Dempseys are asked to write me. Does anyone know where a "Wilgin" or "Willging" Street is located? All letters will be answered and I'll reimburse your postage.—Bryan J. Dempsey 830 E. Douglas, O'Neill, Nebraska 68763

Johnson and Sarah Day

I am interested in contacting any descendants of Johnson and Sarah Emery Day. I would like to know where they lived prior to their arrival in Gonzales County, Texas in the late 1820s. Jerry Day arrived with them and was killed in the battle of the Alamo. H. J. Day was among the men who fell with Fannin. Their son James and two sons-in-law were with Jack Hays in the Texas Rangers.—Barbara Krueger, 764 Robert Street, Seguin, Texas 78155

Lutcher Edmond Whitman

My father died when I was an infant and I have run out of ways to locate any of my people on his side of the family. The army has lost his records. I would like any information at all on him or any of his relatives. His name was Lutcher Edmond Whitman and he was born in Ponca City, Oklahoma around 1910. When I went to Ponco City I was told that my grandparents were probably traveling westward when he was born and undoubtedly traveled on right away. Any information I cold obtain would be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. Joyce Clemensen, 5573 S. Cypress Road, Sp. 25, Oxnard, California 93030

William F. Burks

I would like to hear from any relative of William F. Burks and his wife Amanda Burks. They were married near 1870 or 1871. Amanda Burks was one of the first women to go the Abilene Cattle Trail or Chisholm Trail. I would appreciate anything anyone can tell me about this couple and their descendants. They are my relatives.—Earl Shepherd, 1003 Grand Avenue, Poplar Bluff, Missouri 63901

Tom Connors Family

I would like to locate anyone who knew of a Tom Connors family who lived at Aspen, Colorado in 1895 and left there about 1899 when the price of silver went down and a lot of mines had to shut down. Tom Connors, an engineer at one of the mines, ran a hoist. He had a son, Billie, about 19 or 20, who worked as a blacksmith or a machinist. Also he had a daughter, Mamie, who was about 14 or 15 and in school. If living, Mamie would be about 84 years old now. Decendants or anyone having information, please write.—Carl Clifford Connors, Box 1036, Petaluma, California 94952

(Continued on page 88)

Rocky Dell: Oasis of Antiquity

(Continued from page 35)

Texas, eight miles west of Adrian. Here drivers can look northward and see the colorful outcrops of their first broken land for many a mile. That is Rocky Dell.

Anyone who ventures two or three miles into the dell will see signs of its ancient popularity as a hostelry, for they are as prominent as today's neon signs at motels along the route west.

FIRST, in point of time, came the buffalo, trailing by thousands to the sparkling pools formed in the rocky creek bed by springs gushing from the surrounding bluffs. Worn into the sandstone rim of the arroyo to a depth which makes it clearly visible today is the path along which buffaloes moved single-file to water. The trail can be followed southward from the cliffs for scores of yards before it fades into the prairie.

Evidence that the Indians followed the buffalo here is in the form of mortar holes along the trail. In these holes Indian women using wooden pestles pounded seeds, roots, berries, nuts, and possibly corn. The numerous mortar holes are worn deep into the rock, an unmistakable indication that the Indians used the same grinding places over a long period of time. The rims of the mortar holes, perhaps protected from erosion by impregnation with vegetable and animal oils, stand an inch or two above the surrounding sandstone.

Near the base of the looming sandstone wall which borders the north side of the spring-fed brook is the ancient "hotel" itself. This is a great rock shelter formed ages ago when the stream undercut the canyon wall. The natural gallery is about fifty feet long, twenty feet deep, and twenty feet high, nicely protected from wind and weather by overhanging rock.

Within this shelter—on its walls, its ceiling, and on its floor—is a maze of Indian paintings and carvings. Pictures of buffalo. Carvings of horses and paintings of bulls very like those found in prehistoric caves in France and Spain. Pictures of men walking and riding, carrying shields, spears, and bows and arrows. A large elaborate painting of some mythological figure with raised arms holding vertical staves. And there are, of course, names, initials, and dates carved by later travelers, including some of those who gold-rushed to California in 1849 via Rocky Dell.

In the center of the shelter and dominating the other Indian art on the rocks is a huge multi-colored and complex painting of a dragon-like creature, amazingly reminiscent of Quetzalcoatl, the waterfeathered serpent deity of the Mexican Aztecs. Archaeologists say similar water monsters, in various guises, were important in the mythology of numerous North American Indian tribes. The one at Rocky Dell, probably of Puebloan origin, was copied by the late Harold Bugbee of Clarendon, Texas, a noted western artist. His painting of the fading Indian masterpiece now is exhibited at the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum at Canyon, Texas.

The prehistoric pictures in the gallery are so numerous and so diverse that it would be impossible to tie most of them down to any one period or Indian group. The fact that hardly any space where symbols might be placed is left unused would indicate that many different tribes made use of this dell as a camping site at many different times.

Stratified rubbish in the eroded floor deposits of a smaller rock shelter nearby gives further evidence that the area was a prehistoric hostelry used many times by many groups. The canyon's rims are strewn with hearth stones, flint chips, and brightly-colored bits of typical Puebloan painted pottery.

Rocky Dell was, the record shows, a prehistoric trade center. After the Puebloan traders came *comancheros*, the Spanish traders who braved the wilds to exchange with the Plains Indians kettles and cloth for buffalo meat and hides long before the other whites considered the lands open to exploration, much less to steady contact. The two-wheeled carts of the *comancheros* passed along Rocky Dell so often that when American explorers came that route they followed the well-marked ruts with assurance.

ROCKY DELL broke into the pages of history March 11, 1840, when Josiah Gregg, returning from Santa Fe to Fort Smith with a Comanche guide, noted in his diary that he stopped at Agua de Piedras (Rocky Water) or Agua Pintada (Painted Water). Gregg did for the Rocky Dell route to Santa Fe what Baedeker did for Europe. His endorsement of the camping spot was the equivalent of today's stamp of approval from Duncan Hines or the American Automobile Association. Gregg's book, *Commerce of the Prairies*, published in 1844, was the guide for most of the California-bound Forty-niners and Rocky Dell got its share of the tourist trade. An estimated 2,000 moved via Rocky Dell westward in the summer of 1849, among them a party of 500 led by Capt. R. B. Marcy.

Perhaps it was from the vantage point of this lovely little refuge that Marcy noted in his surveyor's logbook the famous observation that the surrounding high plains were " . . . the great Zahara of North America. It is a region almost as vast and trackless as the ocean—a land where no man, either savage or civilized, permanently abides; it spreads forth into a treeless, desolate waste of uninhabited solitude, which always has been, and must continue, uninhabited forever. . . ."

His was a dim view of this part of the Texas Panhandle, but it is one with which today's tourists on Highway 66 might well agree. The present highway parallels, a few miles to the south, the old wagon trail whose ruts are still visible at some places. The wagons were forced to move from waterhole to waterhole along the breaks below the northern rim of the Llano Estacado, where springs like Rocky Dell gush from bluffs around the heads of creeks feeding northward into the Canadian River. The travelers

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of bygone days passed through a well-watered land of impressive vistas.

Today's highway, having no need for waterholes, avoids the breaks and ribbons across the unbelievably flat plains of the Llano Estacado. Only an occasional blue shadow to the north hints of the existence of the broken land along which the more interesting historic route was laid. This means that today's tourists, seeing only the dismal flat lands, come to agree with Marcy. Yet all early stoppers at Rocky Dell were not as glum as Marcy about the prospects for the area.

In the early 1850s, when public demand for a transcontinental rail line brought about the preliminary survey of several routes west, the Fort Smith-Santa Fe route opened by Gregg was favorably considered. Lieutenant A. W. Whipple was ordered in 1853 to survey this road. Among the dozen engineers and scientists in Whipple's party was Jules Marcou, eminent geologist and mining engineer, who prophetically noted that artesian wells might be a source of water for these High Plains. The geologist based his prediction on the fact that numerous springs, like those at Rocky Dell, had been found coming from bluff edges.

Whipple's party was so impressed by the beauty of Rocky Dell and its Indian art that the men lingered an extra day to copy some of the murals. Even at that late date, Whipple shared the camping place with Puebloan Indians who were seeking Comanches with whom to trade.

Today, abundant ground water for irrigation has created a fabulous agricultural empire within Marcy's "Great Zahara," bearing out Marcou's prediction. Still in an unspoiled ranch area, however, is the Rocky Dell which once served as the prehistoric Hilton of the Plains. Because the site is on a private ranch, and because of damage done by irresponsible curiosity-seekers in the past, the dell may be visited now only by first gaining permission of the landowner.

I Knew Bob Meldrum

(Continued from page 39)

two weeks but here we changed once a month. To prevent loss of time the change took place at noon.

The men who were to enjoy a month of day shift had gone to work and we who were to take over the dreaded night shift were lolling in the bunkhouse, preparing for a wink of sleep or waiting for a noon meal. Aleck Long and I were jostling each other on the stairway leading to the upstairs bedrooms; beneath the stairway a group of men had gathered in front of the dining room door.

Leaning against the wall a short distance from the assembled miners was the arrogant and much-disliked gunman. From his bedroom in the far end of the hall an ex-sheepman from Wyoming (who was now employed as the company blacksmith) approached. Smacking his lips and patting his breast-pocket, the old smith gave Bob Meldrum a disdainful look and continued walking toward the assembled miners. Quickly, Mr. Meldrum left the wall and, facing the rollicking fellow, put his gun to his chest and barked, "Give me that bottle of whiskey, you old fool!"

Considering the situation and Meldrum's past performances, most of us thought the old man would comply. But, without a quiver in his voice, he faced his younger antagonist and snapped, "You sheep-killing s.o.b.! I will give you nothing!"

The next moment a slug from the .45 pentrated the old man's chest, plowed a deep groove in the wall and passed out through the door at the far end of the hallway.

The force of the shot spun the old man around, but before he fell he faced his enemy and said, "You devil, you shot me through the heart. But if I had a gun I would kill you yet."

The next few seconds things happened fast. Aleck Long pointed at our bedroom door and shouted, "Get a rope!" and jumped from the stairway onto the gunman's shoulders.

Unprepared for an attack from that angle, Meldrum—gun in hand—collapsed. Before he could recover, one end of my blanket rope was around his neck. The other end was wrapped around the balustrade at the top of the stairway and willing hands were ready to help me pull.

Begging for his life, the ex-cattleman was on his way to the end of his career but just as his feet were leaving the floor the superintendent of the mine, accompanied by one of Meldrum's deputies, appeared on the scene. The superintendent pleaded with us to let the law take its course and promised to see that justice was done.

AS A RESULT of his powerful pleadings my blanket rope was returned to its place beneath my bunk and the man who now had seven notches on his gun was put under arrest and taken to Telluride. At the inquest he was turned loose on the grounds of justifiable self-defense and the next day he was back in his position as nursemaid of the miners' morals and representative of law and order.

Working under the protection of the man we had tried to hang became a jittery situation for some of us, but time went on and eventually conditions became so peaceful that the mine owners dispensed with the gunman's services.

About that time trucks began to be a popular aid to cattlerustlers. Unable to cope with the new conditions the Wyoming Cattlemen's Association again called on Bob Meldrum for aid. This put the gunslinging lieutenant of Tom Horn back in his original element and for some time everything seemed satisfactory. But his success as a servant of the Colorado mine owners had made him careless and before long he made the mistake of killing the son of one of his new employers.

Rawlins was the headquarters of the Wyoming cattle industry and on pay days and other occasions gangs of rollicking cowboys came there to quench their thirst, enjoy the company of girls, or otherwise spend their money. On one of those occasions the man who had been hired to hunt cattle rustlers appeared on the scene, gun in hand, and ordered the crowd to scatter. Most of the men obeyed but one young man stood his ground. He had not learned to respect the gun in Meldrum's hand. Without thinking about the danger he approached the gunman and began arguing about his personal rights. But before the young man had finished his first sentence the gun barked and a couple of seconds later Meldrum had earned the right to file one more notch on the barrel of his gun. At least that's the way I heard it.

Arrested and charged with murder, Meldrum made his customary plea of justifiable self-defense. But due to the fact that his victim did not possess a gun, plus the prominence of the boy's father, it looked like the gunman's career had at last come to an end.

However, Meldrum seemed to lead a charmed life. Some hidden but apparently extremely powerful forces had his trial postponed again and again. Finally he was convicted but subsequent reports, taken from county courthouse records, show that the gunman was out on bond a year later, walking the streets of Rawlins and swinging his gun as freely as ever.

How the Calgary Stampede Began

(Continued from page 33)

the Canadian Northwest has ever had." He was right. The five-day cowboy contest's gross receipts—Weadick's figures—amounted to $210,000. Expenditures, including the $20,000 prize money purse, came to approximately $100,000. All event winners were presented with gold medals.

The event winners were as follows: Saddle bronc riding, Emory LeGrand of Pincher Creek, Alberta, $1,000; steer roping, Joe Gardner of Sierra Blanca, Texas, $1,000; cowgirls' saddle bronc riding, Fanny Sperry Steele of Mitchell, Montana, $1,000.

Cowboys' relay race, Bob Leigh of Cheyenne, Wyoming, $750; bulldogging, Frank Maish of Tulsa, Oklahoma, $500; bareback bronc riding, Rufus Rollen of Claremore, Oklahoma, $500; trick roping, Bee Ho Gray of Chickasha, Oklahoma, $500; trick riding, Otto Kline of Livingston, Montana, $500; cowboys' relay race, Joel K. Irwin of Cheyenne, Wyoming, $500; and cowgirls' trick roping, Flores LaDue of Montevideo, Minnesota, $300.

Guy Weadick did not produce a Stampede in 1914 or 1915. The summer of 1914, he was press representative for Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch Wild West Show's long engagement at Shepherd's Bush Stadium in London, England. In 1915 he and his wife, Flores LaDue Weadick, were back in vaudeville spinning ropes and yarns.

In 1916, Guy put on his third Stampede in Sheepshead Bay Speedway on Long Island, New York. The eight-day event was sponsored by an eastern group known as The Speedway Exhibition Company. The advertised prize money was an imposing $50,000. Guy set up rodeo headquarters in New York City, utilizing the entire second floor of a Broadway office building. W. C. Thompson was brought east from southern California, where he had long been associated with the then-fledgling film industry, to handle Stampede publicity. Ed Borein, the noted cowboy artist, was commissioned to do illustrative western art for newspaper ads, billboards, card displays and official Stampede office stationery.

The New York Stampede was staged August 5-12, 1916. The event immediately followed Cheyenne's Frontier Days celebration and preceded rodeos scheduled in Chicago and Kansas City. Ad Day and Charley Irwin brought in the stock—the noted Irwin rough string being shipped by special train direct from Cheyenne at the conclusion of the Frontier Days shindig. Top-hand cowboys from all sections of this country and Canada were on hand and the gala event was credited by many with being the greatest rodeo yet put on anywhere by anyone.

THE NEW YORK Stampede, however, was Weadick's first and only financial flop and the only Weadick-produced contest which did not pay off as advertised. The winning cowboys reportedly received approximately one-fourth of the promised prize money.

The sponsoring company directors later informed federal authorities, who were investigating the short payoff on behalf of a group of Stampede contestants headed by Pinky Gist and Henry Grammer, that they had lost $42,000 on the New York Stampede. Weadick in turn stated that the sponsors had assured him that the $50,000 prize money purse had been deposited in a New York City bank.

Fog Horn Clancy, who announced the New York Stampede, later wrote that the financial failure of the big eastern rodeo had resulted from poor attendance because of an infantile paralysis epidemic and a New York City streetcar strike.

New York Stampede event winners were: Saddle bronc riding, Emory LeGrand, Pincher Creek, Alberta, Canada; steer roping, Henry Grammer, Kaw City, Oklahoma; bareback bronc riding, Rufus Rollen, Claremore, Oklahoma; trick roping, Chester Byers, Mulhall, Oklahoma; trick riding, Leonard Stroud, Clarksville, Texas; relay race, Bob Leigh, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Cowgirls' relay race, Helen Maish, Cheyenne, Wyoming; cowgirls' trick riding, Tillie Baldwin, Pendleton, Oregon; cowgirls' bronc riding, Prairie Lillie Allen, Las Vegas, New Mexico; and cowgirls' trick roping, Flores LaDue, Montevideo, Minnesota.

In 1919, the Big Four—Lane, Cross, Burns, and McLean—financiers of the original Stampede, again teamed up with Guy Weadick to put on another Stampede in Calgary. Held in August, a month after the annual Calgary Exhibition (a fair), it was a gigantic war's end celebration. The six-day purse was $25,000.

In 1922, representatives of the Calgary Exhibition contacted Weadick with a proposal that the Stampede, beginning in 1923, be held as an annual feature of the Exhibition. Weadick was agreeable. The big combination event, held every year in July, consistently drew—and still draws—international interest and tremendous crowds (210,000 in 1927 and 243,000 in 1928). Even during the early depression years, the Stampede and the Exhibition attracted huge throngs of spectators. But the trend was ever downward: 202,000 in 1930; 198,000 in 1931; and 176,000 in 1932.

All during those years, Weadick and Flores also were operating a dude outfit, Stampede Ranch in Eden Valley, thirty-five miles west of High River, Alberta.

Then, after the 1932 Exhibition and Stampede, Guy handed in his resignation, doing so because of his disapproval of economic measures affecting the Canadian western classic. The management of the Stampede was taken over by others, and the prideful Guy Weadick, who had started it all, returned to his ranch.

He did a lot of writing in those years, pieces for the old *Billboard*, a series of articles on "Cowboys I Have Known" (which he hoped later to have published in book form), a monthly column and numerous articles for the Canadian *Cattlemen Magazine*. In or about 1950, Guy lost his wife who had been ill for a long time. He soon moved to Phoenix, Arizona. Later, he married again and moved to San Clemente, California.

One day Guy wasn't feeling very well and was persuaded to enter a hospital for a checkup. He died there two days later of a heart attack. His body was shipped to High River, Alberta—fairly close to his old Eden Valley ranch and not too far, if a man has a good horse, from the Victoria Park Calgary Stampede Arena.

Dutch John

(Continued from page 47)

coffee started, knowing that activity would prevent him from going to sleep.

Dave obtained the axe from the pack and collected a lot of dry wood, which he threw down as close to Dutch John as he could without exciting his suspicion, and then started to cutting it into suitable lengths for the campfire. He worked around until he was within good striking distance of Dutch John, and noticing that John's eyes were closed, he struck with all his strength and John settled down a little lower against his saddle and was dead instantly.

Dave took both bars of gold and buried them in the middle of the road, at the highest point in the Gap. He then saddled up and rode around Lordsburg to Separ, twenty miles farther on, took the train and went back to his old home in Oklahoma, which was then known as Indian Territory, and cast his lot with his old friend, remaining with him until he became a victim of the great white plague.

THE OLD FRIEND, whose name cannot be given, asked Mr. Owenby if he would take him out to Granite Gap. They went there and made extensive search for the two bars of buried gold,

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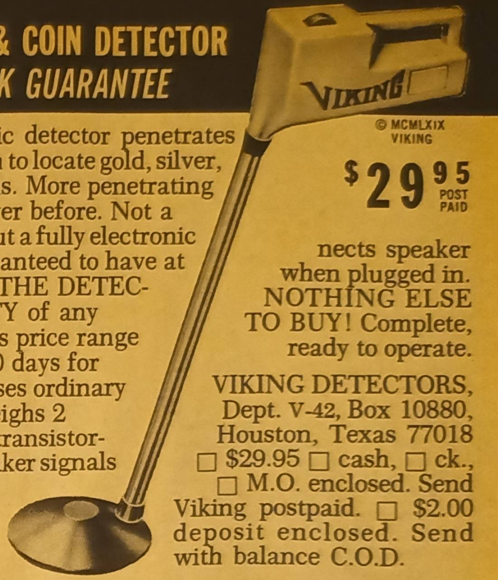

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but the roads through the Gap had been washed out and changed in places and as their search was fruitless, they returned to Lordsburg. The friend declared that he knew the gold was there because Dave had told him it was.

He purchased two burros and a camp outfit and supply of provisions, and packing one burro and riding the other, he started back to Granite Gap. He never returned by way of Lordsburg, so it is surmised that he actually found the gold bars and left the vicinity via some other route. He could have caught the train at Separ to the east of Lordsburg, or at Stein's twenty miles to the west.

Little Dave, whose family name was Davis, had a brother who was much larger than he, and in consequence of such a difference in their size, one was called Little Dave and the other one Big Dave. Big Dave was also a member of the wild bunch and kept his dues always paid up to date. Curly Bill, Doc Holliday and Big Dave chanced to meet in Clifton, Arizona, one day and became involved in a friendly argument among themselves in which Big Dave found himself on one side all by his lonesome.

As a result of this one-sided affair Big Dave left Clifton in a hurry, not even stopping long enough to steal a horse but, walking out ten miles to the first stage station, stole one of Old Man Pomeroy's stage horses which he rode bareback to Separ, a distance of seventy-five miles, arriving there the following morning. Upon his arrival in Separ he was met by a representative of the law who took him to Lordsburg where he was accorded a hearing before the Law and Order League.

His defense was that Doc Holliday and Curly Bill had both informed him plainly that if he was caught in Clifton after daylight the following morning they would do just exactly as they had promised him they would, and that he took great pleasure in getting just as far away from Clifton as possible.

He had really borrowed Old Man Pomeroy's horse with the intention of sending him back by someone from Separ. As such practices were not uncommon among cowboys and his statement had all the earmarks of truthfulness, he was told to go and never return. He took the first train out of town and neglected to leave his forwarding address.

The above sketch was taken in 1933 from *Tombstone's Yesterdays* by Lorenzo D. Walters.

Shorty Stood Mighty Tall!

(Continued from page 51)

day he finally took me inside after I'd known him forever it was running nice and easy and he said it had been doin' that for twenty years. I don't know.

One thing I do know, few folks on this earth ever had as many guns as he had. Some of them were awful old and probably worth a fortune if a fellow is to believe all the prices quoted in the magazines sold around here today. He had a jillion of them. Shorty slept on an old steel army cot with a mattress about a hundred years old, and no covers I could ever see. The stove was a wood-burner and there was an ancient oil cloth on the kitchen table. Javelina stew almost always was cooking on that old stove and tasted mighty good on a cold blustery day.

Shorty once showed me how he kept out intruders. He had a shotgun for each window and every door all fixed so they would shoot you if you opened one. He said the "Meskins" were always trying to break in, so he stopped that foolishness. He lived right in the middle of Mexican town west of the tracks and they sure gave him a wide berth. Sometimes they would even cross the street to keep from walking in front of his place.

The front porch roof had fallen down at one end and the floor of that porch was rotted out. The yard was full of mesquite sprouts and two big mesquite trees and a little white brush and whole bunches of cactus. It was no wonder the superstitious Mexicans who lived around there stayed off, what with the thousands of rounds of ammunition Shorty shot up in there. That old mesquite stump he shot into so much must have had a ton of lead in it. I never knew him to ever ask a personal question or to say anything bad about anybody. He lived alone and he thought alone. Today there aren't many such real he-men around.

Born September 3, 1878 in Missouri, Shorty Ainsworth died in Uvalde on November 10, 1950 and was buried three days later in Crystal City. I don't guess many folks even remember him but Shorty is worth remembering and when he died a whole lot of the "true" West went with him.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 84)

Otis B. Barton

I would like to request aid from anyone who has information concerning my grandfather, Otis B. Barton, deceased. I need to know where, when, etc from 1870 to the 1900s in Laramie, Hartville, and Jackson Hole area. One brother, William Barton, was a railroad worker, laying rails north to Cheyenne and lived part time with Grandpa in tent cities in Colorado and Wyoming in the late 1800s and early 1900s.

Also any information would be appreciated regarding the past or present whereabouts of a "Tex" who visited in the Grundy County area in the 1920s for the purpose of exchanging a gun and holster. This is to prove that one of my favorite childhood memories is fact, not fancy.—Mrs. Ednagene Hatfield, 702 West 12th Street, Trenton, Missouri 64683

Clara Laliberty

I am trying to locate my half-aunt, Clara Laliberty. Her father was Francis Birch; mother, Laura Lavina Shimer. Clara was born in Salt Lake City, Utah in 1859 or 1860. She married a Laliberty and went to Deer Lodge, Montana and later to Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada. She had two known children (girls), one named Lavina. Birthplaces unknown. I would appreciate any information from anyone and from the family of Clara.—Dewey B. Birch, Route 5, Box 1400, Phoenix, Arizona 85009

Brady and Cambel

Does any reader of TRUE WEST know where the graves are of Joe Brady and/or W. C. (Bill) Cambel, the blacksmith who was in the gun battle in the blacksmith shop in old Cottonwood, Callahan County, Texas in the early days? Fifteen men were killed that day. Who was the man who prevented the five men from hanging the boy who was with them? I saw old Joe Brady in 1899 near Morgans Mill, but never did lay eyes on the blacksmith.—H. B. Covington, Grandview, Texas 76050

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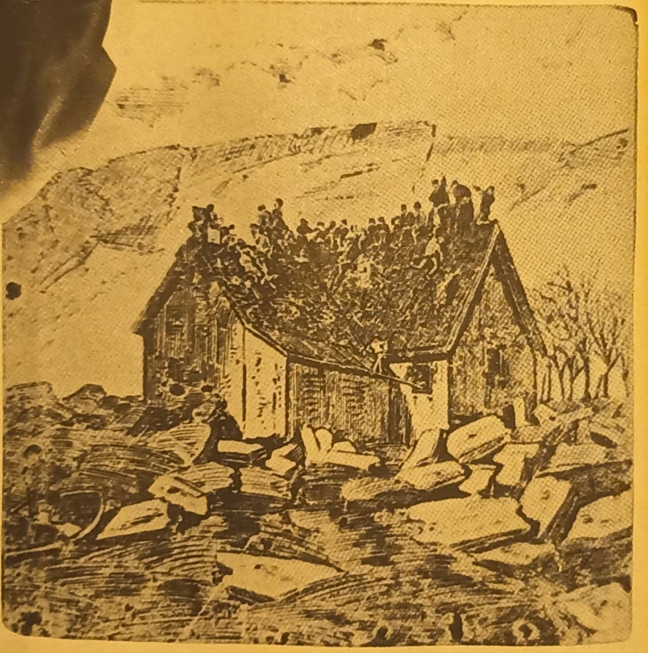
"PERILS of WATERS"

OLD WEST Special! BOOK BONUS! $30

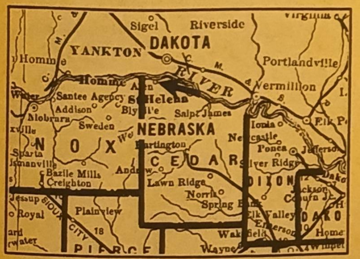
By HARRIET TOLMAN SECCOMBE

First Published in 1883
Springfield, Dakota Territory
John Todd, Printer

Courtesy Frederick Tolman Seccombe



Harriet Tolman Seccombe. At right is the lead cut made from a pen sketch Mrs. Seccombe drew to illustrate her booklet. She and her family were among the approximately forty residents of Green Island, Nebraska shown taking refuge on the roof of John Nelson's home during the Missouri River flood of 1881. In the 1884 map below—published three years after the flood—the new town of Aten, Nebraska (arrow, name partly obscured by county line) already replaced Green Island which—save for the Nelson home—had been destroyed.



Introductory note: The above is the title of an interesting little pamphlet written by my maternal grandmother, Harriet Tolman Seccombe, wife of Rev. Charles Seccombe, pioneer Congregational minister, describing the experiences of the Seccombe family and others in the historic Missouri River flood of 1881. "Father" Seccombe, as he was called, was the pastor at that time of the church in the little village of Green Island, Nebraska (opposite Yankton) which was swept away in that flood; and the Seccombe family, along with other residents of the village, lost not only their home but practically all their possessions.

The pamphlet was written during March and April 1881. Part of it was penned during tense moments in the village when death seemed certain. The last portion was written in Yankton while the minister awaited assignment to a new field. After the flood the Seccombes were housed temporarily in the home of Rev. Joseph Ward who had been instrumental in bringing Rev. Seccombe west from New Hampshire to the Green Island church in August 1873.

The pamphlet is in the form of a letter, addressed to "Dear Eastern Friends." Later, in 1883, after Father Seccombe had become pastor of the church at Springfield (the family moved there in August 1881), the letter was printed in pamphlet form by John Todd, printer and publisher of the Springfield *Times*, and earlier a Yankton citizen.

In the summer of 1873 he came to Yankton and crossed the river here with his family to take charge of the church in the little village of Green Island, which had been laid out only the year before by Saby Strahm. Of the new town, The Yankton *Press and Dakotan* said in its issue of June 19, 1872:

"Opposite Yankton, on the Nebraska side, Mr. Saby Strachm [*sic*] has laid off a townsite on a portion of his farm, which he proposes to call Strachmsburg. The post office is now known as Green Island. We would suggest Sabyville as preferable for a name, though some of the people want to call it Riverside or Riverton. A good retail store is already in operation there and further improvements are projected. Rev. Jos. Ward, pastor of the Congregational church of Yankton, holds divine services on each Sabbath afternoon at Sabyville."

Those villagers who wanted to call it Riverside or Riverton little realized the irony in that suggestion which fate was to reveal to them only a few years later. The site was on the lowland a short distance east of the present bridge grade. It was a pretty spot, well wooded, but literally on the bank of the river. Not far from the village, on a little higher ground and surrounded by cottonwood trees, stood the brick house occupied by John Nelson. The building is still standing today, its corners just below the eaves still bearing the scars caused by the battering it received from huge ice cakes in the flood of 1881.

According to a *History of the State of Nebraska* published in 1882 by The Western Historical Company, of Chicago, Green Island's elevation was only six to fifteen feet above the normal stage of the river.

"Before the flood it was a busy town of 150 inhabitants, containing about 15 dwelling houses, the post office, a blacksmith shop, a hotel, a store and two churches," it relates. The latter were a Methodist church, costing about $600, and a Congregational church which cost about $1,000. The spire of the latter building became a familiar sight to Yankton people during the late seventies.—*Fred H. Monfore, published in Yankton County, Old Settlers Association brochure, September 3, 1951.*

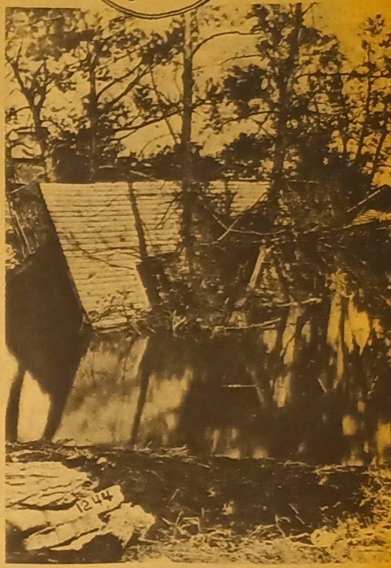
DEAR EASTERN FRIENDS:

Do not call my story exaggerated, or say: "Oh, it's only a Western swell." It was indeed such a swell as we never saw before nor ever desire to see again. I will give you a few events of the "memorable week" in our lives, commencing March 27 until deliverance came Saturday at 5 o'clock, April 2; when through the persistent courage and untiring energy of our friend, Mr. James Marsh, and his faithful crew we crossed the gorged and dangerous Missouri and landed once more upon the high bluffs of Yankton, D. T.

True, Sunday night presented a weird and wild appearance as the busy lanterns flitted about from barn to house in the watery darkness. The glistening waters running before our doors; the barking of dogs and the lowing of cattle served to remove "sleep from our eyes and slumber from our eyelids," for that night, at least. But when Monday morning dawned and we arose and went to work as usual, with water receding and ice passing down the river quietly, all felt happy and hopeful, and concluded that the expected high water boom had passed away.

It was a kind Providence that closed our weary eyes in the undisturbed slumber of Monday night, and veiled from them the scenes and anxieties of the coming days. The first words we heard on Tuesday morning were from Mr. Seccombe: "The river is all about us and is rising every minute." And sure enough the flowing current gave us only time to dress and go out for axe, saw and a few sticks of wood and place them upon the porch. We thought this would only last for a few hours. The forenoon was passed with but little anxiety, and with no excitement until 11 o'clock when we saw a skiff with seven men in it, trying to make their way to shore. Supposing they were from an island above, and in peril, two of our brave men went out to their rescue.

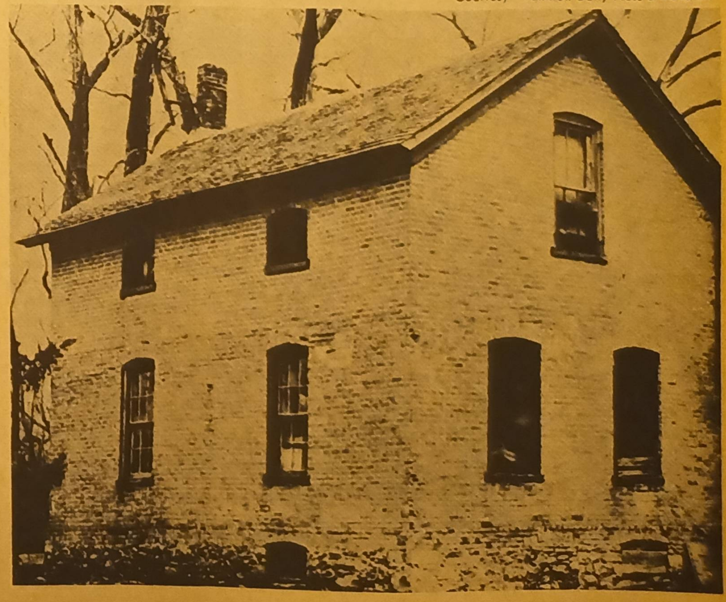
Mistaking their words of warning: "Go back! Go back to the bluff!" for a simple warning to our men, the latter came

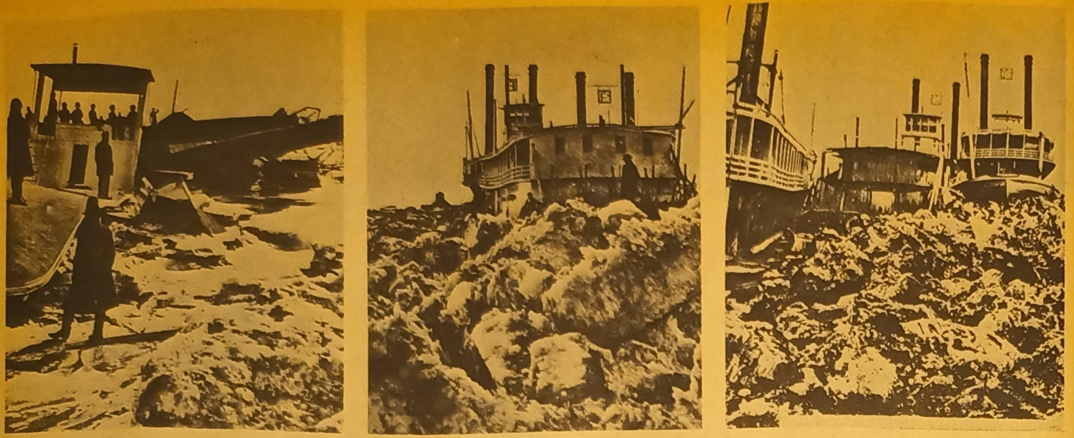


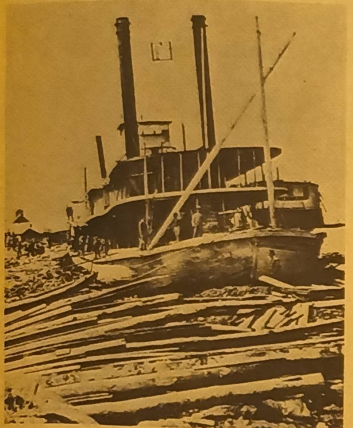
Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society

This home built by John and Dave Nelson of bricks they had fashioned themselves was the only building in Green Island, Nebraska to survive the 1881 flood. Partially protected by trees and on higher ground than the village, the home was refuge for the Seccombes and other townsfolk who huddled together in relative safety on the roof until all were rescued. Height of the waterline can be seen today (the home is still standing) just above the lower windows. Above, flood destruction at Vermillion, Dakota, 1881.

Courtesy "Yankton Daily Press & Dakotan"







Photos Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society

Muddy Mo took her toll in steamboats in 1881. Clockwise from lower left, workmen remove debris from in front of the *Butte*; the *Western*, wrecked by the first ice gorge; *Helena*, after the heavy rise of April 5, with an elevator and depot in the distance; and steamers on the ways after the April 5 gorge some thirty feet above the low-water mark.

back to our shore, and those men went to the Yankton side. We learned, too late for our benefit, that the good people of Yankton had sent them out to us as a warning, they in Yankton having had a telegram that the great rise of water was coming.

Alas for us that we mistook their cry, for we might have gone to the bluff and perhaps saved many of our things. So the strange scene all around us, of skiffs rowing all about our streets, of the handsome boats plying gracefully in through our front gate and through the garden up to our front door-steps, bringing groceries from the store and milk from Mr. Strahm's for our dinner, was more picturesque than otherwise; and we were more than half inclined to accept the invitation from some of our young friends for a pleasant boat ride. But 12 o'clock was near and we ate the good dinner and passed back and forth cheery words from our south porch to Mr. Bailey's and thus reassured, we thought to spend the night at home and enjoy the company of Mr. and Mrs. Filbrick, our aged friends whose house stood lower than ours.

WHAT spot in all the world seemed safer to us than our home? But two hours had hardly elapsed before the scene entirely changed and took on a fearful aspect. Our lovely skiff, with its untiring oarsman, had gone down into the timber to see what aid he could render there among eight or ten families with a good many small children and no skiff of their own. Soon we saw its prow, but it turned into Mr. Bailey's road and rested oars at their gate. Already the large cakes of ice from the Missouri came tumbling onto our Nebraska shore and in between the store and blacksmith's shop, as if the old river had forgotten which way to go; and the roar and grinding of these ice jaws appeared threatening. We heard someone from without say: "There is a gorge between here and St. Helena and the ice has stopped flowing."

From the south porch we see one skiff taking Mr. Chamberlain's family out of the chamber window, and Mr. and Mrs. Filbrick and Mrs. Bailey are picking up bundles preparatory to setting sail. Just now they call out from there, "Get ready and I will be back for you in half an hour." How sudden and how brief that word was! And yet what volumes it spoke! How we look now through tears at the dear pictures. "Can't I take Bro. S.'s and Father's and Mother's and the precious album?" And the sweet organ—how can we leave that? Emma carries the bass viol—the dear old viol—upstairs and puts it on the bed.

"Won't it be safe there? Oh, Mamma, I do want to take my beloved guitar. Can't I?"

Papa carries his drawer of sermons upstairs, and we look into the sacred study so long denied the faithful missionary. "Oh! how can we go?"

The pleasant and neatly arranged chambers we pass through and long to lie down to rest. But we must hasten. So all meet once more in the sitting room where only one week before dear Papa was so sick, and there for the last time kneel at the family altar while the veteran missionary tenderly commits us and our homes and dear stricken people to the ever covenant Father above.

The skiff has come and there is no more time for last looks, and indeed hope whispered, "You will come back tomorrow;" so we step cheerfully from our south door with our satchels into the precious "Refuge," as it afterwards proved. . . .

Goodbye, Pinknose and old Winky, the family cat for six or seven years. Goodbye, biddies and Charlie's tame hen, flying about from barn to porch, as if there wasn't a single spot to fold the restless wing! Here we sail by the log barn almost sunk in water, touching the pump handle on our left and bending low beneath box elder trees a dear hand had planted . . . under the very eaves of the sanctuary where the prayer meeting light had shone. "Shall we ever gather within that loved retreat again, with the scattered flock?"

Now we row up through the watery waste a mile to this strong brick house of benevolent Danes. Here we shake hands with thirty or more of our neighbors and with cheerful hearts partake of the generous supper. Much of the evening was spent in singing and playing upon the new organ. All seemed to enjoy this and the early hours of evening passed quickly without forebodings. But as the eyelids droop and the children are laid down in rows upon the rag carpet, the voices lower and the tones express anxiety.

ONE OF OUR number watches carefully from the front porch the rise of the water, and reports every half hour the same doleful sentence, "The water is rising—inch by inch—four feet now— will be up to this floor by morning," until even the brave women get nervous, and starting up, peer out into the darkness, counting the two lights at Green Island (the men staying at the minister's and two men at Mr. Chamberlain's) and far over the broad and roaring waters we catch the glimmer of the beacon lights upon the Dakota shore!

"Will the waters really overflow us all in their gloomy depths?" These and kindred thoughts burden our spirits, when our pastor proposes that we repeat the 23rd Psalm. . . . Did ever sacred incense ascend from more sincere hearts than from that company of anxious ones, old and young, American, Dane, Norwegian and German? Now we lie down, one and another, upon the floor with quieted hearts. But faith and trust does not always bring sleep, especially when one has too many bones. So the night wears slowly away and the dawn delays to come.

Wednesday morning, March 30, with the first eastern ray, we stand upon the doorstep; and oh, the capricious water has crept up, up, to within a few feet of the door. We entered again the sitting room, and one says: "We must build a raft and flee to the bluffs; we shall all be drowned here." This was from the half-hour man of the dreary night.

Another says: "Where is our God? I've lost my faith."

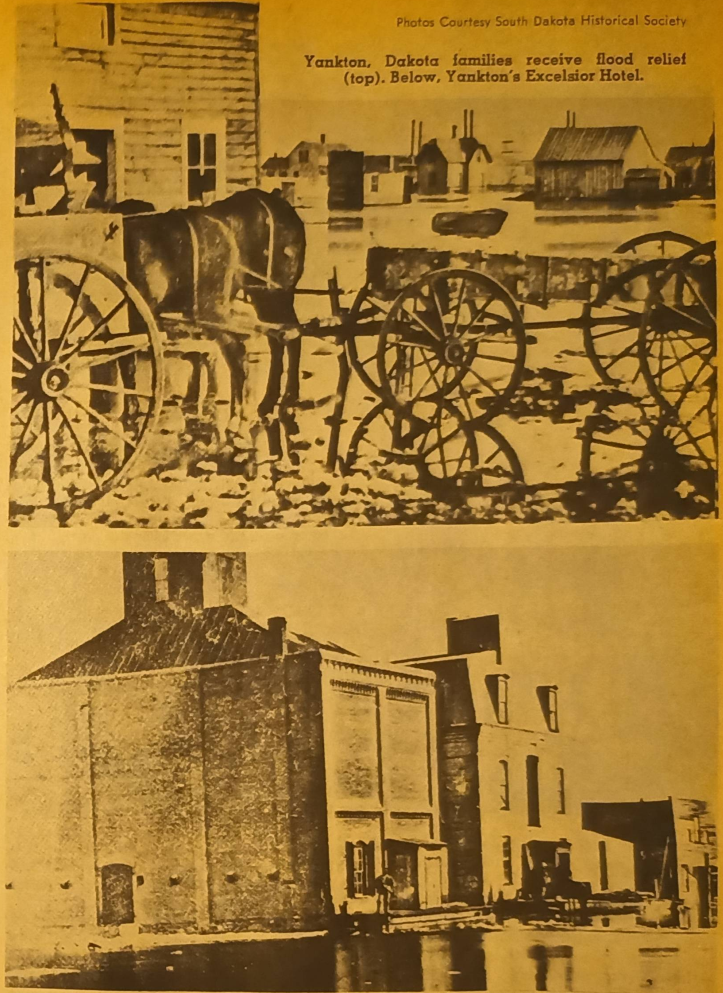
Soon, with joyful eyes, we see the friendly skiffs coming up the lane. Cannot we now sympathize with the wrecked marines? How we want to step into the dear barks and go home—to sweet home. But our men say: "No, stay where you are. We will not neglect you."

Learning from them that the water had only filled the cellar of our house, we thank God and take courage with the morning sunshine. But even this will not scatter all sadness, for often we hear the remark: "Oh, I dread the night," and the query: "How soon do you think the fifteen-mile gorge will break?"

THE ABOVE was penciled in the midst of the talking and anxiety at the brick house, Mr. John Nelson's, in the pleasant, and as yet, undisturbed sitting room. Long shall we remember the cheerful spirit of those friends and neighbors as we encouraged one another. I folded up my writing and lay down upon the couch.

About noon we saw again the three skiffs, loaded with men and plying the oars swiftly toward the house. They had been feeding the stock upon a knoll not far away, where the poor creatures had been put for safety. Hearing the noise as of thunder, and seeing at some distance the body of ice rising, they rowed to us to speak of their convictions that the vast gorge was breaking and that the immense field of ice would pass off quietly, spreading itself over the bottomland below us, without great harm to houses and stock, and never once intimating of any risk of life.

They had heard of Mrs. Libbie Saunders' familv being in danger from the water and ice rise. Thev lived two miles away on a lower part of the Green Island bottom. So not dreaming of any danger to us, they turned their prow and hastened away through the lake waters.



Photos Courtesy South Dakota Historical Society

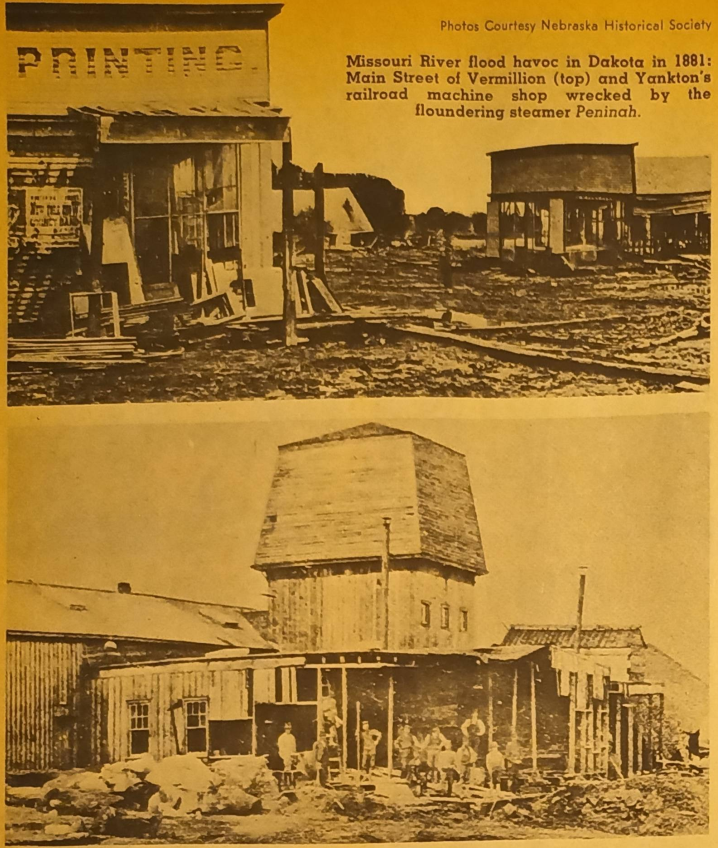
Yankton, Dakota families receive flood relief (top). Below, Yankton's Excelsior Hotel.

But one short hour changed our life panorama and the beginning of desolation began. Everything seemed like confusion and anxiety. All thoughts and preparation for dinner were abandoned, though stomachs were empty. Some ate from the basket of crackers the men had brought from the store.

But why their anxious tones and looks? Hark! Do you not hear the distant roar? Look! Do you not see the oncoming of the mighty monsters? Like an army of wild, infuriated beasts these million-tonned ice cakes appear, threatening every minute to crunch everything between their icy jaws. See! The muddy water is coming rapidly up onto the long doorstep. The men begin to take up the sitting room carpet, set the organ up into chairs, carry the bureau drawers into the loft, pile the bedding up.

One said: "Put on your outer clothing; here is this, and take that; don't drop it," etc., etc. Soon the order was to repair to the garret-chamber, for how fast the water is coming into the south room. Now we hear such relief words as these from the wise men used to river and sea: "We are above the water. It is impossible for the water to rise to this height. We are safe in this brick house."

So we rested our anxious hearts for a few brief minutes, tried to nibble a cracker, spoke words of hope to dear ones, and offered up our silent prayers. But the next half hour revealed a picture which my poor pen fails to delineate. Anxious eyes are gazing through that little garret window, only to see one home after another either disappear in the angry waters or tip slightly and turn, then start off on their lonely voyage. A cake of ice hits the Methodist church and it drops to pieces; the schoolhouse swings around and starts into line; Mr. Bailey's house drops; the hotel is gone; that street of small houses seems to have vanished in a twinkling; that big wing storehouse has set sail! Now, alas! we just look through the narrow pane for



Photos Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society

Missouri River flood havoc in Dakota in 1881: Main Street of Vermillion (top) and Yankton's railroad machine shop wrecked by the floundering steamer *Peninah*.

an instant and see the Congregational Church tipping on its side. Now is it righted. Will it stand? No, it swings around and goes slowly sailing by—down into the timber—out of our sight forever. The toiling missionary and wife had turned away, dizzy and heartsick. The precious sanctuary of labors and tears, and the gifts within—organ, lamps, sofa, communion table, clock, carpet, Sunday School library, etc., from far away—all going—gone! Our hearts are bursting now. One, mistaking our tears, said: "Your house won't go; that's sure."

There goes Jim's store. Now it stops where the Methodist church stood. But the voices hush all at once. We guess the truth. The missionary's house, in its loneliness, has followed the water path of the "Holy Temple," choosing rather to suffer a wreck than to dwell alone, without the ark of God.

Friday Evening, April 22.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Permit a little interruption of the narrative, while trying to describe to you the desolation of that afternoon, when all our earthly possessions floated away and when grim death even stared us in the face. As I was penning those last few lines to you as the twilight deepened, the team loaded with a motley mass drove up, and Mr. M. and another man began to bring in the first things rescued from the house. I passed through the back kitchen where he was stowing them, and I grew sick and faint.

"Is this wet, begrimed pile all of home?" And I prayed for help and strength to bear it all, then queried: "Were all the prayers and tears and labors for that scattered flock like this unsightly heap?" Then, with a braver heart, I began to clean the mud from the faces of past memories [portraits]; very carefully now, lest some dear smile or eye or brow be wiped away. Alas! our father's face is gone. We hold the clouded glass before the candlelight, but can catch naught but one hand.

But to resume my story. The sun shone brightly above us on that dreadful afternoon, but the desolation of death reigned beneath. And now comes a moment more solemn still; one which we never thought to see or feel. The calm, uncomplaining missionary had been weighing probabilities and quietly talking with the men who were striving to build a raft from the boards of the grain bins. The dark water was creeping up and had reached the fifth stair. Oh, that gloomy stairway, which we should never go down.

With white cheeks and trembling lips he turned to us and said: "Dear mamma and dear children, I have thought it all over and with others think there is only about fifteen minutes at the longest between us and a watery grave." Then he led in prayer. Earnestly he committed our souls to God's keeping; and men used to the oath, now solemnly responded, "Amen!"

Mrs. R. from Philadelphia, putting her arms around her husband's neck and gathering her children to her bosom, said: "We will go down together." Another mother, with streaming eyes, kissed her three daughters, giving them messages to the absent son—the eldest of the group—if they should escape. Then clasping her boy of thirteen she wept and prayed. Oh! how he tried to comfort her with words of hope. "Mamma, I will cling to the same piece of ice with you."

Another aged father and mother from Lowell, Massachusetts, sat pale and patient, trusting in their Savior. Just now one of the men whispered to his wife, "See, the house is cracking. Let's get out of here!" So the word was given to get out of the small window onto the roof—that steep roof.

Stepping out of that wet, coffin chamber, we ascended the heights—aged ones and children, stalwart men and trembling women—and for over two hours we watched the moving ice and eagerly looked for the life-saving skiff. How glad we were to sit, though astride this high ridge-pole, though all beneath makes us dizzy and sick, as we seem to be in the midst of one vast, moving lake.

Someone cries from below, "We are gone! The house is moving!" Sure enough how it trembles. Did you not see that monster cake of ice shoot by the corner of the brick part and go on its angry way, making the ell part lift and sway to and fro? But one from the roof sings out to calm our fears, "No, we are not; she holds yet!" and another, looking far down toward the old bed of the river, shouts, "The gorge is breaking; the willows will save us!"

Yes, through our tears we behold a glimpse of the open water, and joy! joy! the main body of ice was receding from the house, while the blocked ice around the house formed a wall of protection.

"But why doesn't the skiff come? Have they forgotten us?" and Mary was shaking almost like a chill, just in front of me, and Papa between Hattie and Emma was trembling, though calm, from the excessive weakness of his feeble body. An anxious group is crowded upon that high knoll back of Henry Morton's house. They are looking this way, but powerless. Then for over the four miles of watery waste strong men with powerful glasses see the black line of human beings upon the roof, going down, apparently, into the deep waters, and they cannot reach out the friendly, mighty hand to save.

Just now a skiff approaches our way and then turns towards the south bluff. "Oh! what can it mean, Mamma?" That long, lonely watching, while the mountain ice rushes on and the great ice jaws crunch, crunch, all about you. Sometimes they, in the distance, appear to be bringing the rescuers. Then they flit away and are gone in the distance. "But look! One is coming; is forcing his way through the packed mass. Now he's in clear water. Hurrah! Hallelujah!" How the joy-tears stream down; the shout goes up to the sky, "We are saved, we are saved!"

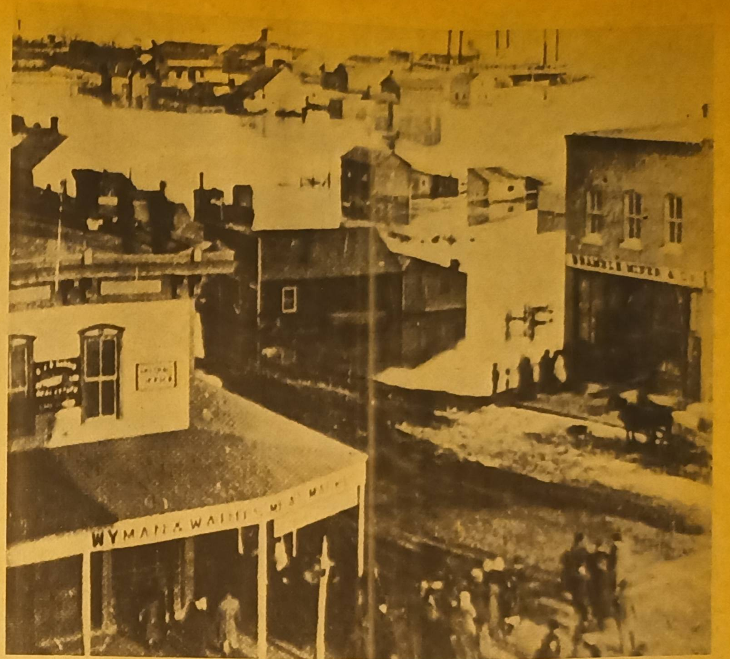
Forty-two neighbors and kindred saved from a watery grave. The feeble father, who his daughters feared could not hold to the roof, might yet be rescued to preach Jesus. That aged pair might yet go back to Massachusetts and tell of this great deliverance. Nearer and nearer the blue speck comes, while the men discuss who shall go first in that refuge when it comes. "Papa and Mamma must go, and those two aged ones, and a part of the children."

Just now Captain and Mrs. Seabring launch out into that gorge in a small skiff that had been down at the barn used for getting the horses out, and unknown to us. This was a brave act in these Minnesota friends. After once seated in this boat with Charlie, their only child, they called again and again for two women to join them, but, as many thought they could never reach open water we dared not, as yet, leave the rooftop. But Mrs. Seabring said afterwards that she felt safer there than upon the roof. We were much encouraged to see them pull through, and when they met our refuge, we shouted again. Hope beamed and the refuge prow was pushing its way.

"Come now, you must descend; the old people have gone into the skiff." How gentle those men have landed that blackeyed girl, the pet of the whole family. Papa has gone—"Mamma, it is your turn now." But she hesitates and murmurs: "I must have one child to go with me."

Charley says: "Let Mary go first, she trembles so." So cautiously they are handed down, and the oarsmen grasped them in their strong arms and seated them in the lifeboat. Oh! how we push to get into open water. "Goodbye, you on the roof, you will come soon."

THE IRON ICE gives way at last under the mighty energy of our captain, and we truly realize that we are rowing away on clear water to a place of safety. The tears will come as the distance grows between us and the brick fortress, now almost sunk in water. Still we press on; the oars almost fly over this two-mile space. How long it seemed, and will not their arms give way? Our two men had scarcely tasted dinner, yet we gain upon it. There is Mr. Parker's house almost covered with water, always we thought, a safe retreat. On our left a lonely flock of fowls are scratching in a part of the yard whose barn has floated away. Yonder are the poor horses and cattle, some are dead and others standing upon the fallen ones—there, a faithful mule goes down. Our dear Dolly is among them. Over here is the wreck of Mr. Hall's log house, reminder of Indian stampede and frontier days. The inmates have fled to the small white house upon the sandy knoll which now is the only house of safety in all the bottom. We soon shall reach it, and hastening on to the dry land we grasp many a loving hand and suffer them almost to carry us in their arms to the cottage door.



Courtesy South Dakota Historical Society

Yankton, Dakota during the flood of March 1881.

It is already crowded with refugees but still there is room. Amid all this joy of meeting, our thoughts often revert to the exposed ones upon the roof. How we urge the boys to go back quick; and in the distance, even now, we see the glitter of the oar in the rays of the setting sun. But we are diverted from these anxieties by the reports of danger to Mrs. Saunders and family. It was not until midnight that we were permitted to greet this widow with six children, who had been waiting for twenty-four hours for deliverance to come, the house so gorged about that the skiffs could not reach them. They could hear nothing but the splash of the water in the rooms below, or the thundering noise of the ice cakes as they broke one door after another down and tossed the furniture about at their own free will.

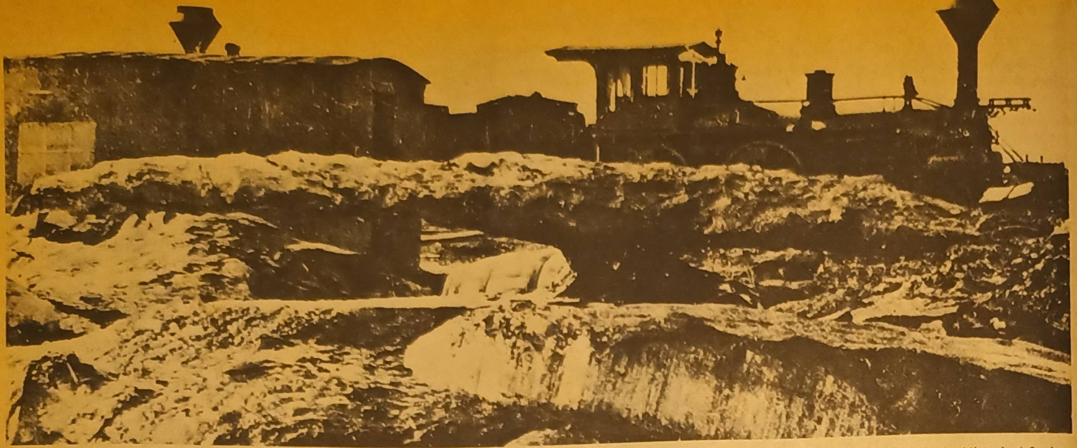
During the early hours of the night our anxious feet had paced down the path to the skiff landing to see the absent ones or at least to catch the dip of the oar. After a while a light was plainly seen in the brick fortress, but we felt sure we must wait until the dawning light.

The clear, bright rays of Thursday morning came, bringing with them cold and frost enough to almost freeze many a now-homeless one. We looked and hoped and waited, but as the clock struck nine and before a morsel of food had passed our lips, the precious trio came, covered with icicles, and oars laden with twenty-five pounds weight of heavy, hindering ice. They had started the night before, but darkness overtook them and the ice gorge packed them. Then, as they climbed slowly in that attic window, with no prospect before them but passing the live-long night in cold and hunger, their hearts began to sink, and poor Charlie, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "I'm afraid I shall never see Papa and Mamma again."

Once in the night some of the scary men said: "This house cannot stand it until morning." But, thank God, it did, although since it has become a perfect wreck. It was the light of their pan of tallow with a lighted rag in it, that we saw fitfully burning through that long, dark space between the houses. Still some of that forty-two did not come over to our Ararat house because of fear, and not until Friday, about noon, did we watch them going slowly and single file across the frozen cakes of mountain ice to the south bluff and thence to some friendly home upon the prairie.

We felt that we possessed unbounded wealth when we could once more look into the faces of all our family and think from what we all had been saved. Our one slice of hard crusted bread was sweeter than honey to our taste that morning and we dared not lose one black crumb lest we should not get the like again. The day looked pleasant, though we were stowed in with a hundred others and had only the possessions with us. However, it must be confessed that the smoking and spitting of the men and a few of the women was very offensive, even in this grateful state of mind.

The ladies tried hard to increase the bread supply and, working night and day, added boiled meat and stewed beans to the food list. I shall never forget that



Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society

Banked with ice, engines stand idle at the roundhouse in Yankton, Dakota, 1881.

first bean soup, after having only the bread allowance through Thursday and up to Friday noon. How good it did smell while it was cooking, and the agreement I made with my gnawing appetite was to be satisfied with four beans if I could have a teacup of soup.

I couldn't keep down the big lump when the slice of dry bread was handed me and I was told the bean soup was all gone. Well, they did the best they could. Dear Mrs. Saunders, and energetic Mrs. Seabring, and good Mrs. Parker got the men to kill a hog, and that night we could smell some of it boiling in the wash boiler. We all, I hope, thanked God and took courage.

FRIDAY NOON we heard the glad tidings that old Mr. Morton and Hannah were rescued from their floating house after hanging to the rafters six hours with the water up to their waists; the dear old lady had sat by the stove and wept, and Wednesday afternoon when the house floated by in full sight she bent her aged form and strained her poor blind eyes to see it—but turned away unconscious of the fact that her own husband and daughter were floating along in it.

Friday about four o'clock we had the unexpected pleasure of shaking hands with the Burleigh crew sent over by the good people of Yankton with some provisions and a hearty good cheer in their smiling faces, and a promise to send the yawl for us on the next day, provided the Big Muddy consented. Before night, Friday, news came that Father Morton and his daughter and all the people in the timber had been rescued. So our tears were turned into gladness as we lay down that night upon almost a bare floor, or sat around the kitchen fire for a last chat with neighbors and people.

Saturday morning the sun shone brightly, but oh! the desolation that everywhere met the eye. We try to cheer the stricken people and propose to rebuild upon the bluff, but the flood has stunned them and they only answer: "We cannot rebuild—we must separate."

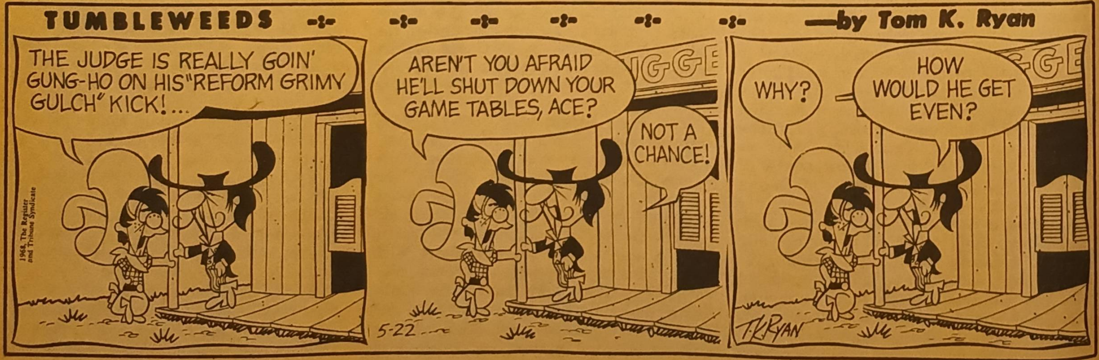
All the day we watch for the promised yawl, and at three o'clock hail with joy the speck approaching our desolate shore. It is hard now to take leave of the dear people, amid sobs and tears. We say, "Goodbye for only a few days," while they mournfully shake their heads with a reply, "It is but the beginning of parting."

A number of them attend us to the water's brink, and starting out we cross, first by skiff, then across the gorged glacier ice—the miniature Alps—and then with our valiant rescuer as captain, we enter the yawl, manned by a brave crew and with the precision of a man-of-war, with the command of "Haul to, boys; clear the ice!"; "Pull, boys, pull!"; etc. we crossed the broad, dangerous Missouri, and once more ascend the bluff and enter the living streets of Yankton, feeling as if we had come from the sepulchres of the dead.

How strangely people look at us and then seize our hand with: "Oh! I'm so glad to see you alive," or "We thought we saw you go down," or "If we could have reached out over the waters!"

Dear Brethren and Sisters of the First Congregational church of St. Anthony, thus carried through "Perils of Waters," I write these lines to you, thanking you for all your former and latter kindness to us and ours, and commending you all to the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, praying daily that you and we may safely pass all life's perils and meet at last in the heavenly mansions above.—Your affectionate sister in perils and in joys,

Mrs. H. M. Seccombe.
Yankton, D. T., March and April, 1881.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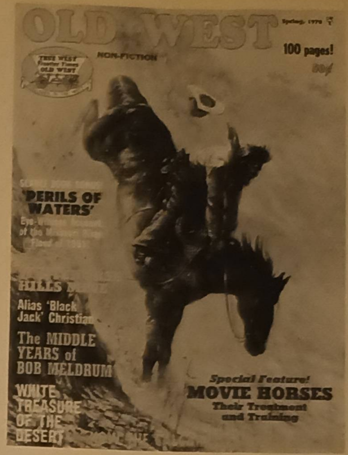
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